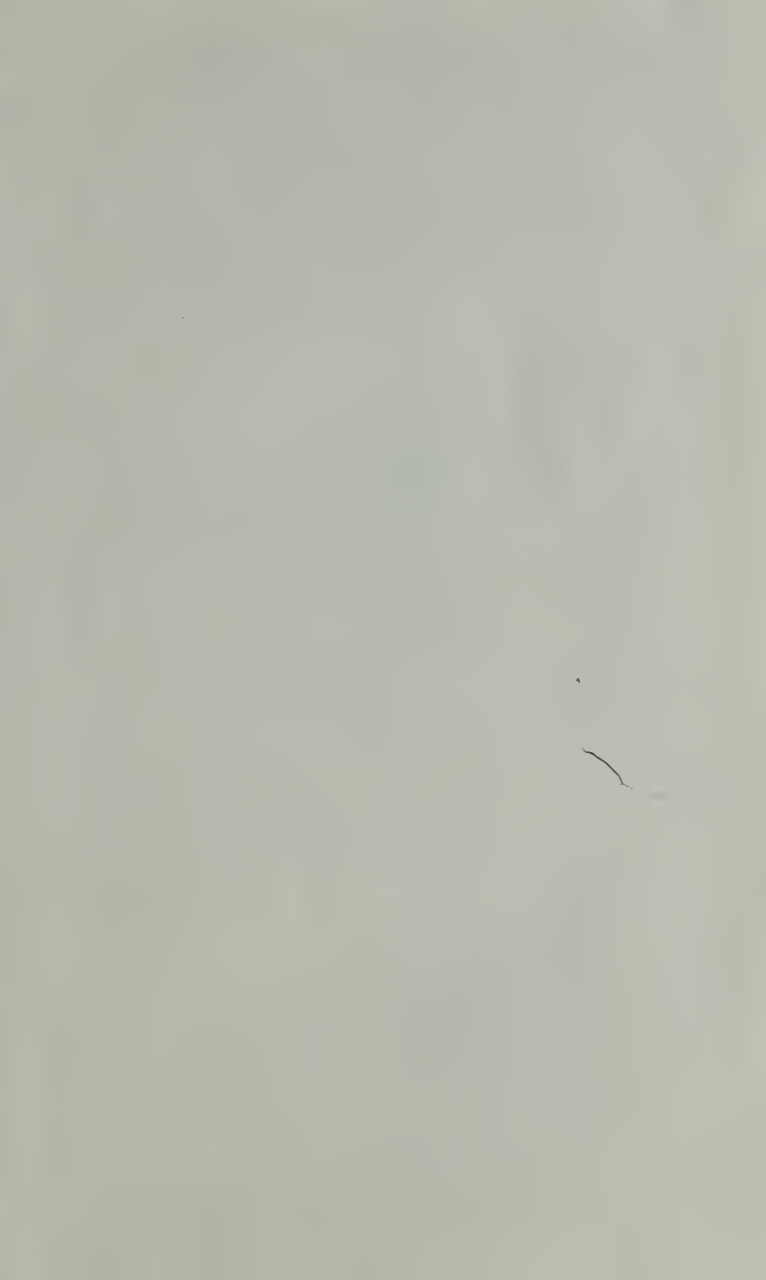



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FREDERICK THE GREAT—NIGHT AFTER BATTLE OF KOLIN.

GREAT GENERALS

BY

GREAT AUTHORS

HANNIBAL, - - - - BY THOMAS ARNOLD
(247—183 B. C.)

JULIUS CÆSAR, - - - - BY H. G. LIDDELL
(100—44 B. C.)

OLIVER CROMWELL - BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE
(1599—1658.)

FREDERICK THE GREAT,
BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY
(1712—1786.)

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LIFE OF HANNIBAL.

TWICE in history has there been witnessed the struggle of the highest individual genius against the resources and institutions of a great nation ; and in both cases the nation has been victorious. For seventeen years Hannibal strove against Rome ; for sixteen years Napoleon Buonaparte strove against England : the efforts of the first ended in Zama, those of the second in Waterloo.

True it is, as Polybius has said, that Hannibal was supported by the zealous exertions of Carthage ; and the strength of the opposition to his policy has been very possibly exaggerated by the Roman writers. But the zeal of his country in the contest, as Polybius himself remarks in another place, was itself the work of his family. Never did great men more show themselves the living spirit of a nation than Hamilcar, and Hasdrubal, and Hannibal, during a period of nearly fifty years, approved themselves to be to Carthage. It is not then merely through our ignorance of the internal state of Carthage, that Hannibal stands so prominent in all our conceptions of the second Punic war : he was really its moving and directing power ; and the energy of his country was but a light reflected from his own. History therefore gathers itself into his single person : in that vast tempest, which, from north and south, from the west and the east, broke upon Italy, we see nothing but Hannibal.

But if Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who in his hatred of the Trojans rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy ; so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause, is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius Nero, even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit, and wisdom, and power of Rome. The senate which voted its thanks to its political enemy Varro, after his disastrous defeat, "because he had not despaired of the Commonwealth," and which disdained either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men

for the army, is far more to be honored than the conqueror of Zama. This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and as no single Roman will bear comparison with Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered: his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently by forming great nations, and no one man, even though it were Hannibal himself, can in one generation effect such a work. But where the nation has been merely enkindled for a while by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it; and the nation, when he is gone, is like a dead body, to which magic power had for a moment given an unnatural life: when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before. He who grieves over the battle of Zama, should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty years later, when Hannibal must, in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phœnician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilization of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organized empire, and prepare them for becoming, when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe.

The year of Hannibal's birth is not mentioned by any ancient writer, but from the statements concerning his age at the battle of Zama, it appears that he must have been born in the very year in which his father, Hamilcar, was first appointed to the command in Sicily. (He was only nine years of age when his father took him with him into Spain; and it was on this occasion that Hamilcar made him swear upon the altar eternal hostility to Rome.) The story was told by Hannibal himself, many years afterwards, to Antiochus, and is one of the best attested in ancient history.* Child as he then was, Hannibal never forgot his vow, and his whole life was one continued struggle against the power and domination of Rome. He was early trained in arms under the eye of his father, and probably accompanied him on most of his campaigns in Spain. We find him present with him in the battle in which Hamilcar perished; and though only eighteen years old at this time, he had already displayed so much courage and capacity for war, that he was intrusted by Hasdrubal (the son-in-law and successor of Hamilcar) with the chief command of most of the military enterprises planned by that general. Of the details of these campaigns we know nothing; but it is clear

* Polyb. *lib.* 11; Liv. *xxi.* 1; *xxxv.* 13; Corn. Nep. *Hann.*; Appian. *Hisp.* 5; Val. Max. *ix.* 3, *ext.* § 3.

that Hannibal thus early gave proof of that remarkable power over the minds of men, which he afterwards displayed in so eminent a degree, and secured to himself the devoted attachment of the army under his command. The consequence was, that on the assassination of Hasdrubal, the soldiers unanimously proclaimed their youthful leader commander-in-chief, and the government of Carthage hastened to ratify an appointment which they had not, in fact, the power to prevent.

Hannibal was at this time in the twenty-sixth year of his age. There can be no doubt that he already looked forward to the invasion and conquest of Italy as the goal of his ambition; but it was necessary for him, first, to complete the work which had been so ably begun by his two predecessors, and to establish the Carthaginian power as firmly as possible in Spain, before he made that country the base of his subsequent operations. This was the work of two campaigns. Immediately after he had received the command, he turned his arms against the Olcades, a nation of the interior, who were speedily compelled to submit by the fall of their capital city, Althæa. Hannibal levied large sums of money from them and the neighboring tribes, after which he returned into winter quarters at New Carthage. The next year he penetrated farther into the country, in order to assail the powerful tribe of the Vaccæans, and reduced their two strong and populous cities of Helmautica and Arbocala. On his return from this expedition, he was involved in great danger by a sudden attack from the Carpetanians, together with the remaining forces of the Olcades and Vaccæans, but by a dexterous manœuvre he placed the river Tagns between himself and the enemy, and the barbarian army was cut to pieces in the attempt to force their passage. After these successes he again returned to spend the winter at New Carthage.*

Two years, we have seen, had been employed in expeditions against the native Spaniards; the third year was devoted to the siege of Saguntum. Hannibal's pretext for attacking it was, that the Saguntines had oppressed one of the Spanish tribes in alliance with Carthage; but no caution in the Saguntine government could have avoided a quarrel, which their enemy was determined to provoke. Saguntum, although not a city of native Spaniards, resisted as obstinately as if the very air of Spain had breathed into foreign settlers on its soil the spirit so often, in many different ages, displayed by the Spanish people. Saguntum was defended like Numantia and Gerona: the siege lasted eight months; and when all hope was gone, several of the chiefs kindled a fire in the market-place, and after having thrown in their most precious effects, leaped into it themselves, and perished. Still the spoil found in the place was very considerable; there was a large treasure of money, which Hannibal kept for

* Polyb. iii. 13-15; Liv. xxi. 5.

his war expenses ; there were numerous captives, whom he distributed amongst his soldiers as their share of the plunder ; and there was much costly furniture from the public and private buildings, which he sent home to decorate the temples and palaces of Carthage.

It must have been towards the close of the year, but apparently before the consuls were returned from Illyria, that the news of the fall of Saguntum reached Rome. Immediately ambassadors were sent to Carthage ; M. Fabius Buteo, who had been consul seven-and-twenty years before, C. Licinius Varus and Q. Bæbius Tamphilus. Their orders were simply to demand that Hannibal and his principal officers should be given up for their attack upon the allies of Rome, in breach of the treaty, and, if this were refused, to declare war. The Carthaginians tried to discuss the previous question, whether the attack on Saguntum was a breach of the treaty ; but to this the Romans would not listen. At length M. Fabius gathered up his toga, as if he were wrapping up something in it, and holding it out thus together, he said, "Behold, here are peace and war ; take which you choose !" The Carthaginian suffete or judge answered, "Give whichever thou wilt." Hereupon Fabius shook out the folds of his toga, saying, "Then here we give you war ;" to which several members of the council shouted in answer, "With all our hearts we welcome it." Thus the Roman ambassador left Carthage, and returned straight to Rome.

But before the result of the embassy could be known in Spain, Hannibal had been making preparations for his intended expedition, in a manner which showed, not only that he was sure of the support of his government, but that he was able to dispose at his pleasure of all the military resources of Carthage. At his suggestion fresh troops from Africa were sent over to Spain to secure it during his absence, and to be commanded by his own brother, Hasdrubal ; and their place was to be supplied by other troops raised in Spain, so that Africa was to be defended by Spaniards, and Spain by Africans, the soldiers of each nation, when quartered amongst foreigners, being cut off from all temptation or opportunity to revolt. So completely was he allowed to direct every military measure, that he is said to have sent Spanish and Numidian troops to garrison Carthage itself ; in other words, this was a part of his general plan, and was adopted accordingly by the government. Meanwhile, he had sent ambassadors into Gaul, and even across the Alps, to the Gauls who had so lately been at war with the Romans, both to obtain information as to the country through which his march lay, and to secure the assistance and guidance of the Gauls in his passage of the Alps, and their co-operation in arms when he should arrive in Italy. His Spanish troops he had dismissed to their several homes, at the end of the last campaign, that they might carry their spoils with them, and tell of their exploits to their countrymen, and enjoy, during the winter, that almost listless ease which is the barbarian's relief from war and

plunder. At length he received the news of the Roman embassy to Carthage, and the actual declaration of war; his officers also had returned from Cisalpine Gaul. "The natural difficulties of the passage of the Alps were great," they said, "but by no means insuperable; while the disposition of the Gauls was most friendly, and they were eagerly expecting his arrival." Then Hannibal called his soldiers together, and told them openly that he was going to lead them into Italy. "The Romans," he said, "have demanded that I and my principal officers should be delivered up to them as malefactors. Soldiers, will you suffer such an indignity? The Gauls are holding out their arms to us, inviting us to come to them, and to assist them in revenging their manifold injuries. And the country which we shall invade, so rich in corn and wine and oil, so full of flocks and herds, so covered with flourishing cities, will be the richest prize that could be offered by the gods to reward your valor." One common shout from the soldiers assured him of their readiness to follow him. He thanked them, fixed the day on which they were to be ready to march, and then dismissed them.

In this interval, and now on the very eve of commencing his appointed work, to which for eighteen years he had been solemnly devoted, and to which he had so long been looking forward with almost sickening hope, he left the headquarters of his army to visit Gades, and there, in the temple of the supreme god of Tyre, and all the colonies of Tyre, to offer his prayers and vows for the success of his enterprise. He was attended only by those immediately attached to his person; and amongst these was a Sicilian Greek, Silenus, who followed him throughout his Italian expedition, and lived at his table. When the sacrifice was over, Hannibal returned to his army at New Carthage; and everything being ready, and the season sufficiently advanced, for it was now late in May, he set out on his march for the Iberus.

And here the fulness of his mind, and his strong sense of being the devoted instrument of his country's gods to destroy their enemies, haunted him by night as they possessed him by day. In his sleep, so he told Silenus, he fancied that the supreme god of his fathers had called him into the presence of all the gods of Carthage, who were sitting on their thrones in council. There he received a solemn charge to invade Italy; and one of the heavenly council went with him and with his army, to guide him on his way. He went on, and his divine guide commanded him, "See that thou look not behind thee." But after a while, impatient of the restraint, he turned to look back; and there he beheld a huge and monstrous form, thick set all over with serpents; wherever it moved orchards and woods and houses fell crashing before it. He asked his guide in wonder, what that monster form was? The god answered, "Thou seest the desolation of Italy; go on thy way, straight forward, and cast no look behind." Thus, with no divided heart, and with an entire res-

ignation of all personal and domestic enjoyments forever. Hannibal went forth at the age of twenty-seven, to do the work of his country's gods, and to redeem his early vow.

The consuls at Rome came into office at this period on the 15th of March ; it was possible therefore for a consular army to arrive on the scene of action in time to dispute with Hannibal not only the passage of the Rhone, but that of the Pyrenees. But the Romans exaggerated the difficulties of his march, and seem to have expected that the resistance of the Spanish tribes between the Iberus and the Pyrenees, and of the Gauls between the Pyrenees and the Rhone, would so delay him that he would not reach the Rhone till the end of the season. They therefore made their preparations leisurely.

Of the consuls for this year, the year of Rome 536, and 218 before the Christian era, one was P. Cornelius Scipio, the son of L. Scipio, who had been consul in the sixth year of the first Punic war, and the grandson of L. Scipio Barbatus, whose services in the third Samnite war are recorded in his famous epitaph. The other was Ti. Sempronius Longus, probably, but not certainly, the son of that C. Sempronius Blaesus who had been consul in the year 501. The consuls' provinces were to be Spain and Sicily ; Scipio, with two Roman legions, and 15,600 of the Italian allies, and with a fleet of sixty quinqueremes, was to command in Spain ; Sempronius, with a somewhat larger army, and a fleet of 160 quinqueremes, was to cross over to Lilybæum, and from thence, if circumstances favored, to make a descent on Africa. A third army, consisting also of two Roman legions, and 11,000 of the allies, was stationed in Cisalpine Gaul, under the prætor L. Manlius Vulso. The Romans suspected that the Gauls would rise in arms ere long ; and they hastened to send out the colonists of two colonies, which had been resolved on before, but not actually founded, to occupy the important stations of Placentia and Cremona on the opposite banks of the Po. The colonists sent to each of these places were no fewer than six thousand ; and they received notice to be at their colonies in thirty days. Three commissioners, one of them, C. Lutatius Catulus, being of consular rank, were sent out, as usual, to superintend the allotment of lands to the settlers ; and these 12,000 men, together with the prætor's army, were supposed to be capable of keeping the Gauls quiet.

It is a curious fact, that the danger on the side of Spain was considered to be so much the least urgent, that Scipio's army was raised the last, after those of his colleague and of the prætor L. Manlius. Indeed Scipio was still at Rome, when tidings came that the Boians and Insubrians had revolted, had dispersed the new settlers at Placentia and Cremona, and driven them to take refuge at Mutina, had treacherously seized the three commissioners at a conference, and had defeated the prætor L. Manlius, and obliged him also to take shelter in one of the towns of Cisalpine Gaul, where they were blockading him. One of Scipio's legions, with five thousand of the

allies, was immediately sent off into Gaul under another prætor, C. Antilins Serranns ; and Scipio waited till his own army should again be completed by new levies. Thus he cannot have left Rome till late in the summer ; and when he arrived with his fleet and army at the mouth of the eastern branch of the Rhone, he found that Hannibal had crossed the Pyrenees ; but he still hoped to impede his passage of the river.

Hannibal meanwhile, having set out from New Carthage with an army of 90,000 foot and 12,000 horse, crossed the Iberus ; and from thenceforward the hostile operations of his march began. He might probably have marched through the country between the Iberus and the Pyrenees, had that been his sole object, as easily as he made his way from the Pyrenees to the Rhone ; a few presents and civilities would easily have induced the Spanish chiefs to allow him a free passage. But some of the tribes northward of the Iberus were friendly to Rome : on the coast were the Greek cities of Rhoda and Emporiæ, Massaliot colonies, and thus attached to the Romans as the old allies of their mother city : if this part of Spain were left unconquered, the Romans would immediately make use of it as the base of their operations, and proceed from thence to attack the whole Carthaginian dominion. Accordingly, Hannibal employed his army in subduing the whole country, which he effected with no great loss of time, but at a heavy expense of men, as he was obliged to carry the enemy's strongholds by assault, rather than incur the delay of besieging them. He left Hanno with eleven thousand men to retain possession of the newly-conquered country ; and he further diminished his army by sending home as many more of his Spanish soldiers, probably those who had most distinguished themselves, as an earnest to the rest, that they too, if they did their duty well, might expect a similar release, and might look forward to return ere long to their homes, full of spoil and glory. These detachments, together with the heavy loss sustained in the field, reduced the force with which Hannibal entered Gaul to no more than 50,000 foot and 9000 horse.

From the Pyrenees to the Rhone his progress was easy. Here he had no wish to make regular conquests ; and presents to the chiefs mostly succeeded in conciliating their friendship, so that he was allowed to pass freely. But on the left bank of the Rhone, the influence of the Massaliots with the Gaulish tribes had disposed them to resist the invader ; and the passage of the Rhone was not to be effected without a contest.

Scipio by this time had landed his army near the eastern mouth of the Rhone ; and his information of Hannibal's movements was vague and imperfect. His men had suffered from sea-sickness on their voyage from Pisa to the Rhone ; and he wished to give them a short time to recover their strength and spirits, before he led them against the enemy. He still felt confident that Hannibal's advance from the

Pyrenees must be slow, supposing that he would be obliged to fight his way ; so that he never doubted that he should have ample time to oppose his passage of the Rhone. Meanwhile he sent out 300 horse, with some Gauls who were in the service of the Massaliots, ordering them to ascend the left bank of the Rhone, and discover, if possible the situation of the enemy. He seems to have been unwilling to place the river on his rear, and therefore never to have thought of conducting his operations on the right bank, or even of sending out reconnoitring parties in this direction.

The resolution which Scipio formed a few days afterwards, of sending his army to Spain, when he himself returned to Italy, was deserving of such high praise, that we must hesitate to accuse him of over-caution or needless delay at this critical moment. Yet he was sitting idle at the mouth of the Rhone, while the Gauls were vainly endeavoring to oppose Hannibal's passage of the river. We must understand that Hannibal kept his army as far away from the sea as possible in order to conceal his movements from the Romans ; therefore he came upon the Rhone, not on the line of the later Roman road from Spain to Italy, which crossed the river at Tarasco, between Avignon and Arles, but at a point much higher up, above its confluence with the Durance, and nearly half way, if we can trust Polybius's reckoning, from the sea to its confluence with the Isere. Here he obtained from the natives on the right bank, by paying a fixed price, all their boats and vessels of every description with which they were accustomed to traffic down the river : they allowed him also to cut timber for the construction of others ; and thus in two days he was provided with the means of transporting his army. But finding that the Gauls were assembled on the eastern bank to oppose his passage, he sent off a detachment of his army by night with native guides, to ascend the right bank, for about two-and-twenty miles, and there to cross as they could, where there was no enemy to stop them. The woods, which then lined the river, supplied this detachment with the means of constructing barks and rafts enough for the passage ; they took advantage of one of the many islands in this part of the Rhone, to cross where the stream was divided ; and thus they all reached the left bank in safety. There they took up a strong position, probably one of those strange masses of rock which rise here and there with steep cliffy sides like islands out of the vast plain, and rested for four-and-twenty hours after their exertions in the march and the passage of the river.

Hannibal allowed eight-and-forty hours to pass from the time when the detachment left his camp ; and then, on the morning of the fifth day after his arrival on the Rhone, he made his preparations for the passage of his main army. The mighty stream of the river, fed by the snows of the high Alps, is swelled rather than diminished by the heats of summer ; so that, although the season was that when the southern rivers are generally at their lowest, it was rolling the vast

mass of its waters along with a startling fulness and rapidity. The heaviest vessels were therefore placed on the left, highest up the stream, to form something of a breakwater for the smaller craft crossing below ; the small boats held the flower of the light-armed foot, while the cavalry were in the larger vessels ; most of the horses being towed astern swimming, and a single soldier holding three or four together by their bridles. Everything was ready, and the Gauls on the opposite side had poured out of their camp, and lined the bank in scattered groups at the most accessible points, thinking that their task of stopping the enemy's landing would be easily accomplished. At length Hannibal's eye observed a column of smoke rising on the farther shore, above or on the right of the barbarians. This was the concerted signal which assured him of the arrival of his detachment ; and he instantly ordered his men to embark, and to push across with all possible speed. They pulled vigorously against the rapid stream, cheering each other to the work ; while behind them were their friends, cheering them also from the bank ; and before them were the Gauls, singing their war-songs, and calling them to come on with tones and gestures of defiance. But on a sudden a mass of fire was seen on the rear of the barbarians ; the Gauls on the bank looked behind, and began to turn away from the river ; and presently the bright arms and white linen coats of the African and Spanish soldiers appeared above the bank, breaking in upon the disorderly line of the Gauls. Hannibal himself, who was with the party-crossing the river, leaped on shore amongst the first, and, forming his men as fast as they landed, led them instantly to the charge. But the Gauls, confused and bewildered, made little resistance ; they fled in utter rout ; whilst Hannibal, not losing a moment, sent back his vessels and boats for a fresh detachment of his army ; and before night his whole force, with the exception of his elephants, was safely established on the eastern side of the Rhone.

As the river was no longer between him and the enemy, Hannibal early on the next morning sent out a party of Numidian cavalry to discover the position and number of Scipio's forces, and then called his army together, to see and hear the communications of some chiefs of the Cisalpine Gauls, who were just arrived from the other side of the Alps. Their words were explained to the Africans and Spaniards in the army by interpreters ; but the very sight of the chiefs was itself an encouragement ; for it told the soldiers that the communication with Cisalpine Gaul was not impracticable, and that the Gauls had undertaken so long a journey for the purpose of obtaining the aid of the Carthaginian army against their old enemies, the Romans. Besides, the interpreters explained to the soldiers that the chiefs undertook to guide them into Italy by a short and safe route, on which they would be able to find provisions : and spoke strongly of the great extent and richness of Italy, when they did arrive there, and how zealously the Gauls would aid them. Hannibal then came for-

ward himself and addressed his army : their work, he said, was more than accomplished by the passage of the Rhone ; their own eyes and ears had witnessed the zeal of their Gaulish allies in their cause ; for the rest, their business was to do their duty, and obey his orders implicitly, leaving everything else to him. The cheers and shouts of the soldiers again satisfied him how fully he might depend upon them ; and he then addressed his prayers and vows to the gods of Carthage, imploring them to watch over the army, and to prosper its work to the end, as they had prospered its beginning. The soldiers were now dismissed, with orders to prepare for their march on the morrow.

Scarcely was the assembly broken up, when some of the Numidians who had been sent out in the morning were seen riding for their lives to the camp, manifestly in flight from a victorious enemy. Not half of the original party returned ; for they had fallen in with Scipio's detachment of Roman and Gaulish horse, and after an obstinate conflict had been completely beaten. Presently after, the Roman horsemen appeared in pursuit ; but when they observed the Carthaginian camp, they wheeled and rode off, to carry back word to their general. Then at last Scipio put his army in motion, and ascended the left bank of the river to find and engage the enemy. But when he arrived at the spot where his cavalry had seen the Carthaginian camp, he found it deserted, and was told that Hannibal had been gone three days, having marched northwards, ascending the left bank of the river. To follow him seemed desperate : it was plunging into a country wholly unknown to the Romans, where they had neither allies nor guides, nor resources of any kind ; and where the natives, over and above the common jealousy felt by all barbarians towards a foreign enemy, were likely, as Gauls, to regard the Romans with peculiar hostility. But if Hannibal could not be followed now, he might easily be met on his first arrival in Italy ; from the mouth of the Rhone to Pisa was the chord of a circle, while Hannibal was going to make a long circuit ; and the Romans had an army already in Cisalpine Gaul ; while the enemy would reach the scene of action exhausted with the fatigues and privations of his march across the Alps. Accordingly Scipio descended the Rhone again, embarked his army and sent it on to Spain under the command of his brother-in-law, Claudius Sulpicius, as his lieutenant ; while he himself in his own ship sailed for Pisa, and immediately crossed the Apennines to take the command of the forces of the two prætors, Manlius and Atilius, who, as we have seen, had an army of about 25,000 men, over and above the colonists of Placentia and Cremona, still disposable in Cisalpine Gaul.

This resolution of Scipio to send his own army on to Spain, and to meet Hannibal with the army of the two prætors, appears to show that he possessed the highest qualities of a general, which involve the wisdom of a statesman no less than of a soldier. As a mere military

question, his calculation, though baffled by the event, was sound but if we view it in a higher light, the importance to the Romans of retaining their hold on Spain would have justified a far greater hazard ; for if the Carthaginians were suffered to consolidate their dominion in Spain, and to avail themselves of its immense resources, not in money only, but in men, the hardest and steadiest of barbarians, and, under the training of such generals as Hannibal and his brother, equal to the best soldiers in the world, the Romans would hardly have been able to maintain the contest. Had not P. Scipio then dispatched his army to Spain at this critical moment, instead of carrying it home to Italy, his son in all probability would never have won the battle of Zama.

Meanwhile Hannibal, on the day after the skirmish with Scipio's horse, had sent forward his infantry, keeping the cavalry to cover his operations, as he still expected the Romans to pursue him ; whilst he himself waited to superintend the passage of the elephants. These were thirty-seven in number ; and their dread of the water made their transport a very difficult operation. It was effected by fastening to the bank large rafts of 200 feet in length, covered carefully with earth : to the end of these, smaller rafts were attached, covered with earth in the same manner, and with towing lines extended to a number of the largest barks, which were to tow them over the stream. The elephants, two females leading the way, were brought upon the rafts by their drivers without difficulty ; and as soon as they came upon the smaller rafts, these were cut loose at once from the larger, and towed out into the middle of the river. Some of the elephants in their terror leaped overboard, and drowned their drivers ; but they themselves, it is said, held their huge trunks above water, and struggled to the shore ; so that the whole thirty-seven were landed in safety. Then Hannibal called in his cavalry, and covering his march with them and with the elephants, set forward up the left bank of the Rhone to overtake the infantry.

In four days they reached the spot where the Isere, coming down from the main Alps, brings to the Rhone a stream hardly less full or mighty than his own. In the plains above the confluence two Gaulish brothers were contending which should be chief of their tribe ; and the elder called in the stranger general to support his cause. Hannibal readily complied, established him firmly on the throne, and received important aid from him in return. He supplied the Carthaginian army plentifully with provisions, furnished them with new arms, gave them new clothing, especially shoes, which were found very useful in the subsequent march, and accompanied them to the first entrance on the mountain country, to secure them from attacks on the part of his countrymen.

The attentive reader, who is acquainted with the geography of the Alps and their neighborhood, will perceive that this account of Hannibal's march is vague. It does not appear whether the Cartha

ginians ascended the left bank of the Isere or the right bank, or whether they continued to ascend the Rhone for a time, and leaving it only so far as to avoid the great angle which it makes at Lyons, rejoined it again just before they entered the mountain country, a little to the left of the present road from Lyons to Chamberri. But these uncertainties cannot now be removed, because Polybius neither possessed a sufficient knowledge of the bearings of the country, nor sufficient liveliness as a painter, to describe the line of the march so as to be clearly recognized. I believe, however, that Hannibal crossed the Isere, and continued to ascend the Rhone: and that afterwards, striking off to the right across the plains of Dauphine, he reached what Polybius calls the first ascent of the Alps, at the northern extremity of that ridge of limestone mountains, which, rising abruptly from the plain to the height of 4000 or 5000 feet, and filling up the whole space between the Rhone at Belley and the Isere below Grenoble, first introduces the traveller coming from Lyons to the remarkable features of Alpine scenery.

At the end of the lowland country, the Gaulish chief, who had accompanied Hannibal thus far, took leave of him: his influence probably did not extend to the Alpine valleys; and the mountaineers, far from respecting his safe conduct, might be in the habit of making plundering inroads on his own territory. Here, then, Hannibal was left to himself; and he found that the natives were prepared to beset his passage. They occupied all such points as commanded the road; which, as usual, was a sort of terrace cut in the mountain-side, overhanging the valley whereby it penetrated to the central ridge. But as the mountain line is of no great breadth here, the natives guarded the defile only by day, and withdrew when night came on to their own homes, in a town or village among the mountains, and lying in the valley behind them. Hannibal, having learned this from some of his Gaulish guides whom he sent among them, encamped in their sight just below the entrance of the defile; and as soon as it was dusk, he set out with a detachment of light troops, made his way through the pass, and occupied the positions which the barbarians, after their usual practice, had abandoned at the approach of night.

Day dawned; the main army broke up from its camp, and began to enter the defile; while the natives, finding their positions occupied by the enemy, at first looked on quietly, and offered no disturbance to the march. But when they saw the long narrow line of the Carthaginian army winding along the steep mountain-side, and the cavalry and baggage cattle struggling at every step with the difficulties of the road, the temptation to plunder was too strong to be resisted; and from many points of the mountain, above the road, they rushed down upon the Carthaginians. The confusion was terrible; for the road or track was so narrow, that the least crowd or disorder pushed the heavily loaded baggage cattle down the steep below; and the horses, wounded by the barbarians' missiles, and plunging about

wildly in their pain and terror, increased the mischief. At last Hannibal was obliged to charge down from his position, which commanded the whole scene of confusion, and to drive the barbarians off. This he effected : yet the conflict of so many men on the narrow road made the disorder worse for a time ; and he unavoidably occasioned the destruction of many of his own men. At last, the barbarians being quite beaten off, the army wound its way out of the defile in safety, and rested in the wide and rich valley which extends from the Lake of Bourget, with scarcely a perceptible change of level, to the Isere at Montmeillan. Hannibal meanwhile attacked and stormed the town, which was the barbarians' principal stronghold ; and here he recovered not only a great many of his own men, horses and baggage cattle, but also found a large supply of corn and cattle belonging to the barbarians, which he immediately made use of for the consumption of his soldiers.

In the plain which he had now reached, he halted for a whole day, and then resuming his march, proceeded for three days up the valley of the Isere on the right bank, without encountering any difficulty. Then the natives met him with branches of trees in their hands, and wreaths on their heads, in token of peace : they spoke fairly, offered hostages, and wished, they said, neither to do the Carthaginians any injury, nor to receive any from them. Hannibal mistrusted them, yet did not wish to offend them ; he accepted their terms, received their hostages, and obtained large supplies of cattle ; and their whole behavior seemed so trustworthy, that at last he accepted their guidance, it is said, through a difficult part of the country, which he was now approaching. For all the Alpine valleys become narrower as they draw near to the central chain ; and the mountains often come so close to the stream, that the roads in old times were often obliged to leave the valley and ascend the hills by any accessible point, to descend again when the gorge became wider, and follow the stream as before. If this is not done, and the track is carried nearer the river, it passes often through defiles of the most formidable character, being no more than a narrow ledge above a furious torrent, with cliffs rising above it absolutely precipitous, and coming down on the other side of the torrent abruptly to the water, leaving no passage by which man, or even goat, could make his way.

It appears that the barbarians persuaded Hannibal to pass through one of these defiles, instead of going round it ; and while his army was involved in it, they suddenly, and without provocation, as we are told, attacked him. Making their way along the mountain sides, above the defile, they rolled down masses of rock on the Carthaginians below, or even threw stones upon them from their hands, stones and rocks being equally fatal against an enemy so entangled. It was well for Hannibal, that, still doubting the barbarians' faith, he had sent forward his cavalry and baggage, and covered the march with his infantry, who thus had to sustain the brunt of the attack.

Foot-soldiers on such ground were able to move where horses would be quite helpless ; and thus, at last, Hannibal, with his infantry, forced his way to the summit of one of the bare cliffs overhanging the defile, and remained there during the night, whilst the cavalry and baggage slowly struggled out of the defile. Thus, again baffled, the barbarians made no more general attacks on the army ; some partial annoyance was occasioned at intervals ; and some baggage was carried off ; but it was observed, that wherever the elephants were, the line of march was secure ; for the barbarians beheld those huge creatures with terror, having never had the slightest knowledge of them, and not daring to approach when they saw them.

Without any further recorded difficulty, the army, on the ninth day after they had left the plains of Dauphiné, arrived at the summit of the central ridge of the Alps. Here there is always a plain of some extent, immediately overhung by the snowy summits of the high mountains, but itself in summer presenting, in many parts, a carpet of the freshest grass, with the chalets of the shepherds scattered over it, and gay with a thousand flowers. But far different is its aspect through the greatest part of the year : then it is one unvaried waste of snow ; and the little lakes, which, on many of the passes, enliven the summer landscape, are now frozen over and covered with snow, so as to be no longer distinguishable. Hannibal was on the summit of the Alps about the end of October ; the first winter snows had already fallen ; but two hundred years before the Christian era, when all Germany was one vast forest, the climate of the Alps was far colder than at present, and the snow lay on the passes all through the year. Thus the soldiers were in dreary quarters ; they remained two days on the summit, resting from their fatigues, and giving opportunity to many of the stragglers, and of the horses and cattle, to rejoin them by following their track ; but they were cold, and worn, and disheartened ; and mountains still rose before them, through which, as they knew too well, even their descent might be perilous and painful.

But their great general, who felt that he now stood victorious on the ramparts of Italy, and that the torrent which rolled before him was carrying its waters to the rich plains of Cisalpine Gaul, endeavored to kindle his soldiers with his own spirit of hope. He called them together ; he pointed out the valley beneath, to which the descent seemed the work of a moment : "That valley," he said, "is Italy ; it leads us to the country of our friends the Gauls ; and yonder is our way to Rome." His eyes were eagerly fixed on that point of the horizon ; and as he gazed, the distance between seemed to vanish, till he could almost fancy that he was crossing the Tiber, and ascending the capital.

After the two days' rest the descent began. Hannibal experienced no more open hostility from the barbarians, only some petty attempts here and there to plunder ; a fact strange in itself, but doubly so

if he were really descending the valley of the Doria Baltea, through the country of the Salassians, the most untamable robbers of all the Alpine barbarians. It is possible that the influence of the Insubrians may partly have restrained the mountaineers ; and partly also they may have been deterred by the ill success of former attacks, and may by this time have regarded the strange army and its monstrous beasts with something of superstitious terror. But the natural difficulties of the ground on the descent were greater than ever. The snow covered the track so that the men often lost it, and fell down the steep below : at last they came to a place where an avalanche had carried it away altogether for about three hundred yards, leaving the mountain-side a mere wreck of scattered rocks and snow. To go round was impossible ; for the depth of the snow on the heights above rendered it hopeless to scale them ; nothing therefore was left but to repair the road. A summit of some extent was found, and cleared of the snow ; and here the army were obliged to encamp whilst the work went on. There was no want of hands ; and every man was laboring for his life : the road, therefore, was restored, and supported with solid substructions below ; and in a single day it was made practicable for the cavalry and baggage cattle, which were immediately sent forward, and reached the lower valley in safety, where they were turned out to pasture. A harder labor was required to make a passage for the elephants : the way for them must be wide and solid ; and the work could not be accomplished in less than three days. The poor animals suffered severely in the interval from hunger ; for no forage was to be found in that wilderness of snow, nor any trees whose leaves might supply the place of other herbage. At last, they too were able to proceed with safety : Hannibal overtook his cavalry and baggage ; and in three days more the whole army had got clear of the Alpine valleys, and entered the country of their friends, the Insubrians, on the wide plain of northern Italy.

Hannibal was arrived in Italy, but with a force so weakened by its losses in men and horses, and by the exhausted state of the survivors, that he might seem to have accomplished his great march in vain. According to his own statement, which there is no reason to doubt, he brought out of the Alpine valleys no more than 12,000 African and 8000 Spanish infantry, with 6000 cavalry ; so that his march from the Pyrenees to the plains of northern Italy must have cost him 33,000 men ; an enormous loss, which proves how severely the army must have suffered from the privations of the march and the severity of the Alpine climate ; for not half of these 33,000 men can have fallen in battle. With his army in this condition, some period of repose was absolutely necessary : accordingly, Hannibal remained in the country of the Insubrians, till rest, and a more temperate climate, and wholesome food, with which the Gauls plentifully supplied him, restored the bodies and spirits of his soldiers, and made them again ready for action. His first movement was against the

Taurinians, a Ligurian people, who were constant enemies of the Insubrians, and therefore would not listen to Hannibal when he invited them to join his cause. He therefore attacked and stormed their principal town, put the garrison to the sword, and struck such terror into the neighboring tribes, that they submitted immediately, and became his allies. This was his first accession of strength in Italy, the first fruits, as he hoped, of a long succession of defections among the allies of Rome, so that the swords of the Italians might effect for him the conquest of Italy.

Meanwhile Scipio had landed at Pisa, had crossed the Apennines, and taken the command of the prætors' army, sending the prætors themselves back to Rome, had crossed the Po at Placentia, and was ascending its left bank, being anxious to advance with all possible haste, in order to hinder a general rising of the Gauls by his presence. Hannibal, for the opposite reason, was equally anxious to meet him, being well aware that the Gauls were only restrained from revolting, to the Carthaginians, by fear, and that on his first success in the field they would join him. He therefore descended the left bank of the Po, keeping the river on his right; and Scipio having thrown a bridge over the Ticinus, had entered what are now the Sardinian dominions, and was still advancing westward, with the Po on his left, although, as the river here makes a bend to the southward, he was no longer in its immediate neighborhood.

Each general was aware that his enemy was at hand, and both pushed forward with their cavalry and light troops in advance of their main armies, to reconnoitre each other's position and numbers. Thus was brought on accidentally the first action between Hannibal and the Romans in Italy, which, with some exaggeration, has been called the battle of the Ticinus. The Numidians in Hannibal's army, being now properly supported by heavy cavalry, were able to follow their own manner of fighting, and falling on the flanks and rear of the Romans, who were already engaged in front with Hannibal's heavy horsemen, took ample vengeance for their defeat on the Rhone. The Romans were routed; and the consul himself was severely wounded, and owed his life, it is said, to the courage and fidelity of a Ligurian slave. With their cavalry thus crippled, it was impossible to act in such an open country; the Romans therefore hastily retreated, recrossed the Ticinus, and broke down the bridge, yet with so much hurry and confusion, that 600 men were left on the right bank, and fell into the enemy's hands; and then crossing the Po also, established themselves under the walls of their colony Placentia.

Hannibal, finding the bridge over the Ticinus destroyed, reascended the left bank of the Po till he found a convenient point to cross, and then, having constructed a bridge with the river boats, carried over his army in safety. Immediately, as he had expected, the Gauls on the right bank received him with open arms; and again descending the river, he arrived on the second day after his passage in sight of

the Roman army, and on the following day offered them battle. But as the Romans did not move, he chose out a spot for his camp, and posted his army five or six miles from the enemy, and apparently on the east of Placentia, cutting off their direct communication with Ariminum and Rome.

On the first news of Hannibal's arrival in Italy, the senate sent orders to the other consul, Ti. Sempronius, to return immediately to reinforce his colleague. No event of importance had marked the first summer of the war in Sicily. Hannibal's spirit so animated the Carthaginian government that they were everywhere preparing to act on the offensive; and before the arrival of Sempronius, Æmilius, the prætor, had already had to fight a naval action with the enemy, in order to defend Lilybæum. He had defeated them, and prevented their landing, but the Carthaginian fleets still kept the sea; and whilst Sempronius was employing his whole force in the conquest of the Island of Melita, the enemy were cruising on the northern side of Sicily, and making descents on the coast of Italy. On his return to Lilybæum he was going in pursuit of them, when he received orders to return home and join his colleague. He accordingly left part of his fleet with the prætor in Sicily, and part he committed to Sex. Pomponius, his lieutenant, for the protection of the coasts of Lucania and Campania; whilst, from a dread of the dangers and delays of the winter navigation of the Adriatic, his army was to march from Lilybæum to Messina, and after crossing the strait to go by land through the whole length of Italy, the soldiers being bound by oath to appear on a certain day at Ariminum. They completed their long march, it is said, in forty days; and from Ariminum they hastened to the scene of action, and effected their junction with the army of Scipio.

Sempronius found his colleague no longer in his original position, close by Placentia and the Po, but withdrawn to the first hills which bound the great plain on the south, and leave an interval here of about six miles between themselves and the river. But Hannibal's army, lying, as it seems, to the eastward, the Roman consul retreated westward, and leaving Placentia to its own resources, crossed to the left bank of the Trebia, and there lay encamped, just where the stream issues from the last hills of the Apennines. It appears that the Romans had several magazines on the right bank of the Po above Placentia, on which the consul probably depended for his subsistence; and these posts, together with the presence of his army, kept the Gauls on the immediate bank of the river quiet, so that they gave Hannibal no assistance. When the Romans fell back behind the Trebia, Hannibal followed them, and encamped about five miles off from them, directly between them and Placentia. But his powerful cavalry kept his communications open in every direction; and the Gauls who lived out of the immediate control of the Roman army and garrisons, supplied him with provisions abundantly.

It is not explained by any existing writer how Sempronius was able to effect his junction with his colleague without any opposition from Hannibal. The regular road from Ariminum to Placentia passes through a country unvaried by a single hill ; and the approach of a large army should have been announced to Hannibal by his Numidian cavalry, soon enough to allow him to interrupt it. But so much in war depends upon trifling accidents, that it is in vain to guess where we are without information. We only know that the two consular armies were united in Scipio's position on the left bank of the Trebia ; that their united forces amounted to 40,000 men ; and that Hannibal, with an army so reinforced by the Gauls since his arrival in Italy, that it was little inferior to his enemy's, was so far from fearing to engage either consul singly, that he wished for nothing so much as to bring on a decisive battle with the combined armies of both. Depending on the support of the Gauls for his subsistence, he must not be too long a burden to them : they had hoped to be led to live on the plunder of the enemy's country, not to maintain him at the expense of their own. In order to force the Romans to a battle, he began to attack their magazines. Clastidium, now Castiggio, a small town on the right bank of the Po, nearly opposite to the mouth of the Ticinus, was betrayed into his hands by the governor ; and he here found large supplies of corn.

On the other hand, Sempronius, having no fears for the event of a battle, was longing for the glory of a triumph over such an enemy as Hannibal ; and as Scipio was still disabled by his wound, he had the command of the whole Roman army. Besides, the Gauls who lived in the plain between the Trebia and Placentia, not knowing which side to espouse, had been plundered by Hannibal's cavalry, and besought the consuls to protect them. This was no time, Sempronius thought, to neglect any ally who still remained faithful to Rome : he sent out his cavalry and light troops over the Trebia to drive off the plunderers ; and in such skirmishes he obtained some partial success, which made him the more disposed to risk a general battle.

For this, as a Roman officer, and before Hannibal's military talents were fully known, he ought not to be harshly judged ; but his manner of engaging was rash, and unworthy of an able general. He allowed the attacks of Hannibal's light cavalry to tempt him to follow them to their own field of battle. Early in the morning the Numidians crossed the river, and skirmished close up to the Roman camp : the consul first sent out his cavalry, and then his light infantry, to repel them ; and when they gave way and recrossed the river, he led his regular infantry out of his camp, and gave orders for the whole army to advance over the Trebia and attack the enemy.

It was midwinter, and the wide pebbly bed of the Trebia, which the summer traveller may almost pass dry-shod, was now filled with a rapid stream running breast-high. In the night it had rained or snowed heavily ; and the morning was raw and chilly, threatening

sleet or snow. Yet Sempronius led his soldiers through the river, before they had eaten anything ; and wet, cold, and hungry as they were, he formed them in order of battle on the plain. Meanwhile Hannibal's men had eaten their breakfast in their tents, and had oiled their bodies, and put on their armor around their fires. Then, when the enemy had crossed the Trebia, and were advancing in the open plain, the Carthaginians marched out to meet them ; and about a mile in front of their camp, they formed in order of battle. Their disposition was simple : the heavy infantry, Gauls, Spaniards, and Africans, to the number of 20,000, were drawn up in a single line : the cavalry, 10,000 strong, was, with the elephants, on the two wings ; the light infantry and Balerian slingers were in the front of the whole army. This was all Hannibal's visible force. But near the Trebia, and now left in their rear by the advancing Roman legions, were lying close hid in the deep and overgrown bed of a small watercourse, two thousand picked soldiers, horse and foot, commanded by Hannibal's younger brother Mago, whom he had posted there during the night, and whose ambush the Romans passed with no suspicion. Arrived on the field of battle, the legions were formed in their usual order, with the allied infantry on the wings ; and their weak cavalry of 4000 men, ill able to contend with the numerous horsemen of Hannibal, were on the flanks of the whole line.

The Roman velites, or light infantry, who had been in action since daybreak, and had already shot away half their darts and arrows, were soon driven back upon the hastati and principes, and passed through the intervals of the maniples to the rear. With no less ease were the cavalry beaten on both wings, by Hannibal's horse and elephants. But when the heavy infantry, superior in number and better armed both for offence and defence, closed with the enemy, the confidence of Sempronius seemed to be justified ; and the Romans, numbed and exhausted as they were, yet, by their excellence in all soldierly qualities, maintained the fight with equal advantage.

On a sudden a loud alarm was heard ; and Mago, with his chosen band, broke out from his ambush, and assaulted them furiously in the rear. Meantime both wings of the Roman infantry were broken down by the elephants, and overwhelmed by the missiles of the light infantry, till they were utterly routed, and fled towards the Trebia. The legions in the centre, finding themselves assailed on the rear, pushed desperately forwards, forced their way through the enemy's line and marched off the field straight to Placentia. Many of the routed cavalry made off in the same direction ; and so escaped. But those who fled towards the river were slaughtered unceasingly by the conquerors till they reached it ; and the loss here was enormous. The Carthaginians, however, stopped their pursuit on the bank of the Trebia : the cold was piercing, and to the elephants so intolerable that they almost all perished ; even of the men and horses many were lost, so that the wreck of the Roman army reached their camp

in safety ; and when night came on, Scipio again led them across the river, and, passing unnoticed by the camp of the enemy, took refuge with his colleague within the walls of Placentia.

So ended Hannibal's first campaign in Italy. The Romans, after their defeat, despaired of maintaining their ground on the Po ; and the two consular armies retreated in opposite directions, Scipio's upon Ariminum, and that of Sempronius across the Apennines into Etruria. Hannibal remained master of Cisalpine Gaul ; but the season did not allow him to besiege Placentia and Cremona ; and the temper of the Gauls rendered it evident that he must not make their country the seat of war in another campaign. Already they bore the burden of supporting his army so impatiently, that he made an attempt, in the dead of the winter, to cross the Apennines into Etruria, and was only driven back by the extreme severity of the weather, the wind sweeping with such fury over the ridges, and through the passes of the mountains, that neither man nor beast could stand against it. He was forced, therefore, to winter in Gaul ; but the innate fickleness and treachery of the people led him to suspect that attempts would be made against his life, and that a Gaulish assassin might hope to purchase forgiveness from the Romans for his country's revolt, by destroying the general who had seduced them. He therefore put on a variety of disguises to baffle such designs ; he wore false hair, appearing sometimes as a man of mature years, and sometimes with the gray hairs of old age ; and if he had that taste for humor which great men are seldom without, and which some anecdotes of him imply, he must have been often amused by the mistakes thus occasioned, and have derived entertainment from that which policy or necessity had dictated.

We should be glad to catch a distinct view of the state of Rome, when the news first arrived of the battle of the Trebia. Since the disaster of Caudium, more than a hundred years before, there had been known no defeat of two consular armies united ; and the surprise and vexation must have been great. Sempronius, it is said, returned to Rome to hold the comitia ; and the people resolved to elect as consul a man who, however unwelcome to the aristocracy, had already distinguished himself by brilliant victories, in the very country which was now the seat of war. They accordingly chose C. Flaminius for the second time consul ; and with him was elected Cn. Servilius Geminus, a man of an old patrician family, and personally attached to the aristocratical party, but unknown to us before his present consulship. Flaminius' election was most unpalatable to the aristocracy ; and, as numerous prodigies were reported, and the Sibylline books consulted, and it was certain that various rites would be ordered to propitiate the favor of the gods, he had some reason to suspect that his election would again be declared null and void, and he himself thus deprived of his command ; he was anxious therefore to leave Rome as soon as possible ; as his colleague was detained by the re-

regions ceremonies, and by the care of superintending the new levies, Flaminius, it is said, left the city before the 15th of March, when his consulship was to begin, and actually entered upon his office at Ariminum, whither he had gone to superintend the formation of magazines, and to examine the state of the army. But the aristocracy thought it was no time to press party animosities; they made no attempt to disturb Flaminius' election; and he appears to have had his province assigned him without opposition, and to have been appointed to command Sempronius' army in Etruria, while Servilius succeeded Scipio at Ariminum. The levies of soldiers went on vigorously; two legions were employed in Spain; one was sent to Sicily, another to Sardinia, and another to Tarentum; and four legions, more or less thinned by the defeat at the Trebia, still formed the nucleus of two armies in Ariminum and in Etruria. It appears that four new legions were levied, with an unusually large proportion of soldiers from the Italian allies and the Latin name; and these being divided between the two consuls, the armies opposed to Hannibal on either line, by which he might advance, must have been in point of numbers exceedingly formidable. Servilius, as we have seen, had his headquarters at Ariminum; and Scipio, whom he superseded, sailed as proconsul into Spain, to take command of his original army there. Flaminius succeeded to Sempronius in Etruria, and lay encamped, it is said, in the neighborhood of Arretinum.

Thus the main Roman armies lay nearly in the same positions which they had held eight years before, to oppose the expected invasion of the Gauls. But as the Gauls then broke into Etruria unperceived, by either Roman army, so the Romans were again surprised by Hannibal on a line where they had not expected him. He crossed the Apennines, not by the ordinary road to Lucca, descending the valley of the Macra, but, as it appears, by a straighter line down the valley of the Auser or Serchio; and leaving Lucca on his right, he proceeded to struggle through the low and flooded country which lay between the right bank of the Arno and the Apennines below Florence, and of which the marsh or lake of Fucecchio still remains a specimen. Here, again, the sufferings of the army were extreme; but they were rewarded when they reached the firm ground below Fæsulæ, and were let loose upon the plunder of the rich valley of the upper Arno.

Flaminius lay quietly at Arretinum, and did not attempt to give battle, but sent messengers to his colleague, to inform him of the enemy's appearance in Etruria. Hannibal was now on the south of the Apennines, and in the heart of Italy; but the experience of the Samnites and of Pyrrhus had shown that the Etruscans were scarcely more to be relied on than the Gauls; and it was in the south, in Samnium and Lucania and Apulia, that the only materials existed for organizing a new Italian war against Rome. Accordingly Hannibal advanced rapidly into Etruria, and finding that Flaminius still did

not move, passed by Arretium, leaving the Roman army in his rear, and marching, as it seemed, to gain the great plain of central Italy, which reaches from Perugia to Spoletum, and was traversed by the great road from Ariminum to Rome.

The consul Flaminius now at last broke up from his position, and followed the enemy. Hannibal laid waste the country on every side with fire and sword, to provoke the Romans to a hasty battle; and leaving Cortona on his left untouched on its mountain seat, he approached the Lake of Thrasymenus, and followed the road along its north-eastern shore, till it ascended the hills which divide the lake from the basin of the Tiber. Flaminius was fully convinced that Hannibal's object was not to fight a battle, but to lay waste the richest part of Italy: had he wished to engage, why had he not attacked him when he lay at Arretium, and while his colleague was far away at Ariminum? With this impression he pressed on his rear closely, never dreaming that the lion would turn from the pursuit of his defenceless prey, to spring on the shepherds who were dogging his steps behind.

The modern road along the lake, after passing the village of Passignano, runs for some way, close to the water's edge on the right, hemmed in on the left by a line of cliffs, which make it an absolute defile. Then it turns from the lake and ascends the hills; yet, although they form something of a curve, there is nothing to deserve the name of valley; and the road, after leaving the lake, begins to ascend almost immediately, so that there is a very short distance during which the hills on the right and left command it. The ground, therefore, does not well correspond with the description of Polybius, who states that the valley in which the Romans were caught was not the narrow interval between the hills and the lake, but a valley beyond this defile, and running down to the lake, so that the Romans, when engaged in it, had the water not on their right flank, but on their rear. Livy's account is different, and represents the Romans as caught in the defile beyond Passignano, between the cliff and the lake. It is possible that, if the exact line of the ancient road could be discovered, it might assist in solving the difficulty. In the mean time the battle of Thrasymenus must be one of the many events in ancient military history, where the accounts of historians, differing either with each other or with the actual appearances of the ground, are to us inexplicable.

The consul had encamped in the evening on the side of the lake, just within the present Roman frontier, and on the Tuscan side of Passignano: he had made a forced march, and had arrived at his position so late that he could not examine the ground before him. Early the next morning he set forward again; the morning mist hung thickly over the lake and the low grounds, leaving the heights, as is often the case, quite clear. Flaminius, anxious to overtake his enemy, rejoiced in the friendly veil which thus concealed his ad-

vance, and hoped to fall upon Hannibal's army while it was still in marching order, and its columns encumbered with the plunder of the valley of the Arno. He passed through the defile of Passignano, and found no enemy ; this confirmed him in his belief that Hannibal did not mean to fight. Already the Numidian cavalry were on the edge of the basin of the Tiber : unless he could overtake them speedily, they would have reached the plain ; and Africans, Spaniards, and Gauls, would be rioting in the devastation of the garden of Italy. So the consul rejoiced as the heads of his columns emerged from the defile, and, turning to the left, began to ascend the hills, where he hoped at least to find the rear-guard of the enemy.

At this moment, the stillness of the mist was broken by barbarian war-cries on every side ; and both flanks of the Roman column were assailed at once. Their right was overwhelmed by a storm of javelins and arrows, shot as if from the midst of darkness, and striking into the soldier's unguarded side, where he had no shield to cover him ; while ponderous stones, against which no shield or helmet could avail, came crashing down upon their heads. On the left were heard the trampling of horse, and the well-known war-cries of the Gauls ; and presently Hannibal's dreaded cavalry emerged from the mist, and were in an instant in the midst of their ranks ; and the huge forms of the Gauls, and their vast broadswords, broke in upon them at the same moment. The head of the Roman column—which was already ascending to the higher ground—found its advance also barred ; for here was the enemy whom they had so longed to overtake : here were some of the Spanish and African foot of Hannibal's army drawn up to wait their assault. The Romans instantly attacked these troops, and cut their way through ; these must be the covering parties, they thought, of Hannibal's main battle ; and, eager to bring the contest to a decisive issue, they pushed forward up the heights, not doubting that on the summit they should find the whole force of the enemy. And now they were on the top of the ridge, and to their astonishment no enemy was there ; but the mist drew up, and, as they looked behind, they saw too plainly where Hannibal was ; the whole valley was one scene of carnage, whilst on the sides of the hills above were the masses of the Spanish and African foot witnessing the destruction of the Roman army, which had scarcely cost them a single stroke.

The advanced troops of the Roman column had thus escaped the slaughter ; but, being too few to retrieve the day, they continued their advance, which was now become a flight, and took refuge in one of the neighboring villages. Meantime, while the centre of the army was cut to pieces in the valley, the rear was still winding through the defile beyond, between the cliffs and the lake. But they, too, were attacked from the heights above by the Gauls, and forced in confusion into the water. Some of the soldiers, in desperation, struck out into the deep water, swimming ; and, weighed down by their

armor, presently sank : others ran in as far as was within their depth, and there stood helplessly, till the enemy's cavalry dashed in after them. Then they lifted up their hands, and cried for quarter ; but, on this day of sacrifice, the gods of Carthage were not to be defrauded of a single victim ; and the horsemen pitilessly fulfilled Hannibal's vow.

Thus, with the exception of the advanced troops of the Roman column, who were about 6000 men, the rest of the army were utterly destroyed. The consul himself had not seen the wreck consummated. On finding himself surrounded, he had vainly endeavored to form his men amidst the confusion, and to offer some regular resistance ; when this was hopeless, he continued to do his duty as a brave soldier, till one of the Gaulish horsemen, who is said to have known him by sight from his former consulship, rode up and ran him through the body with his lance, crying out, " So perish the man who slaughtered our brethren, and robbed us of the lands of our fathers." In these last words, we probably rather read the unquenchable hatred of the Roman aristocracy to the author of an agrarian law, than the genuine language of the Gaul. Flaminius died bravely, sword in hand, having committed no graver military error than many an impetuous soldier, whose death in his country's cause has been felt to throw a veil over his rashness, and whose memory is pitied and honored. The party feelings which have so colored the language of the ancient writers respecting him, need not be shared by a modern historian ; Flaminius was indeed an unequal antagonist to Hannibal ; but in his previous life, as consul and as censor, he had served his country well ; and if the defile of Thrasymentus witnessed his rashness, it also contains his honorable grave.

The battle must have been ended before noon ; and Hannibal's indefatigable cavalry, after having destroyed the centre and rear of the Roman army, hastened to pursue the troops who had broken off from the front, and had for the present escaped the general overthrow. They were supported by the light-armed foot and the Spaniards, and finding the Romans in the village to which they had retreated, proceeded to invest it on every side. The Romans, cut off from all relief, and with no provisions, surrendered to Maharbal, who commanded the party sent against them. They were brought to Hannibal ; with the other prisoners taken in the battle, the whole number amounted to 15,000. The general addressed them by an interpreter ; he told the soldiers who had surrendered to Maharbal, that their lives, if he pleased, were still forfeited, for Maharbal had no authority to grant terms without his consent ; then he proceeded, with the vehemence often displayed by Napoleon in similar circumstances, to inveigh against the Roman government and people, and concluded by giving all his Roman prisoners to the custody of the several divisions of his army. Then he turned to the Italian allies ; they were not his enemies, he said ; on the contrary, he had invaded

Italy to aid them in casting off the yoke of Rome ; he should still deal with them as he had treated his Italian prisoners taken at the Trebia ; they were free from that moment, and without ransom. This being done, he halted for a short time to rest his army, and buried with great solemnity thirty of the most distinguished of those who had fallen on his own side in the battle. His whole loss had amounted only to 1500 men, of whom the greater part were Gauls. It is said also that he caused careful search, but in vain, to be made for the body of the consul, Flaminius, being anxious to give him honorable burial. So he acted afterwards to L. Æmilius and to Marcellus ; and these humanities are worthy of notice, as if he had wished to show that, though his vow bound him to unrelenting enmity towards the Romans while living, it was a pleasure to him to feel that he might honor them when dead.

The army of Hannibal now broke up from the scene of its victory, and, leaving Perugia unassailed, crossed the infant stream of the Tiber and entered upon the plains of Umbria. Here Maharbal, with the cavalry and light troops, obtained another victory over a party of some thousand men, commanded by C. Centenius, and killed, took prisoners, or dispersed the whole body. Then that rich plain, extending from the Tiber, under Perugia, to Spoleto, at the foot of the Monte Somma, was laid waste by the Carthaginians without mercy. The white oxen of the Clitumnus, so often offered in sacrifice to the gods of Rome by her triumphant generals, were now the spoil of the enemy, and were slaughtered on the altars of the gods of Carthage, amidst prayers for the destruction of Rome. The left bank of the Tiber again heard the Gaulish war-cry ; and the terrified inhabitants fled to the mountains or into the fortified cities, from this unwonted storm of barbarian invasion. The figures and arms of the Gauls, however formidable, might be familiar to many of the Umbrians ; but they gazed in wonder on the slingers from the Balearian islands, on the hardy Spanish foot, conspicuous by their white linen coats bordered with scarlet ; on the regular African infantry, who had not yet exchanged their long lances and small shields for the long shield and stabbing sword of the Roman soldier ; on the heavy cavalry, so numerous, and mounted on horses so superior to those of Italy ; above all, on the bands of wild Numidians, who rode without saddle or bridle, as if the rider and his horse were one creature, and who scoured over the country with a speed and impetuosity defying escape or resistance. Amidst such a scene, the colonists of Spoleto deserved well of their country, for shutting their gates boldly, and not yielding to the general panic ; and when the Numidian horsemen reined up their horses, and turned away from its well-manned walls, the colonists, with an excusable boasting, might claim the glory of having repulsed Hannibal.

But Hannibal's way lay not over the Monte Somma, although its steep pass, rising immediately behind Spoleto, was the last natural

obstacle between him and Rome. Beyond that pass the country was full, not of Roman colonies merely, but of Roman citizens: he would soon have entered on the territory of the thirty-five Roman tribes, where every man whom he would have met was his enemy. His eyes were fixed elsewhere: the south was entirely open to him; the way to Apulia and Samnium was cleared of every impediment. He crossed the Apennines in the direction of Ancona, and invaded Picenum; he then followed the coast of the Adriatic, through the country of the Marrucinians and Frentanians, till he arrived in the northern part of Apulia, in the country called by the Greeks Daunia. He advanced slowly and leisurely, encamping after short marches, and spreading devastation far and wide: the plunder of slaves, cattle, corn, wine, oil, and valuable property of every description, was almost more than the army could carry or drive along. The soldiers, who, after their exhausting march from Spain over the Alps, had ever since been in active service, or in wretched quarters, and who, from cold and the want of oil for anointing the skin, had suffered severely from scorbutic disorders, were now revelling in plenty in a land of corn and olives and vines, where all good things were in such abundance that the very horses of the army, so said report, were bathed in old wines to improve their condition. Meanwhile, wherever the army passed, all Romans, or Latins, of an age to bear arms, were, by Hannibal's express orders, put to the sword. Many an occupier of domain land, many a farmer of the taxes, or of those multiplied branches of revenue which the Roman government possessed all over Italy, collectors of customs and port duties, surveyors and farmers of the forests, farmers of the mountain pastures, farmers of the salt on the sea-coast, and of the mines in the mountains, were cut off by the vengeance of the Carthaginians; and Rome, having lost thousands of her poorer citizens in battle, and now losing hundreds of the richer classes in this exterminating march, lay bleeding at every pore.

But her spirit was invincible. When the tidings of the disaster of Thrasymeus reached the city, the people crowded to the Forum, and called upon the magistrates to tell them the whole truth. The prætor peregrinus, M. Pomponius Matho, ascended the rostra and said to the assembled multitude, "We have been beaten in a great battle; our army is destroyed; and C. Flaminius, the consul, is killed." Our colder temperaments scarcely enable us to conceive the effect of such tidings on the lively feelings of the people of the south, or to image to ourselves the cries, the tears, the hands uplifted in prayer or clenched in rage, the confused sounds of ten thousand voices, giving utterance with breathless rapidity to their feelings of eager interest, of terror, of grief, or of fury. All the northern gates of the city were beset with crowds of wives and mothers, imploring every fresh fugitive from the fatal field for some tidings of those most dear to them. The prætors, M. Æmilius and M. Pomponius, kept the sen-

me sitting for several days, from sunrise to sunset, without adjournment, in earnest consultation on the alarming state of their country.

Peace was not thought of for a moment ; nor was it proposed to withdraw a single soldier from Spain, or Sicily, or Sardinia ; but it was resolved that a dictator ought to be appointed, to secure unity of command. There had been no dictatorship for actual service since that of A. Atilius Calatinus, two-and-thirty years before, in the disastrous consulship of P. Claudius Pulcher and L. Junius Pullus. But it is probable that some jealousy was entertained of the senate's choice, if, in the absence of the consul Cn. Servilius, the appointment, according to ancient usage, had rested with them ; nor was it thought safe to leave the dictator to nominate his master of the horse. Hence, an unusual course was adopted ; the centuries in their comitia elected both the one and the other, choosing one from each of the two parties in the state ; the dictator, Q. Fabius Maximus, from one of the noblest, but at the same time the most moderate families of the aristocracy, and himself a man of a nature no less gentle than wise ; the master of the horse, M. Minucius Rufus, as representing the popular party.

Religion in the mind of Q. Fabius was not a mere instrument for party purposes ; although he may have had little belief in its truth, he was convinced of its excellence, and that a reverence for the gods was an essential element in the character of a nation, without which it must assuredly degenerate. Therefore, on the very day that he entered on his office, he summoned the senate, and, dwelling on the importance of propitiating the gods, moved that the sibylline books should forthwith be consulted. They directed, among other things, that the Roman people should vow to the gods what was called "a holy spring"—that is to say, that every animal fit for sacrifice born in the spring of that year, between the first day of March and the thirtieth of April, and reared on any mountain, or plain, or river-bank, or upland pasture throughout Italy, should be offered to Jupiter. Extraordinary games were also vowed to be celebrated in the Circus Maximus ; prayers were put up at all the temples ; new temples were vowed to be built ; and for three days those solemn sacrifices were performed, in which the images of the gods were taken down from their temples, and laid on couches richly covered, with tables full of meat and wine set before them, in the sight of all the people, as if the gods could not but bless the city where they had deigned to receive hospitality.

Then the dictator turned his attention to the state of the war. A long campaign was in prospect ; for it was still so early in the season, that the prætors had not yet gone out of their provinces ; and Hannibal was already in the heart of Italy. All measures were taken for the defence of the country ; even the walls and towers of Rome were ordered to be made good against an attack. Bridges were to be broken down ; the inhabitants of open towns were to withdraw

into places of security ; and, in the expected line of Hannibal's march, the country was to be laid waste before him, the corn destroyed, and the houses burnt. This would probably be done effectually in the Roman territory ; but the allies were not likely to make such extreme sacrifices : and this, of itself, was a reason why Hannibal did not advance directly upon Rome.

More than thirty thousand men, in killed and prisoners, had been lost to the Romans in the late battle. The consul, Cn. Servilius, commanded above thirty thousand in Cisalpine Gaul ; and he was now retreating in all haste, after having heard of the total defeat of his colleague. Two new legions were raised, besides a large force out of the city tribes, which was employed partly for the defence of Rome itself, and partly, as it consisted largely of the poorer citizens, for the service of the fleet. This last indeed was become a matter of urgent necessity ; for the Carthaginian fleet was already on the Italian coast, and had taken a whole convoy of corn-ships, off Cosa, in Etruria, carrying supplies to the army in Spain ; whilst the Roman ships, both in Sicily and at Ostia, had not yet been launched after the winter. Now all the ships at Ostia and in the Tiber were sent to sea in haste, and the consul, Cn. Servilius, commanded them, whilst the dictator and master of the horse, having added the two newly-raised legions to the consul's army, proceeded through Campania and Samnium into Apulia, and, with an army greatly superior in numbers, encamped at the distance of about five or six miles from Hannibal.

Besides the advantage of numbers, the Romans had that of being regularly and abundantly supplied with provisions. They had no occasion to scatter their forces in order to obtain subsistence ; but, keeping their army together, and exposing no weak point to fortune, they followed Hannibal at a certain distance, watched their opportunity to cut off his detached parties, and above all, by remaining in the field with so imposing an army, overawed the allies, and checked their disposition to revolt. Thus Hannibal, finding that the Apulians did not join him, recrossed the Apennines, and moved through the country of the Hirpinians, into that of the Caudinian Samnites. But Beneventum, once a great Samnite city, was now a Latin colony ; and its gates were close shut against the invader. Hannibal laid waste its territory with fire and sword, then moved downwards under the south side of the Matese, and took possession of Telesia, the native city of C. Pontius, but now a decayed and defenceless town : thence descending the Calor to its junction with the Volturnus, and ascending the Volturnus till he found it easily fordable, he finally crossed it near Allifæ, and passing over the hills behind Calatia, descended by Cales into the midst of the Falernian plain, the glory of Campania.

Fabius steadily followed him, not descending into the plain, but keeping his army on the hills above it, and watching all his movements. Again the Numidian cavalry were seen scouring the country

on every side ; and the smoke of burning houses marked their track. The soldiers in the Roman army beheld the sight with the greatest impatience : they were burning for battle, and the master of the horse himself shared and encouraged the general feeling. But Fabius was firm in his resolution ; he sent parties to secure even the pass of Tarracina, lest Hannibal should attempt to advance by the Appian road upon Rome ; he garrisoned Casilinum, on the enemy's rear ; the Vulturnus, from Casilinum to the sea, barred all retreat southwards ; the colony of Cales stopped the outlet from the plain by the Latin road ; while from Cales to Casilinum the hills formed an unbroken barrier, steep and wooded, the few paths over which were already secured by Roman soldiers. Thus Fabius thought that Hannibal was caught as in a pitfall ; that his escape was cut off, whilst his army, having soon wasted its plunder, could not possibly winter where it was, without magazines, and without a single town in its possession. For himself, he had all the resources of Campania and Samnium on his rear ; whilst on his right, the Latin road, secured by the colonies of Cales, Casinum, and Fregellæ, kept his communications with Rome open.

Hannibal, on his part, had no thought of wintering where he was ; but he had carefully husbanded his plunder, that it might supply his winter consumption, so that it was important to him to carry it off in safety. He had taken many thousand cattle ; and his army besides was encumbered with its numerous prisoners, over and above the corn, wine, oil, and other articles, which had been furnished by the ravage of one of the richest districts in Italy. Finding that the passes in the hills between Cales and the Vulturnus were occupied by the enemy, he began to consider how he could surprise or force his passage without abandoning any of his plunder. He first thought of his numerous prisoners ; and dreading lest in a night march they should either escape or overpower their guards and join their countrymen in attacking him, he commanded them all, to the number, it is said, of 5000 men, to be put to the sword. Then he ordered 2000 of the stoutest oxen to be selected from the plundered cattle, and pieces of split pine wood, or dry vine wood, to be fastened to their horns. About two hours before midnight the drovers began to drive them straight to the hills, having first set on fire the bundles of wood about their heads ; whilst the light infantry following them till they began to run wild, then made their own way to the hills, scouring the points just above the pass occupied by the enemy. Hannibal then commenced his march ; his African infantry led the way, followed by the cavalry ; then came all the baggage ; and the rear was covered by the Spaniards and Gauls. In this order he followed the road in the defile, by which he was to get out into the upper valley of the Vulturnus, above Casilinum and the enemy's army.

He found the way quite clear ; for the Romans who had guarded it, seeing the hills above them illuminated on a sudden with a multi-

tude of moving lights, and nothing doubting that Hannibal's army was attempting to break out over the hills in despair of forcing the road, quitted their position in haste, and ran towards the heights to interrupt or embarrass his retreat. Meanwhile Fabius, with his main army, confounded at the strangeness of the sight, and dreading lest Hannibal was tempting him to his ruin as he had tempted Flaminius, kept close within his camp until the morning. Day dawned only to show him his own troops, who had been set to occupy the defile, engaged on the hills above with Hannibal's light infantry. But presently the Spanish foot were seen scaling the heights to reinforce the enemy; and the Romans were driven down to the plain with great loss and confusion; while the Spaniards and the light troops, having thoroughly done their work, disappeared behind the hills, and followed their main army. Thus completely successful, and leaving his shamed and baffled enemy behind him, Hannibal no longer thought of returning to Apulia by the most direct road, but resolved to extend his devastations still farther before the season ended. He mounted the valley of the Vulturinus towards Venafrum, marched from thence into Samnium, crossed the Apennines, and descended into the rich Pelignian plain by Sulmo, which yielded him an ample harvest of plunder; and thence retracing his steps into Samnium, he finally returned to the neighborhood of his old quarters in Apulia.

The summer was far advanced; Hannibal had overrun the greater part of Italy: the meadows of the Clitumnus and the Vulturinus, and the forest glades of the high Apennines, had alike seen their cattle driven away by the invading army; the Falernian plain and the plain of Sulmo had alike yielded their tribute of wine and oil; but not a single city had as yet opened its gates to the conqueror, not a single state of Samnium had welcomed him as its champion, under whom it might revenge its old wrongs against Rome. Everywhere the aristocratical party had maintained its ascendancy, and had repressed all mention of revolt from Rome. Hannibal's great experiment therefore had hitherto failed. He knew that his single army could not conquer Italy; as easily might King William's Dutch guards have conquered England: and six months had brought Hannibal no fairer prospect of aid within the country itself than the first week after his landing in Torbay brought to King William. But among Hannibal's greatest qualities was the patience with which he knew how to abide his time; if one campaign had failed of its main object, another must be tried; if the fidelity of the Roman allies had been unshaken by the disaster of Thrasymentus, it must be tried by a defeat yet more fatal. Meantime he would take undisputed possession of the best winter quarters in Italy; his men would be plentifully fed; his invaluable cavalry would have forage in abundance; and this at no cost to Carthage, but wholly at the expense of the enemy. The point which he fixed upon to winter at was the very edge of the Apulian plain, where it joins the mountains: on one side was a boundless ex-

panse of corn, intermixed with open grass land, burnt up in summer, but in winter fresh and green; whilst on the other side were the wide pastures of the mountain forests, where his numerous cattle might be turned out till the first snows of autumn fell. These were as yet far distant; for the corn in the plain, although ripe, was still standing; and the rich harvests of Apulia were to be gathered this year by unwonted reapers.

Descending from Samnium, Hannibal accordingly appeared before the little town of Geronium, which was situated somewhat more than twenty miles northwest of the Latin colony of Luceria, in the immediate neighborhood of Larinum. The town, refusing to surrender, was taken, and the inhabitants put to the sword; but the houses and walls were left standing, to serve as a great magazine for the army; and the soldiers were quartered in a regularly fortified camp without the town. Here Hannibal posted himself; and keeping a third part of his men under arms to guard the camp and to cover his foragers, he sent out the other two thirds to gather in all the corn of the surrounding country, or to pasture his cattle on the adjoining mountains. In this manner the store-houses of Geronium were in a short time filled with corn.

Meanwhile the public mind at Rome was strongly excited against the dictator. He seemed like a man who, having played a cautious game, at last makes a false move, and is beaten; his slow, defensive system, unwelcome in itself, seemed rendered contemptible by Hannibal's triumphant escape from the Falernian plain. But here, too, Fabius showed a patience worthy of all honor. Vexed as he must have been at his failure in Campania, he still felt sure that his system was wise; and again he followed Hannibal into Apulia, and encamped as before in the high grounds in his neighborhood. Certain religious offices called him at this time to Rome; but he charged Minneius to observe his system strictly, and on no account to risk a battle.

The master of the horse conducted his operations wisely: he advanced his camp to a projecting ridge of hills, immediately above the plain, and, sending out his cavalry and light troops to cut off Hannibal's foragers, obliged the enemy to increase his covering force, and to restrict the range of his harvesting. On one occasion he cut off a great number of the foragers, and even advanced to attack Hannibal's camp, which, owing to the necessity of detaching so many men all over the country, was left with a very inferior force to defend it. The return of some of the foraging parties obliged the Romans to retreat; but Minucius was greatly elated, and sent home very encouraging reports of his success.

The feeling against Fabius could no longer be restrained. Minucius had known how to manage his system more ably than he had done himself; such merit at such a crisis deserved to be rewarded; nor was it fit that the popular party should continue to be deprived

of its share in the conduct of the war. Even among his own party Fabius was not universally popular: he had magnified himself and his system somewhat offensively, and had spoken too harshly of the blunders of former generals. Thus it does not appear that the aristocracy offered any strong resistance to a bill brought forward by the tribune M. Metilius, for giving the master of the horse power equal to the dictator's. The bill was strongly supported by C. Terentius Varro, who had been prætor in the preceding year, and was easily carried.

The dictator and master of the horse now divided the army between them, and encamped apart, at more than a mile's distance from each other. Their want of co-operation was thus notorious; and Hannibal was not slow to profit by it. He succeeded in tempting Minucius to an engagement on his own ground; and having concealed about 5000 men in some ravines and hollows close by, he called them forth in the midst of the action to fall on the enemy's rear. The rout of the Trebia was well-nigh repeated; but Fabius was near enough to come up in time to the rescue; and his fresh legions checked the pursuit of the conquerors and enabled the broken Romans to rally. Still the loss already sustained was severe; and it was manifest that Fabius had saved his colleague from total destruction. Minucius acknowledged this generously: he instantly gave up his equal and separate command, and placed himself and his army under the dictator's orders. The rest of the season passed quietly; and the dictator and master of the horse resigning their offices as usual at the end of six months, the army during the winter was put under the command of the consuls; Cn. Servilius having brought home and laid up the fleet, which he had commanded during the summer, and M. Atilius Regulus having been elected to fill the place of Flaminius.

Meanwhile the elections for the following year were approaching; and it was evident that they would be marked by severe party struggles. The mass of the Roman people were impatient of the continuance of the war in Italy; not only the poorer citizens, whom it obliged to constant military service through the winter, and with no prospect of plunder, but still more perhaps the moneyed classes, whose occupation as farmers of the revenue was so greatly curtailed by Hannibal's army. Again, the occupiers of domain lands in remote parts of Italy could get no returns from their property; the wealthy graziers, who fed their cattle on the domain pastures, saw their stock carried off to furnish winter provisions for the enemy. Besides, if Hannibal were allowed to be unassailable in the field, the allies, sooner or later, must be expected to join him; they would not sacrifice everything for Rome, if Rome could neither protect them nor herself. The excellence of the Roman infantry was undisputed. If with equal numbers they could not conquer Hannibal's veterans, let their numbers be increased, and they must overwhelm him.

These were no doubt the feelings of many of the nobility themselves, as well as of the majority of the people ; but they were embittered by party animosity : the aristocracy, it was said, seemed bent on throwing reproach on all generals of the popular party, as if none but themselves were fit to conduct the war ; Minucius himself had yielded to this spirit by submitting to be commanded by Fabius, when the law had made him his equal : one consul at least must be chosen, who would act firmly for himself and for the people ; and such a man, to whose merits the bitter hatred of the aristocratical party bore the best testimony, was to be found in C. Terentius Varro.

Varro, his enemies said, was a butcher's son ; nay, it was added that he had himself been a butcher's boy, and had only been enabled by the fortune which his father had left him to throw aside his ignoble calling, and to aspire to public offices. So Cromwell was called a brewer : but Varro had been successively elected quaestor, plebeian, and curule, ædile, and prætor, whilst we are not told that he was ever tribune ; and it is without example in Roman history, that a mere demagogue, of no family, with no other merits, civil or military, should be raised to such nobility. Varro was eloquent, it is true ; but eloquence alone would scarcely have so recommended him ; and if in his prætorship, as is probable, he had been one of the two home prætors, he must have possessed a competent knowledge of law. Besides, even after his defeat at Cannæ, he was employed for several years in various important offices, civil and military ; which would never have been the case had he been the mere factious braggart that historians have painted him. The aristocracy tried in vain to prevent his election : he was not only returned consul, but he was returned alone, no other candidate obtaining a sufficient number of votes to entitle him to the suffrage of a tribe. Thus he held the comitia for the election of his colleague ; and considering the great influence exercised by the magistrate so presiding, it is creditable to him, and to the temper of the people generally, that the other consul chosen was L. Æmilius Paullus, who was not only a known partisan of the aristocracy, but having been consul three years before, had been brought to trial for an alleged misappropriation of the plunder taken in the Illyrian war, and, although acquitted, was one of the most unpopular men in Rome. Yet he was known to be a good soldier ; and the people, having obtained the election of Varro, did not object to gratify the aristocracy by accepting the candidate of their choice.

No less moderate and impartial was the temper shown in the elections of prætors. Two of the four were decidedly of the aristocratical party, M. Marcellus and L. Postumius Albinus ; the other two were also men of consular rank, and no way known as opponents of the nobility, P. Furius Philus and M. Pomponius Matho. The two latter were to have the home prætorships ; Marcellus was to com-

mand the fleet, and take charge of the southern coast of Italy ; L. Postumius was to watch the frontier of Cisalpine Gaul.

The winter and spring passed without any military events of importance. Servilius and Regulus retained their command as proconsuls for some time after their successors had come into office ; but nothing beyond occasional skirmishes took place between them and the enemy. Hannibal was at Geronium, maintaining his army on the supplies which he had so carefully collected in the preceding campaign : the consuls apparently were posted a little to the southward, receiving their supplies from the country about Canusium, and immediately from a large magazine which they had established at the small town of Cannæ, near the Aufidus.

Never was Hannibal's genius more displayed than during this long period of inactivity. More than half of his army consisted of Gauls, of all barbarians the most impatient and uncertain in their humor, whose fidelity, it is said, could only be secured by an ever-open hand ; no man was their friend any longer than he could gorge them with pay or plunder. Those of his soldiers who were not Gauls were either Spaniards or Africans ; the Spaniards were the newly-conquered subjects of Carthage, strangers to her race and language, and accustomed to divide their lives between actual battle and the most listless bodily indolence ; so that, when one of their tribes first saw the habits of a Roman camp, and observed the centurions walking up and down before the prætorium for exercise, the Spaniards thought them mad, and ran up to guide them to their tents, thinking that he who was not fighting could do nothing but lie at his ease and enjoy himself. Even the Africans were foreigners to Carthage : they were subjects harshly governed, and had been engaged within the last twenty years in a war of extermination with their masters. Yet the long inactivity of winter quarters, trying to the discipline of the best national armies, was borne patiently by Hannibal's soldiers : there was neither desertion nor mutiny amongst them ; even the fickleness of the Gauls seemed spellbound ; they remained steadily in their camp in Apulia, neither going home to their own country, nor over to the enemy. On the contrary, it seems that fresh bands of Gauls must have joined the Carthaginian army after the battle of Thrasymenus, and the retreat of the Roman army from Ariminum. For the Gauls and the Spaniards and the Africans were overpowered by the ascendancy of Hannibal's character : under his guidance they felt themselves invincible : with such a general the yoke of Carthage might seem to the Africans and Spaniards the natural dominion of superior beings ; in such a champion the Gauls beheld the appointed instrument of their country's gods to lead them once more to assault the capital.

Silanus, the Greek historian, was living with Hannibal daily ; and though not intrusted with his military and political secrets, he must have seen and known him as a man ; he must have been familiar with

his habits of life, and must have heard his conversation in those unrestrained moments when the lightest words of great men display the character of their minds so strikingly. His work is lost to us ; but had it been worthy of his opportunities, anecdotes from it must have been quoted by other writers, and we should know what Hannibal was. Then, too, the generals who were his daily companions would be something more to us than names : we should know Maharbal, the best cavalry officer of the finest cavalry service in the world ; and Hasdrubal, who managed the commissariat of the army for so many years in an enemy's country ; and Hannibal's young brother, Mago, so full of youthful spirit and enterprise, who commanded the ambush at the battle of the Trebia. We might learn something too of that Hannibal, surnamed the Fighter, who was the general's counsellor, ever prompting him, it was said, to deeds of savage cruelty, but whose counsels Hannibal would not have listened to, had they been merely cruel, had they not breathed a spirit of deep devotion to the cause of Carthage, and of deadly hatred to Rome, such as possessed the heart of Hannibal himself. But Silanus saw and heard without heeding or recording ; and on the tent and camp of Hannibal there hangs a veil, which the fancy of the poet may penetrate ; but the historian turns away in deep disappointment ; for to him it yields neither sight nor sound.

Spring was come, and well-nigh departing ; and in the warm plains of Apulia the corn was ripening fast, while Hannibal's winter supplies were now nearly exhausted. He broke up from his camp before Geronium, descended into the Apulian plains, and whilst the Roman army was still in its winter position, he threw himself on its rear, and surprised its great magazine at Cannæ. The citadel of Cannæ was a fortress of some strength ; this accordingly he occupied, and placed himself, on the very eve of harvest, between the Roman army and its expected resources, whilst he secured to himself all the corn of southern Apulia. It was only in such low and warm situations that the corn was nearly ready ; the higher country, in the immediate neighborhood of Apulia, is cold and backward ; and the Romans were under the necessity of receiving their supplies from a great distance, or else of retreating, or of offering battle. Under these circumstances the proconsuls sent to Rome, to ask what they were to do.

The turning-point of this question lay in the disposition of the allies. We cannot doubt that Hannibal had been busy during the winter in sounding their feelings ; and now it appeared that, if Italy was to be ravaged by the enemy for a second summer, without resistance, their patience would endure no longer. The Roman government, therefore, resolved to risk a battle ; but they sent orders to the proconsuls to wait till the consuls should join them with their newly-raised army ; for a battle being resolved upon, the senate hoped to secure success by an overwhelming superiority of numbers. We do not

exactly know the proportion of the new levies to the old soldiers ; but when the two consuls arrived on the scene of action, and took the supreme command of the whole army, there were no fewer than eight Roman legions under their orders, with an equal force of allies ; so that the army opposed to Hannibal must have amounted to 90,000 men. It was evident that so great a multitude could not long be fed at a distance from its resonrees ; and thus a speedy engagement was inevitable.

But the details of the movements, by which the two armies were brought in presenee of each other, on the banks of the Aufidus, are not easy to discover. It appears that the Romans, till the arrival of the new consuls, had not ventured to follow Hannibal closely ; for, when they did follow him, it took them two days' march to arrive in his neighborhood, where they encamped at about six miles' distance from him. They found him on the left bank of the Aufidus, about eight or nine miles from the sea, and busied, probably, in collecting the corn from the early distriet on the coast, the season being about the middle of June. The country here was so level and open, that the consul, L. Æmilius, was unwilling to approach the enemy more closely, but wished to take a position on the hilly ground farther from the sea, and to bring on the action there. But Varro, impatient for battle, and having the supreme command of the whole army, alternately with Æmilius every other day, decided the question irrevocably on the very next day, by interposing himself between the enemy and the sea, with his left resting on the Aufidus, and his right communicating with the town of Salapia.

From this position Æmilius, when he again took the command in chief, found it impossible to withdraw. But availing himself of his great superiority in numbers, he threw a part of his army across the river, and posted them in a separate camp on the right bank, to have the supplies of the country, south of the Aufidus, at command, and to restrain the enemy's parties who might attempt to forage in that direction. When Hannibal saw the Romans in this situation, he also advanced nearer to them, descending the left bank of the Aufidus, and encamped over against the main army of the enemy, with his right resting on the river.

The next day, which, according to the Roman calendar, was the last of the month Quinetilis, or July, the Roman reckoning being six or seven weeks in advance of the true season, Hannibal was making his preparations for battle, and did not stir from his camp ; so that Varro, whose command it was, could not bring on an action. But on the 1st of Sextilis, or August, Hannibal, being now quite ready, drew out his army in front of his camp, and offered battle. Æmilius, however, remained quiet, resolved not to fight on such ground, and hoping that Hannibal would soon be obliged to fall back nearer the hills, when he found that he could no longer forage freely in the country near the sea. Hannibal, seeing that the enemy did not move, marched back

his infantry into his camp, but sent his Numidian cavalry across the river to attack the Romans on that side, as they were coming down in straggling parties to the bank to get water. For the Aufidus, though its bed is deep and wide to hold its winter floods, is a shallow or a narrow stream in summer, with many points easily fordable, not by horse only, but by infantry. The watering parties were driven in with some loss, and the Numidians followed them to the very gates of the camp, and obliged the Romans, on the right bank, to pass the summer night in the burning Apulian plain without water.

At daybreak on the next morning, the red ensign, which was the well-known signal for battle, was seen flying over Varro's headquarters; and he issued orders, it being his day of command, for the main army to cross the river, and form in order of battle on the right bank. Whether he had any further object in crossing to the right bank, than to enable the soldiers on that side to get water in security, we do not know; but Hannibal, it seems, thought that the ground on either bank suited him equally; and he, too, forded the stream at two separate points, and drew out his army opposite to the enemy. The strong town of Canusium was scarcely three miles off in his rear; he had left his camp on the other side of the river; if he were defeated, escape seemed hopeless. But when he saw the wide open plain around him, and looked at his numerous and irresistible cavalry, and knew that his infantry, however inferior in numbers, were far better and older soldiers than the great mass of their opponents, he felt that defeat was impossible. In this confidence his spirits were not cheerful merely, but even mirthful; he rallied one of his officers jestingly, who noticed the overwhelming numbers of the Romans; those near him laughed; and as any feeling at such a moment is contagious, the laugh was echoed by others; and the soldiers, seeing their great general in such a mood, were satisfied that he was sure of victory.

The Carthaginian army faced the north, so that the early sun shone on their right flank, while the wind, which blew strong from the south, but without a drop of rain, swept its clouds of dust over their backs, and carried them full into the faces of the enemy. On their left, resting on the river, were the Spanish and Gaulish horse; next in the line, but thrown back a little, were half of the African infantry armed like the Romans; on their right, somewhat in advance, were the Gauls and Spaniards, with their companies intermixed; then came the rest of the African foot, again thrown back like their comrades; and on the right of the whole line were the Numidian light horsemen. The right of the army rested, so far as appears, on nothing; the ground was open and level; but at some distance were hills overgrown with copsewood, and furrowed with deep ravines, in which, according to one account of the battle, a body of horsemen and of light infantry lay in ambush. The rest of the light troops, and the Balearian slingers, skirmished as usual in front of the whole line.

Meanwhile the masses of the Roman infantry were forming their line opposite. The sun on their left flashed obliquely on their brazen helmets, now uncovered for battle, and lit up the waving forest of their red and black plumes, which rose upright from their helmets a foot and a half high.

They stood brandishing their formidable pila, covered with their long shields, and bearing on their right thigh their peculiar and fatal weapon, the heavy sword, fitted alike to cut and to stab. On the right of the line were the Roman legions ; on the left the infantry of the allies ; whilst between the Roman right and the river were the Roman horsemen, all of them of wealthy or noble families ; and on the left, opposed to the Numidians, were the horsemen of the Italians and of the Latin name. The velites or light infantry covered the front, and were ready to skirmish with the light troops and slingers of the enemy.

For some reason or other, which is not explained in any account of the battle, the Roman infantry were formed in columns rather than in line, the files of the maniples containing many more than their ranks. This seems an extraordinary tactic to be adopted in a plain by an army inferior in cavalry, but very superior in infantry. Whether the Romans relied on the river as a protection to their right flank, and their left was covered in some manner which is not mentioned—one account would lead us to suppose that it reached nearly to the sea—or whether the great proportion of new levies obliged the Romans to adopt the system of the phalanx, and to place their raw soldiers in the rear, as incapable of fighting in the front ranks with Hannibal's veterans—it appears at any rate that the Roman infantry, though nearly double the number of the enemy, yet formed a line of only equal length with Hannibal's.

The skirmishing of the light-armed troops preluded as usual to the battle ; the Balearian slingers slung their stones like hail into the ranks of the Roman line, and severely wounded the consul Æmilius himself. Then the Spanish and Gaulish horse charged the Romans front to front, and maintained a standing fight with them, many leaping off their horses and fighting on foot, till the Romans, outnumbered and badly armed, without cuirasses, with light and brittle spears, and with shields made only of ox-hide, were totally routed, and driven off the field. Hasdrubal, who commanded the Gauls and Spaniards, followed up his work effectually ; he chased the Romans along the river till he had almost destroyed them ; and then, riding off to the right, he came up to aid the Numidians, who, after their manner, had been skirmishing indecisively with the cavalry of the Italian allies. These, on seeing the Gauls and Spaniards advancing, broke away and fled ; the Numidians, most effective in pursuing a flying enemy, chased them with unweariable speed, and slaughtered them unsparingly ; while Hasdrubal, to complete his signal services on this day, charged fiercely upon the rear of the Roman infantry.

He found its huge masses already weltering in helpless confusion, crowded upon one another, totally disorganized, and fighting each man as he best could, but struggling on against all hope by mere indomitable courage. For the Roman columns on the right and left, finding the Gaulish and Spanish foot advancing in a convex line or wedge, pressed forward to assail what seemed the flanks of the enemy's column; so that, being already drawn up with too narrow a front by their original formation, they now became compressed still more by their own movements, the right and left converging towards the centre, till the whole army became one dense column, which forced its way onward by the weight of its charge, and drove back the Gauls and Spaniards into the rear of their own line. Meanwhile its victorious advance had carried it, like the English column at Fontenoy, into the midst of Hannibal's army; it had passed between the African infantry on its right and left; and now, whilst its head was struggling against the Gauls and Spaniards, its long flanks were fiercely assailed by the Africans, who, facing about to the right and left, charged it home, and threw it into utter disorder. In this state, when they were forced together into one unwieldy crowd, and already falling by thousands, whilst the Gauls and Spaniards, now advancing in their turn, were barring further progress in front, and whilst the Africans were tearing their mass to pieces on both flanks, Hasdrubal with his victorious Gaulish and Spanish horsemen broke with thundering fury upon their rear. Then followed a butchery such as has no recorded equal, except the slaughter of the Persians in their camp, when the Greeks forced it, after the battle of Plataea. Unable to fight or fly, with no quarter asked or given, the Romans and Italians fell before the swords of their enemies, till, when the sun set upon the field, there were left out of that vast multitude no more than three thousand men alive and unwounded; and these fled in straggling parties, under cover of the darkness, and found a refuge in the neighboring towns. The consul, Æmilius, the proconsul, Cn. Servilius, the late master of the horse, M. Minucius, two quæstors, twenty-one military tribunes, and eighty senators, lay dead amidst the carnage: Varro with seventy horsemen had escaped from the rout of the allied cavalry on the right of the army, and made his way safely to Venusia.

But the Roman loss was not yet completed. A large force had been left in the camp on the left bank of the Aufidus, to attack Hannibal's camp during the action, which it was supposed that, with his inferior numbers, he could not leave adequately guarded. But it was defended so obstinately, that the Romans were still besieging it in vain, when Hannibal, now completely victorious in the battle, crossed the river to its relief. Then the besiegers fled in their turn to their own camp, and there, cut off from all succor, they presently surrendered. A few resolute men had forced their way out of the smaller camp on the right bank, and had escaped to Canusium: the rest who

were in it followed the example of their comrades on the left bank, and surrendered to the conqueror.

Less than six thousand men of Hannibal's army had fallen : no greater price had he paid for the total destruction of more than eighty thousand of the enemy, for the capture of their two camps, for the utter annihilation, as it seemed, of all their means for offensive warfare. It is no wonder that the spirits of the Carthaginian officers were elated by this unequalled victory. Maharbal, seeing what his cavalry had done, said to Hannibal, "Let me advance instantly with the horse, and do thou follow to support me ; in four days from this time thou shalt sup in the capitol." There are moments when rashness is wisdom ; and it may be that this was one of them. The statue of the goddess Victory in the capitol may well have trembled in every limb on that day, and have drooped her wings, as if for ever ; but Hannibal came not ; and if panic had for one moment unnerved the iron courage of the Roman aristocracy, on the next their stubborn spirit revived ; and their resolute will, striving beyond its present power, created, as is the law of our nature, the power which it required.

The Romans, knowing that their army was in presence of the enemy, and that the consuls had been ordered no longer to decline a battle, were for some days in the most intense anxiety. Every tongue was repeating some line of old prophecy, or relating some new wonder or portent ; every temple was crowded with supplicants ; and incense and sacrifices were offered on every altar. At last the tidings arrived of the utter destruction of both the consular armies, and of a slaughter such as Rome had never before known. Even Livy felt himself unable adequately to paint the grief and consternation of that day ; and the experience of the bloodiest and most embittered warfare of modern times would not help us to conceive it worthily. But one simple fact speaks eloquently ; the whole number of Roman citizens able to bear arms had amounted at the last census to 270,000 ; and supposing, as we fairly may, that the loss of the Romans in the late battle had been equal to that of their allies, there must have been killed or taken, within the last eighteen months, no fewer than 60,000, or more than a fifth part of the whole population of citizens above seventeen years of age. It must have been true, without exaggeration, that every house in Rome was in mourning.

The two home prætors summoned the senate to consult for the defence of the city. Fabius was no longer dictator ; yet the supreme government at this moment was effectually in his hands ; for the resolutions which he moved were instantly and unanimously adopted. Light horsemen were to be sent out to gather tidings of the enemy's movements ; the members of the senate, acting as magistrates, were to keep order in the city, to stop all loud or public lamentations, and to take care that all intelligence was conveyed in the first instance to the prætors : above all, the city gates were to be strictly guarded

that no one might attempt to fly from Rome, but all abide the common danger together. Then the forum was cleared, and the assemblies of the people suspended; for at such a moment, had any one tribune uttered the word "peace," the tribes would have caught it up with eagerness, and obliged the senate to negotiate.

Thus the first moments of panic passed; and Varro's dispatches arrived, informing the senate that he had rallied the wrecks of the army at Canusium, and that Hannibal was not advancing upon Rome. Hope then began to revive; the meetings of the senate were resumed, and measures taken for maintaining the war.

M. Marcellus, one of the prætors for the year, was at this moment at Ostia, preparing to sail to Sicily. It was resolved to transfer him at once to the great scene of action in Apulia; and he was ordered to give up the fleet to his colleague, P. Furius Philus, and to march with the single legion, which he had under his command, into Apulia, there to collect the remains of Varro's army, and to fall back, as he best could, into Campania, whilst the consul returned immediately to Rome.

In the mean time, the scene at Canusium was like the disorder of a ship going to pieces, when fear makes men desperate, and the instinct of self-preservation swallows up every other feeling. Some young men of the noblest families, a Metellus being at the head of them, looking upon Rome as lost, were planning to escape from the ruin, and to fly beyond sea, in the hope of entering into some foreign service. Such an example, at such a moment, would have led the way to a general panic: if the noblest citizens of Rome despaired of their country, what allied state, or what colony, could be expected to sacrifice themselves in defence of a hopeless cause? The consul exerted himself to the utmost to check this spirit, and, aided by some firmer spirits amongst the officers themselves, he succeeded in repressing it. He kept his men together, gave them over to the prætor, Marcellus, on his arrival at Canusium, and prepared instantly to obey the orders of the senate, by returning to Rome. The fate of P. Claudius and L. Junius, in the last war, might have warned him of the dangers which threatened a defeated general; he himself was personally hateful to the prevailing party at Rome; and if the memory of Flaminius was persecuted, notwithstanding his glorious death, what could he look for, a fugitive general from that field, where his colleague and all his soldiers had perished? Demosthenes dared not trust himself to the Athenian people after his defeat in Ætolia; but Varro, with a manlier spirit, returned to bear the obloquy and the punishment which the popular feeling, excited by party animosity, was so likely to heap on him. He stopped, as usual, without the city walls, and summoned the senate to meet him in the Campus Martius.

The senate felt his confidence in them, and answered it nobly. All party feeling were suspended; all popular irritation was subdued;

the butcher's son, the turbulent demagogue, the defeated general, were all forgotten; only Varro's latest conduct was remembered, that he had resisted the panic of his officers, and, instead of seeking shelter at the court of a foreign king, had submitted himself to the judgment of his countrymen. The senate voted him their thanks, "because he had not despaired of the commonwealth."

It was resolved to name a dictator; and some writers related that the general voice of the senate and people offered the dictatorship to Varro himself, but that he positively refused to accept it. This story is extremely doubtful; but the dictator actually named was M. Junius Pisa, a member of a popular family, and who had himself been consul and censor. His master of the horse was T. Sempronius Gracchus, the first of that noble, but ill fated, name who appears in the Roman annals.

Already, before the appointment of the dictator, the Roman government had shown that its resolution was fixed to carry on the war to the death. Hannibal had allowed his Roman prisoners to send ten of their number to Rome, to petition that the senate would permit the whole body to be ransomed by their friends at the sum of three minæ, or 3000 ases, for each prisoner. But the senate absolutely forbade the money to be paid, neither choosing to furnish Hannibal with so large a sum, nor to show any compassion to men who had allowed themselves to fall alive into the enemy's hands. The prisoners, therefore, were left in hopeless captivity; and the armies, which the state required, were to be formed out of other materials. The expedients adopted showed the urgency of the danger.

When the consuls took the field at the beginning of the campaign, two legions had been left, as usual, to cover the capital. These were now to be employed in active service, and with them was a small detachment of troops which had been drawn from Picenum and the neighborhood of Ariminum, where their services were become of less importance. The contingents from the allies were not ready, and there was no time to wait for them. In order, therefore, to enable the dictator to take the field immediately, eight thousand slaves were enlisted, having expressed their willingness to serve, and arms were provided, by taking down from the temple the spoils won in former wars. The dictator went still further: he offered pardon to criminals, and release to debtors, if they were willing to take up arms; and amongst the former class were some bands of robbers, who then, as in later times, infested the mountains, and who consented to serve the state, on receiving an indemnity for their past offences. With this strange force, amounting, it is said, to about 25,000 men, M. Junius marched into Campania, whilst a new levy of the oldest and youngest citizens supplied two new legions for the defence of the capital, in the place of those which followed the dictator into the field. M. Junius fixed his headquarters at Teanum, on high ground, upon the edge of the Falernian plain, with the Latin

colony of Cales in his front, and communicating by the Latin road with Rome.

The dictator was at Teanum, and M. Marcellus, with the army of Cannæ, whom we left in Apulia, is described as now lying encamped above Suessula—that is, on the right bank of the Volturnus, on the hills which bound the Campanian plain, ten or twelve miles to the east of Capua, on the right of the Appian road as it ascends the pass of Caudium towards Beneventum. Thus we find the seat of war removed from Apulia to Campania; but the detail of the intermediate movements is lost; and we must restore the broken story as well as we can, by tracing Hannibal's operations after the battle of Cannæ, which are undoubtedly the key to those of his enemies.

The fidelity of the allies of Rome, which had not been shaken by the defeat of Thrasymentus, could not resist the fiery trial of Cannæ. The Apulians joined the conqueror immediately, and Arpi and Salapia opened their gates to him. Bruttium, Lucania and Samnium were ready to follow the example, and Hannibal was obliged to divide his army, and send officers into different parts of the country, to receive and protect those who wished to join him, and to organize their forces for effective co-operation in the field. Meanwhile he himself remained in Apulia, not, perhaps, without hope that this last blow had broken the spirit as well as the power of the enemy, and that they would listen readily to proposals of peace. With this view, he sent a Carthaginian officer to accompany the deputation of the Roman prisoners to Rome, and ordered him to encourage any disposition on the part of the Romans to open a negotiation. When he found, therefore, on the return of the deputies, that his officers had not been allowed to enter the city, and that the Romans had refused to ransom their prisoners, his disappointment betrayed him into acts of the most inhuman cruelty. The mass of the prisoners left in his hands, he sold for slaves; and, so far, he did not overstep the recognized laws of warfare; but many of the more distinguished among them he put to death; and those who were senators, he obliged to fight as gladiators with each other, in the presence of his whole army. It is added that brothers were in some instances brought out to fight with their brothers, and sons with their fathers; but that the prisoners refused so to sin against nature, and chose rather to suffer the worst torments than to draw their swords in such horrible combats.* Hannibal's vow may have justified all these cruelties in his

* Diodorus, XXVI. Exc. de Virtut. et Vitiis. Appian, VII. 28. Zonaras, IX. 2. Valerius Maximus, IX. 2, Ext. 2. But as even Livy does not mention these stories, though they would have afforded such a topic for his rhetoric—nor does Polybius, either in IX. 24, when speaking of Hannibal's alleged cruelty, or in VI. 58, where he gives the account of the mission of the captives, there must, doubtless, be a great deal of exaggeration in them, even if they had any foundation at all. The story in Pliny, VIII. 7, that the last survivor of these gladiatorial combats had to fight against an elephant, and killed him, and was then treacherously waylaid and murdered by Hannibal's orders, was probably invented with reference to this very

eyes ; but his passions deceived him, and he was provoked to fury by the resolute spirit which ought to have excited his admiration. To admire the virtue which thwarts our dearest purposes, however natural it may seem to indifferent spectators, is one of the hardest trials of humanity.

Finding the Romans immovable, Hannibal broke up from his position in Apulia, and moved into Samnium. The popular party in Compsa opened their gates to him, and he made the place serve as a *dépôt* for his plunder, and for the heavy baggage of his army. His brother Mago was then ordered to march into Bruttium with a division of the army, and after having received the submission of the Hirpinians on his way to embark at one of the Bruttian ports and carry the tidings of his success to Carthage. Hanno, with another division, was sent into Lucania to protect the revolt of the Lucanians, whilst Hannibal himself, in pursuit of a still greater prize, descended once more into the plains of Campania. The Pentrian Samnites, partly restrained by the Latin colony of Cæsernia, and partly by the influence of their own countryman, Num. Decimus, of Bovianum, a zealous supporter of the Roman alliance, remained firm in their adherence to Rome ; but the Hirpinians and the Caudinian Samnites all joined the Carthaginians, and their soldiers, no doubt, formed part of the army with which Hannibal invaded Campania. There, all was ready for his reception. The popular party in Capua were headed by Pacuvius Calavius, a man of the highest nobility, and married to a daughter of Appius Claudius, but whose ambition led him to aspire to the sovereignty, not of his own country only, but, through Hannibal's aid, of the whole of Italy, Capua succeeding, as he hoped, to the supremacy now enjoyed by Rome. The aristocratical party were weak and unpopular, and could offer no opposition to him, whilst the people, wholly subject to his influence, concluded a treaty with Hannibal, and admitted the Carthaginian general and his army into the city. Thus the second city in Italy, capable, it is said, of raising an army of 30,000 foot and 4000 horse, connected with Rome by the closest ties, and which for nearly a century had remained true to its alliance under all dangers, threw itself into the arms of Hannibal, and took its place at the head of the new coalition of southern Italy, to try the old quarrel of the Samnite wars once again.

This revolt of Capua, the greatest result, short of the submission of Rome itself, which could have followed from the battle of Cannæ, drew the Roman armies towards Campania. Marcellus had probably fallen back from Canusium by the Appian road through Beneventum, moving by an interior and shorter line ; whilst Hannibal ad-

occasion. The remarks of Polybius should make us slow to believe the stories of Hannibal's cruelties, which so soon became a theme for the invention of poets and rhetoricians.

vanced by Compsa upon Abellinum, descending into the plain of Campania by what is now the pass of Monteforte. Hannibal's cavalry gave him the whole command of the country; and Marellus could do no more than watch his movements from his camp above Suessula, and wait for some opportunity of impeding his operations in detail.

At this point in the story of the war, the question arises, how was it possible for Rome to escape destruction? Nor is this question merely prompted by the thought of Hannibal's great victories in the field, and the enormous slaughter of Roman citizens at Thrasymenus and Cannæ; it appears even more perplexing to those who have attentively studied the preceding history of Rome. A single battle, evenly contested and hardly won, had enabled Pyrrhus to advance into the heart of Latium; the Hernican cities and the impregnable Præneste had opened their gates to him; yet Capua was then faithful to Rome; and Samnium and Lucania, exhausted by long years of unsuccessful warfare, could have yielded him no such succor as now, after fifty years of peace, they were able to afford to Hannibal. But now, when Hannibal was received into Capua, the state of Italy seemed to have gone backward a hundred years, and to have returned to what it had been after the battle of Lautulæ, in the second Samnite war, with the immense addition of the genius of Hannibal and the power of Carthage thrown into the scale of the enemies of Rome. Then, as now, Capua had revolted, and Campania, Samnium and Lucania, were banded together against Rome; but this same confederacy was now supported by all the resources of Carthage: and at its head in the field of battle was an army of thirty thousand veterans and victorious soldiers, led by one of the greatest generals whom the world has ever seen. How could it happen that a confederacy so formidable was only formed to be defeated?—that the revolt of Capua was the term of Hannibal's progress?—that from this day forward his great powers were shown rather in repelling defeat than in commanding victory?—that, instead of besieging Rome, he was soon employed in protecting and relieving Capua?—and that his protection and succors were alike unavailing?

No single cause will explain a result so extraordinary. Rome owed her deliverance principally to the strength of the aristocratical interest throughout Italy—to her numerous colonies of the Latin name—to the scanty numbers of Hannibal's Africans and Spaniards, and to his want of an efficient artillery. The material of a good artillery must surely have existed in Capua; but there seem to have been no officers capable of directing it; and no great general's operations exhibits so striking a contrast of strength and weakness as may be seen in Hannibal's battles and sieges. And when Cannæ had taught the Romans to avoid pitched battles in the open field, the war became necessarily a series of sieges, where Hannibal's strongest arm, his

cavalry, could render little service, while his infantry was in quality not more than equal to the enemy, and his artillery was decidedly inferior.

With two divisions of his army absent in Lucania and Brutium, and whilst anxiously waiting for the reinforcements which Mago was to procure from Carthage, Hannibal could not undertake any great offensive operation after his arrival in Campania. He attempted only to reduce the remaining cities of the Campanian plain and sea-coast, and especially to dislodge the Romans from Casilinum, which, lying within three miles of Capua, and commanding the passage of the Volturnus, not only restrained all his movements, but was a serious annoyance to Capua, and threatened its territory with continual incursions. Atilla and Calatia had revolted to him already with Capua; and he took Nuceria, Alifaterna, and Acerræ. The Greek cities on the coast, Neopolis and Cumæ, were firmly attached to Rome, and were too strong to be besieged with success; but Nola lay in the midst of the plain nearly midway between Capua and Nuceria; and the popular party there, as elsewhere, were ready to open their gates to Hannibal. He was preparing to appear before the town; but the aristocracy had time to apprise the Romans of their danger; and Marcellus, who was then at Casilinum, marched round behind the mountains to escape the enemy's notice, and descended suddenly upon Nola from the hills which rise directly above it. He secured the place, repressed the popular party by some bloody executions, and when Hannibal advanced to the walls, made a sudden sally, and repulsed him with some loss. Having done this service, and left the aristocratical party in absolute possession of the government, he returned again to the hills, and lay encamped on the edge of the mountain boundary of the Campanian plain, just above the entrance of the famous pass of Caudium. His place at Casilinum was to be supplied by the dictator's army from Teanum; but Hannibal watched his opportunity, and anticipating his enemies this time, laid regular siege to Casilinum, which was defended by a garrison of about 1000 men.

This garrison had acted the very same part towards the citizens of Casilinum which the Campanians had acted at Rhegium in the war with Pyrrhus. About 500 Latins of Præneste, and 450 Etruscans of Perugia, having been levied too late to join the consular armies when they took the field, were marching after them into Apulia, by the Appian road, when they heard tidings of the defeat of Caunæ. They immediately turned about, and fell back upon Casilinum, where they established themselves, and for their better security massacred the Campanian inhabitants, and, abandoning the quarter of the town which was on the left bank of the Volturnus, occupied the quarter on the right bank. Marcellus, when he retreated from Apulia with the wreck of Varro's army, had fixed his headquarters for a time at Casilinum, the position being one of great importance, and there being

some danger lest the garrison, whilst they kept off Hannibal, should resolve to hold the town for themselves rather than for the Romans. They were now left to themselves ; and dreading Hannibal's vengeance for the massacre of the old inhabitants, they resisted his assaults desperately, and obliged him to turn the siege into a blockade. This was the last active operation of the campaign : all the armies now went into winter quarters. The dictator remained at Teanum ; Marcellus lay in his mountain camp above Nola ; and Hannibal's army was at Capua. Being quartered in the houses of the city, instead of being encamped by themselves, their discipline, it is likely, was somewhat impaired by the various temptations thrown in their way : and as the wealth and enjoyments of Capua at that time were notorious, the writers who adopted the vulgar declamations against luxury pretended that Hannibal's army was ruined by the indulgences of this winter, and that Capua was the Cannæ of Carthage.

Meantime the news of the battle of Cannæ had been carried to Carthage, as we have seen, by Hannibal's brother Mago, accompanied with a request for reinforcements. Nearly two years before, when he first descended from the Alps into Cisalpine Gaul, his Africans and Spaniards were reduced to no more than 20,000 foot and 6000 horse. The Gauls, who had joined him since, had indeed more than doubled this number at first ; but three great battles, and many partial actions, besides the unavoidable losses from sickness during two years of active service, must have again greatly diminished it ; and this force was now to be divided : a part of it was employed in Bruttium, a part in Lucania, leaving an inconsiderable body under Hannibal's own command. On the other hand, the accession of the Campanians, Samnites, Lucanians, and Bruttians supplied him with auxiliary troops in abundance, and of excellent quality ; so that large reinforcements from home were not required, but only enough for the Africans to form a substantial part of every army employed in the field, and, above all, to maintain his superiority in cavalry. It is said that some of the reinforcements which were voted on Mago's demand were afterwards diverted to other services ; and we do not know what was the amount of force actually sent over to Italy, nor when it arrived.* It consisted chiefly, if not entirely, of cavalry and elephants ; for all the elephants which Hannibal had brought with him into Italy had long since perished ; and his anxiety to obtain others, troublesome and hazardous as it must have been to transport them from Africa by sea, speaks strongly in favor of their use in war, which modern writers are perhaps too much inclined to depreciate.

We have no information as to the feelings entertained by Hannibal and the Campanians towards each other, whilst the Carthaginians

* He is represented as having elephants at the siege of Casilinum. Livy, XXIII. 48. If this be correct, the reinforcements must already have joined him.

were wintering in Capua. The treaty of alliance had provided carefully for the independence of the Campanians, that they might not be treated as Pyrrhus had treated the Tarentines. Capua was to have its own laws and magistrates; no Campanian was to be compelled to any duty, civil or military, nor to be in any way subject to the authority of the Carthaginian officers. There must have been something of a Roman party opposed to the alliance with Carthage altogether; though the Roman writers mention one man only, Decius Magius, who was said to have resisted Hannibal to his face with such vehemence that Hannibal sent him prisoner to Carthage. But three hundred Campanian horsemen of the richer classes, who were serving in the Roman army in Sicily when Capua revolted, went to Rome as soon as their service was over, and were there received as Roman citizens; and others, though unable to resist the general voice of their countrymen, must have longed in their hearts to return to the Roman alliance. Of the leaders of the Campanian people, we know little: Pæuvius Calavius, the principal author of the revolt, is never mentioned afterwards; nor do we know the fate of his son Perolla, who, in his zeal for Rome, wished to assassinate Hannibal at his own father's table, when he made his public entrance into Capua. Vibius Virrius is also named as a leading partisan of the Carthaginians; and amidst the pictures of the luxury and feebleness of the Campanians, their cavalry, which was formed entirely out of the wealthiest classes, is allowed to have been excellent; and one brave and practised soldier, Jubellius Taurea, had acquired a high reputation amongst the Romans when he served with them, and had attracted the notice and respect of Hannibal.

During the interval from active warfare afforded by the winter, the Romans took measures for filling up the numerous vacancies which the lapse of five years, and so many disastrous battles, had made in the numbers of the senate. The natural course would have been to elect censors, to whom the duty of making out the roll of the senate properly belonged; but the vacancies were so many, and the censor's power in admitting new citizens, and degrading old ones, was so enormous, that the senate feared, it seems, to trust to the result of an ordinary election; and resolved that the censor's business should be performed by the oldest man in point of standing, of all those who had already been censors, and that he should be appointed dictator for this especial duty, although there was one dictator already for the conduct of the war. The person thus selected was M. Fabius Buteo, who had been censor six-and-twenty years before, at the end of the first Punic war, and who had more recently been the chief of the embassy sent to declare war on Carthage after the destruction of Saguntum. That his appointment might want no legal formality, C. Varro, the only surviving consul, was sent for home from Apulia to nominate him, the senate intending to detain Varro in Rome till he should have presided at the comitia for the

election of the next year's magistrates. The nomination as usual took place at midnight ; and on the following morning M. Fabius appeared in the forum with his four-and-twenty lictors, and ascended the rostra to address the people. Invested with absolute power for six months, and especially charged with no less a task than the formation, at his discretion, of that great council which possessed the supreme government of the commonwealth, the noble old man neither shrunk weakly from so heavy a burden, nor ambitiously abused so vast an authority. He told the people that he would not strike off the name of a single senator from the list of the senate, and that, in filling up the vacancies, he would proceed by a defined rule ; that he would first add all those who had held curule offices within the last five years, without having been admitted as yet into the senate ; that, in the second place, he would take all who within the same period had been tribunes, ædiles, or quæstors ; and, thirdly, all those who could show in their houses spoils won in battle from an enemy, or who had received the wreath of oak for saving the life of a citizen in battle. In this manner 177 new senators were placed on the roll ; the new members thus forming a large majority of the whole number of the senate, which amounted to only three hundred. This being done forthwith, the dictator, as he stood in the rostra, resigned his office, dismissed his lictors, and went down into the forum a private man. There he purposely lingered amidst the crowd, lest the people should leave their business to follow him home ; but their admiration was not cooled by this delay ; and when he withdrew at the usual hour, the whole people attended him to his house. Such was Fabius Buteo's dictatorship, so wisely fulfilled, so simply and nobly resigned, that the dictatorship of Fabius Maximus himself has earned no purer glory.

Varro, it is said, not wishing to be detained in Rome, returned to his army the next night, without giving the senate notice of his departure. The dictator, M. Junius, was therefore requested to repair to Rome to hold the comitia ; and Ti. Gracchus and M. Marcellus were to come with him to report on the state of their several armies, and concert measures for the ensuing campaign. There is no doubt that the senate determined on the persons to be proposed at the ensuing elections, and that, if any one else had come forward as a candidate, the dictator who presided would have refused to receive votes for him. Accordingly the consuls and prætors chosen were all men of the highest reputation for ability and experience : the consuls were L. Postumius, whose defeat and death in Cisalpine Gaul were not yet known in Rome, and Ti. Gracchus, now master of the horse. The prætors were M. Valerius Lævinus, Ap. Claudius Pulcher, a grandson of the famous censor, Appius the blind, Q. Fulvius Flaccus, old in years, but vigorous in mind and body, who had already been censor, and twice consul, and Q. Mucius Sævola. When the death of L. Postumius was known, his place was finally filled by no less a

persons than Q. Fabius Maximus : whilst Marcellus was still to retain his command with proconsular power, as his activity and energy could ill be spared at a time so critical.

The officers for the year being thus appointed, it remained to determine their several provinces, and to provide them with sufficient forces. Fabius was to succeed to the army of the dictator, M. Junius ; and his headquarters were advanced from Teanum to Caies, at the northern extremity of the Falernian plain, about seven English miles from Casilinum and the Volturnus, and less than ten from Capua. The other consul, Ti Sempronius, was to have no other Roman army than two legions of volunteer slaves, who were to be raised for the occasion ; but both he and his colleague had the usual contingent of Latin and Italian allies. Gracchus named Sinuessa on the Appian road, at the point where the Massic hills run out with a bold headland into the sea, as the place of meeting for his soldiers ; and his business was to protect the towns on the coast, which were still faithful to Rome, such as Cuma and Neapolis. Marcellus was to command two new Roman legions, and to lie as before in his camp above Nola ; whilst his old army was sent into Sicily to relieve the legions there, and enable them to return to Italy, where they formed a fourth army under the command of M. Valerius Lævinus, the prætor peregrinus, in Apulia. The small force which Varro had commanded in Apulia was ordered to Tarentum, to add to the strength of that important place ; whilst Varro himself was sent with proconsular power into Picenum, to raise soldiers, and to watch the road along the Adriatic by which the Gauls might have sent reinforcements to Hannibal. Q. Fulvius Flaccus, the prætor urbanus, remained at Rome to conduct the government, and had no other military command than that of a small fleet for the defence of the coast on both sides of the Tiber. Of the other two prætors, Ap. Claudius was to command in Sicily, and Q. Mucius in Sardinia ; and P. Scipio as proconsul still commanded his old army of two legions in Spain. On the whole, including the volunteer slaves, there appeared to have been fourteen Roman legions in active service at the beginning of the year 539, without reckoning the soldiers who served in the fleets ; and of these fourteen legions, nine were employed in Italy. If we suppose that the Latin and Italian allies bore their usual proportion to the number of Roman soldiers in each army, we shall have a total of 140,000 men, thus divided : 20,000 in Spain, and the same number in Sicily ; 10,000 in Sardinia ; 20,000 under each of the consuls ; 20,000 with Marcellus ; 20,000 under Lævinus in Apulia ; and 10,000 in Tarentum.

Seventy thousand men were thus in arms, besides the seamen, out of a population of citizens which at the last census before the war had amounted only to 270,213, and which had since been thinned by so many disastrous battles. Nor was the drain on the finances of Rome less extraordinary. The legions in the provinces had indeed

been left to their own resources as to money ; but the nine legions serving in Italy must have been paid regularly ; for war could not there be made to support war ; and if the Romans had been left to live at free quarters upon their Italian allies, they would have driven them to join Hannibal in mere self-defence. Yet the legions in Italy cost the government in pay, food, and clothing, at the rate of 541,800 denarii a month ; and as they were kept on service throughout the year, the annual expense was 6,501,600 denarii, or in Greek money, reckoning the denarius as equal to the drachma, 1083 Euboic talents. To meet these enormous demands on the treasury, the government resorted to the simple expedient of doubling the year's taxes, and calling at once for the payment of one half of this amount, leaving the other to be paid at the end of the year. It was a struggle for life and death ; and the people were in a mood to refuse no sacrifices, however costly : but the war must have cut off so many sources of wealth, and agriculture itself must have so suffered from the calling away of so many hands from the cultivation of the land, that we wonder how the money could be found, and how many of the poorer citizens' families could be provided with daily bread.

In addition to the five regular armies which the Romans brought into the field in Italy, an irregular warfare was also going on, we know not to what extent ; and bands of peasants and slaves were armed in many parts of the country to act against the revolted Italians, and to ravage their territory. For instance, a great tract of forest in Bruttium, as we have seen, was the domain of the Roman people ; this would be farmed like all the other revenues ; and the publicani who farmed it, or the wealthy citizens who turned out cattle to pasture in it, would have large bodies of slaves employed as shepherds, herdsmen, and woodsmen, who, when the Bruttian towns on the coast revolted, would at once form a guerilla force capable of doing them great mischief. And lastly, besides all these forces, regular and irregular, the Romans still held most of the principal towns in the south of Italy ; because they had long since converted them into Latin colonies. Brundisium on the Ionian sea, Paestum on the coast of Lucania, Luceria, Venusia, and Veneventum in the interior, were all so many strong fortresses, garrisoned by soldiers of the Latin name, in the very heart of the revolted districts ; whilst the Greek cities of Cumæ and Neapolis in Campania, and Rhegium on the Straits of Messina, were held for Rome by their own citizens with a devotion no way inferior to that of the Latin colonies themselves.

Against this mass of enemies, the moment that they had learned to use their strength, Hannibal, even within six months after the battle of Cannæ, was already contending at a disadvantage. We have seen that he detached two officers with two divisions of his army, one into Lucania, the other into Bruttium, to encourage the revolt of those countries, and then to organize their resources in men and money for the advancement of the common cause. Most of the

Bruttians took up arms immediately as Hannibal's allies, and put themselves under the command of his officer, Himilcon ; but Petelia, one of their cities, was for some reason or other inflexible in its devotion to Rome, and endured a siege of eleven months, suffering all extremities of famine before it surrendered. Thus Himilcon must have been still engaged in besieging it long after the campaign was opened in the neighborhood of Capua. The Samnites also had taken up arms, and apparently were attached to Hannibal's own army : the return of their whole population of the military age, made ten years before during the Gaulish invasion, had stated it at 70,000 foot and 7000 horse ; but the Pentrians, the most powerful tribe of their nation, were still faithful to Rome ; and the Samnites, like the Romans themselves, had been thinned by the slaughter of Thrasymentus and Cannæ, which they had shared as their allies. It is vexatious that we have no statement of the amount of Hannibal's old army, any more than of the allies who joined him, at any period of the war later than the battle of Cannæ. His reinforcements from home, as we have seen, were very trifling ; while his two divisions in Lucania and Bruttium, and the garrisons which he had been obliged to leave in some of the revolted towns, as, for example, at Arpi in Apulia, must have considerably lessened the force under his own personal command. Yet, with the accession of the Samnites and Campanians, it was probably much stronger than any one of the Roman armies opposed to him ; quite as strong indeed, in all likelihood, as was consistent with the possibility of feeding it.

Before the winter was over, Casilinum fell. The garrison had made a valiant defence, and yielded at last to famine : they were allowed to ransom themselves by paying each man seven ounces of gold for his life and liberty. The plunder which they had won from the old inhabitants enabled them to discharge this large sum ; and they were then allowed to march out unhurt, and retire to Cumæ. Casilinum again became a Campanian town ; but its important position, at once covering Capua, and securing a passage over the Volturnus, induced Hannibal to garrison it with seven hundred soldiers of his own army.

The season for active operations was now arrived. The three Roman armies of Fabius, Gracchus, and Marcellus, had taken up their positions round Campania ; and Hannibal marched out of Capua, and encamped his army on the mountain above it, on that same Tifata where the Samnites had so often taken post in old times when they were preparing to invade the Campanian plain. Tifata did not then exhibit that bare and parched appearance which it has now ; the soil, which has accumulated in the plain below, so as to have risen several feet above its ancient level, has been washed down in the course of centuries, and after the destruction of its protecting woods, from the neighboring mountains ; and Tifata in Hannibal's time furnished grass in abundance for his cattle in its numerous

glades, and offered cool and healthy summer quarters for his men. There he lay waiting for some opportunity of striking a blow against his enemies around him, and eagerly watching the progress of his intrigues with the Tarentines, and his negotiations with the king of Macedon. A party at Tarentum began to open a correspondence with him immediately after the battle of Cannæ; and since he had been in Campania he had received an embassy from Philip, king of Macedon, and had concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the ambassadors, who acted with full powers in their master's name. Such were his prospects on one side, whilst, if he looked westward and southwest, he saw Sardinia in open revolt against Rome; and in Sicily the death of Hiero at the age of ninety, and the succession of his grandson Hieronymus, an ambitious and inexperienced youth, were detaching Syracuse also from the Roman alliance. Hannibal had already received an embassy from Hieronymus, to which he had replied by sending a Carthaginian officer of his own name to Sicily, and two Syracusan brothers, Hippocrates and Epicydes, who had long served with him in Italy and in Spain, being in fact Carthaginians by their mother's side, and having become naturalized at Carthage, since Agathocles had banished their grandfather, and their father had married and settled in his place of exile. Thus the effect of the battle of Cannæ seemed to be shaking the whole fabric of the Roman dominion; their provinces were revolting; their firmest allies were deserting them; whilst the king of Macedon himself, the successor of Alexander, was throwing the weight of his power, and of all his acquired and inherited glory, into the scale of their enemies. Seeing the fruit of his work thus fast ripening, Hannibal sat quietly on the summit of Tifata, to break forth like the lightning flash when the storm should be fully gathered.

Thus the summer of 539 was like a breathing-time, in which both parties were looking at each other, and considering each other's resources, whilst they were recovering strength after their past efforts, and preparing for a renewal of the struggle. Fabius, with the authority of the senate, issued an order, calling on the inhabitants of all the country which either actually was, or was likely to become, the seat of war, to clear their corn off the ground, and carry it into the fortified cities, before the first of June, threatening to lay waste the land, to sell the slaves, and burn the farm buildings, of any one who should disobey the order. In the utter confusion of the Roman calendar at this period, it is difficult to know whether in any given year it was in advance of the true time or behind it; so that we can scarcely tell whether the corn was only to be got in when ripe without needless delay, or whether it was to be cut when green, lest Hannibal should use it as forage for his cavalry. But at any rate Fabius was now repeating the system which he had laid down in his dictatorship, and hoped by wasting the country to oblige Hannibal to retreat; for his means of transport were not sufficient for him to feed

his army from a distance : hence, when the resources in his immediate neighborhood were exhausted, he was obliged to move elsewhere.

Meanwhile Gracchus had crossed the Vulturnus near its mouth, and was now at Liternum, busily employed in exercising and training his heterogeneous army. The several Campanian cities were accustomed to hold a joint festival every year at a place called Hamæ, only three miles from Cumæ. These festivals were seasons of general truce, so that the citizens even of hostile nations met at them safely : the government of Capua announced to the Cumæans, that their chief magistrate and all their senators would appear at Hamæ as usual on the day of the solemnity ; and they invited the senate of Cumæ to meet them. At the same time they said that an armed force would be present to repel any interruption from the Romans. The Cumæans informed Gracchus of this ; and he attacked the Capuans in the night, when they were in such perfect security that they had not even fortified a camp, but were sleeping in the open country, and massacred about 2000 of them, among whom was Marius Alfius, the supreme magistrate of Capua. The Romans charge the Capuans with having meditated treachery against the Cumæans, and say that they were caught in their own snare ; but this could only be a suspicion, whilst the overt acts of violence were their own. Hannibal no sooner heard of this disaster, than he descended from Tifata, and hastened to Hamæ, in the hope of provoking the enemy to battle in the confidence of their late success. But Gracchus was too wary to be so tempted, and had retreated in good time to Cumæ, where he lay safe within the walls of the town. It is said that Hannibal, having supplied himself with all things necessary for a siege, attacked the place in form, and was repulsed with loss, so that he returned defeated to his camp at Tifata. A consular army defending the walls of a fortified town was not indeed likely to be beaten in an assault ; and neither could a maritime town, with the sea open, be easily starved ; nor could Hannibal linger before it safely, as Fabius, with a second consular army, was preparing to cross the Vulturnus.

Casilinum being held by the enemy, Fabius was obliged to cross at a higher point behind the mountains, nearly opposite to Ailifæ ; and he then descended the left bank to the confluence of the Calor with the Vulturnus, crossed the Calor, and passing between Taburnus and the mountains above Caserta and Maddaloni, stormed the town of Satricula, and joined Marcellus in his camp above Suessula. He was again anxious for Nola, where the popular party were said to be still plotting the surrender of the town to Hannibal : to stop this mischief, he sent Marcellus with his whole army to garrison Nola, whilst he himself took his place in the camp above Suessula. Gracchus on his side advanced from Cumæ towards Capua ; so that three Roman armies, amounting in all to about sixty thousand men, were on the left bank of the Vulturnus together ; and all, so far as appears, in

free communication with each other. They advanced themselves of their numbers and their position, to send plundering parties out on their rear to overrun the lands of the revolted Samnites and Hirpinians; and as the best troops of both these nations were with Hannibal on Tifata, no force was left at home sufficient to check the enemy's incursions. Accordingly the complaints of the sufferers were loud, and a deputation was sent to Hannibal imploring him to protect his allies.

Already Hannibal felt that the Roman generals understood their business, and had learned to use their numbers wisely. On ground where his cavalry could act, he would not have feared to engage their three armies together; but when they were amongst mountains, or behind walls, his cavalry were useless, and he could not venture to attack them; besides, he did not wish to expose the territory of Capua to their ravages; and, therefore, he did not choose lightly to move from Tifata. But the prayers of the Samnites were urgent: his partisans in Nola might require his aid, or might be able to admit him into the town; and his expected reinforcement of cavalry and elephants from Carthage had landed safely in Bruttium, and was on its way to join him, which the position of Fabius and Marcellus might render difficult, if he made no movement to favor it. He therefore left Tifata, advanced upon Nola, and timed his operation so well that his reinforcements arrived at the moment when he was before Nola; and neither Fabius nor Marcellus attempted to prevent their junction.

Thus encouraged, and perhaps not aware of the strength of the garrison, Hannibal not only overran the territory of Nola, but surrounded the town with his soldiers, in the hope of taking it by escalade. Marcellus was alike watchful and bold; he threw open the gates and made a sudden sally, by which he drove back the enemy within their camp; and this success, together with his frank and popular bearing, won him, it is said, the affections of all parties at Nola, and put a stop to all intrigues within the walls. A more important consequence of this action was the desertion of above twelve hundred men—Spanish foot and Numidian horse—from Hannibal's army to the Romans; as we do not find that their example was followed by others, it is probable that they were not Hannibal's old soldiers, but some of the troops which had just joined him, and which could not as yet have felt the spell of his personal ascendancy. Still their treason naturally made him uneasy, and would for the moment excite a general suspicion in the army; the summer too was drawing to a close; and wishing to relieve Capua from the burden of feeding his troops, he marched away into Apulia, and fixed his quarters for the winter near Arpi. Gracchus, with one consular army, followed him; whilst Fabius, after having ravaged the country round Capua, and carried off the green corn, as soon as it was high enough out of the ground, to his camp above Suessula, to furnish winter food for

his cavalry, quartered his own army there for the winter, and ordered Marcellus to retain a sufficient force to secure Nola, and to send the rest of his men home to be disbanded.

Thus the campaign was ended, and Hannibal had not marked it with a victory. The Romans had employed their forces so wisely, that they had forced him to remain mostly on the defensive ; and his two offensive operations against Cumæ and against Nola had both been baffled. In Sardinia, their success had been brilliant and decisive. Fortune in another quarter served the Romans no less effectually. The Macedonian ambassadors, after having concluded their treaty with Hannibal at Tifata, made their way back into Bruttium in safety, and embarked to return to Greece. But their ship was taken off the Calabrian coast by the Roman squadron on that station ; and the ambassadors, with all their papers, were sent prisoners to Rome. A vessel which had been of their company escaped the Romans, and informed the king what had happened. He was obliged, therefore, to send a second embassy to Hannibal, as the former treaty had never reached him ; and, although this second mission went and returned safely, yet the loss of time was irreparable, and nothing could be done till another year. Meanwhile the Romans, thus timely made aware of the king's intentions, resolved to find such employment for him at home as should prevent his invading Italy. M. Valerius Lævinus was to take the command of the fleet at Tarentum and Brundisium, and to cross the Ionian Gulf in order to rouse the Ætolians and the barbarian chiefs whose tribes bordered on Philip's western frontier, and, with such other allies as could be engaged in the cause, to form a Greek coalition against Macedon.

These events, and the continued successes of their army in Spain, revived the spirits of the Romans, and encouraged them to make still greater sacrifices, in the hope that they would not be made in vain. Whilst the commonwealth was making extraordinary efforts, it was of the last importance that they should not be wasted by incompetent leaders, either at home or abroad. Gracchus was watching Hannibal in Apulia, so that Fabius went to Rome to hold the comitia. It was not by accident, doubtless, that he had previously sent home to fix the day of the meeting, or that his own arrival was so nicely timed, that he reached Rome when the tribes were actually met in the Campus Martius ; thus, without entering the city, he passed along under the walls, and took his place as presiding magistrate, at the comitia, while his lictors still bore the naked axe in the midst of their faces, the well-known sign of that absolute power which the consul enjoyed everywhere out of Rome. Fabius, in concert no doubt with Q. Fulvius and T. Manlius, and other leading senators, had already determined who were to be consuls : when the first century, in the free exercise of its choice, gave its vote in favor of T. Otacilius and M. ~~Æ~~Emilius Regillus, he at once stopped the election, and told the

people that this was no time to choose ordinary consuls ; that they were electing generals to oppose Hannibal, and should fix upon those men under whom they would most gladly risk their sons' lives and their own, if they stood at that moment on the eve of battle. "Wherefore, crier," he concluded, "call back the century to give its votes over again."

Otacilius, who was present, although he had married Fabius' niece, protested loudly against this interference with the votes of the people, and charged Fabius with trying to procure his own re-election. The old man had always been so famous for the gentleness of his nature, that he was commonly known by the name of "the Lamb;" but now he acted with the decision of Q. Fulvius or T. Manlius; he peremptorily ordered Otacilius to be silent, and bade him remember that his lictors carried the naked axe: the century was called back, and now gave its voice for Q. Fabius and M. Marcellus. All the centuries of all the tribes unanimously confirmed this choice. Q. Fulvius was also re-elected prætor; and the senate by a special vote continued him in the prætorship of the city, an office which put him at the head of the home government.

The election of the other three prætors, it seems, was left free; so the people, as they could not have Otacilius for their consul, gave him one of the remaining prætorships, and bestowed the other two on Q. Fabius, the consul's son, who was then curule ædile, and on P. Cornelius Lentulus.

Great as the exertions of the commonwealth had been in the preceding year, they were still greater this year. Ten legions were to be employed in different parts of Italy, disposed as follows: Cales, and the camp above Suessula and Nola, were again to be the headquarters of the two consuls, each of whom was to command a regular consular army of two legions. Gracchus, with proconsular power, was to keep his own two legions, and was at present wintering near Hannibal in the north of Apulia. Q. Fabius, one of the new prætors, was to be ready to enter Apulia with an army of equal strength, so soon as Gracchus should be called into Lucania and Samnium, to take part in the active operations of the campaign. C. Varro, with his single legion, was still to hold Picenum; and M. Lævinus, also with proconsular power, was to remain at Brundisium with another single legion. The two city legions served as a sort of dépôt, to recruit the armies in the field in case of need; and there was a large armed population, serving as garrisons in the Latin colonies, and in other important posts in various parts of the country, the amount of which it is not possible to estimate. Nor can we calculate the numbers of the guerilla bands, which were on foot in Lucania, Bruttium, and possibly in Samnium, and which hindered Hannibal from having the whole resources of those countries at his disposal. The Roman party was nowhere probably altogether extinct. Wealthy Lucanians, who were attached to Rome, would muster their slaves and peas-

antry, and either by themselves, or getting some Roman officer to head them, would ravage the lands of the Carthaginian party, and carry on a continued harassing warfare against the towns or districts which had joined Hannibal. Thus the whole south of Italy was one wide flood of war, the waters were everywhere dashing and eddying, and running in cross currents innnumerable; whilst the regular armies, like the channels of the rivers, held on their way, distinguishable amidst the chaos by their greater rapidity and power.

Hannibal watched this mass of war with the closest attention. To make head against it directly being impossible, his business was to mark his opportunities, to strike wherever there was an opening; and being sure that the enemy would not dare to attack him on his own ground, he might maintain his army in Italy for an indefinite time, whilst Carthage, availing herself of the distraction of her enemy's power, renewed her efforts to conquer Spain, and recover Sicily. He hoped ere long to win Tarentum; and, if left to his own choice, he would probably have moved thither at once, when he broke up from his winter quarters; but the weakness or fears of the Campanians hung with encumbering weight upon him; and an earnest request was sent to him from Capua, calling on him to hasten to its defence, lest the two consular armies should besiege it. Accordingly he broke up from his winter quarters at Arpi, and marched once more into Campania, where he established his army as before on the summit of Tifata.

The perpetual carelessness and omissions in Livy's narrative, drawn as it is from various sources, with no pains to make one part correspond with another, render it a work of extreme difficulty to present an account of these operations, which shall be at once minute and intelligible. We also miss that notice of chronological details which is essential to the history of a complicated campaign. Even the year in which important events happened is sometimes doubtful; yet we want not to fix the year only, but the month, that we may arrange each action in its proper order. When Hannibal set out on his march into Campania, Fabius was still at Rome; but the two new legions which were to form his army were already assembled at Cales; and Fabius, on hearing of Hannibal's approach, set out instantly to take the command. His old army, which had wintered in the camp above Suessula, had apparently been transferred to his colleague, Marcellus; and a considerable force had been left at the close of the last campaign to garrison Nola. Fabius, however, wished to have three Roman armies co-operating with each other, as had been the case the year before; and he sent orders to Gracchus to move forward from Apulia, and to occupy Beneventum; whilst his son, Q. Fabius, the prætor, with a fourth army, was to supply the place of Gracchus, at Luceria. It seemed as if Hannibal, having once entered Campania, was to be hemmed in on every side, and not permitted to escape but these movements of the Roman armies induced him to call Hanne

to his aid, the officer who commanded in Lucania and Bruttium, and who, with a small force of Numidian cavalry, had an auxiliary army under his orders, consisting chiefly of Italian allies. Hanno advanced accordingly in the direction of Beneventum, to watch the army of Gracchus, and, if an opportunity offered, to bring it to action.

Meanwhile, Hannibal, having left some of his best troops to maintain his camp at Tifata, and probably to protect the immediate neighborhood of Capua, descended into the plain towards the coast, partly in the hope of surprising a fortified post which the Romans had lately established at Puteoli, and partly to ravage the territory of Cumæ and Neapolis. But the avowed object of his expedition was to offer sacrifice to the powers of the unseen world, on the banks of the dreaded lake of Avernus. That crater of an old volcano, where the very soil still seemed to breathe out fire, while the unbroken rim of its basin was covered with the uncleared masses of the native woods, was the subject of a thousand mysterious stories, and was regarded as one of those spots where the lower world approached most nearly to the light of day, and where offerings, paid to the gods of the dead, were most surely acceptable. Such worship was a main part of the national religion of the Carthaginians; and Hannibal, whose latest act before he set out on his great expedition, had been a journey to Gades, to sacrifice to the god of his fathers, the Hercules of Tyre, visited the lake of Avernus, it is probable, quite as much in sincere devotion as in order to mask his design of attacking Puteoli. Whilst he was engaged in his sacrifice, five noble citizens of Tarentum came to him, entreating him to lead his army into their country, and engaging that the city should be surrendered as soon as his standard should be visible from the walls. He listened to their invitation gladly; they offered him one of the richest cities in Italy, with an excellent harbor, equally convenient for his own communication with Carthage, and for the reception of the fleet of his Macedonian allies, whom he was constantly expecting to welcome in Italy. He promised that he would soon be at Tarentum; and the Tarentines returned home to prepare their plans against his arrival.

With this prospect before him, it is not likely that he would engage in any serious enterprise in Campania. Finding that he could not surprise Puteoli, he ravaged the lands of the Cumæans and Neapolitans. According to the ever-suspicious stories of the exploits of Marcellus, he made a third attempt upon Nola, and was a third time repulsed, Marcellus having called down the army from the camp above Suessula to assist him in defeating the town. Then, says the writer whom Livy copied, despairing of taking a place which he had so often attacked in vain, he marched off at once towards Tarentum. The truth probably is, that, finding a complete consular army in Nola, and having left his light cavalry and some of the flower of his infantry in the camp on Tifata, he had no thought of attacking the town, but returned to Tifata to take the troops from thence; and

having done this, and stayed long enough in Campania for the Capuans to get in their harvest safely, he set off on his march for Tarentum. None of the Roman armies attempted to stop him, or so much as ventured to follow him. Fabius and Marcellus took advantage of his absence to besiege Casilinum with their united forces; Gracchus kept wisely out of his reach, whilst he swept on like a fiery flood, laying waste all before him from Tifata to the shores of the Ionian Sea. He certainly did not burn or plunder the lands of his own allies, either in Samnium or Lucania; but his march lay near the Latin colony of Venusia, and the Lucanians and Samnites in his army would carefully point out those districts which belonged to their countrymen of the Roman party; above all, those ample tracts which the Romans had wrested from their fathers, and which were now farmed by the Roman publicani, or occupied by Roman citizens. Over all these, no doubt, the African and Numidian horse poured far and wide, and the fire and sword did their work.

Yet, after all, Hannibal missed his prey. Three days before he reached Tarentum, a Roman officer arrived in the city, whom M. Valerius Lævinus had sent in haste from Brundisium to provide for its defence. There was probably a small Roman garrison in the citadel to support him in case of need; but the aristocratical party in Tarentum itself, as elsewhere, was attached to Rome; and with their aid, Livius, the officer whom Lævinus had sent, effectually repressed the opposite party, embodied the population of the town, and made them keep guard on the walls, and selecting a certain number of persons, whose fidelity he most suspected, sent them off as hostages to Rome. When the Carthaginian army, therefore, appeared before the walls, no movement was made in their favor, and after waiting a few days in vain, Hannibal was obliged to retreat. His disappointment, however, did not make him lose his temper; he spared the Tarentine territory, no less when leaving it than when he first entered it, in the hope of winning the city, a moderation which doubtless produced its effect, and confirmed the Tarentines in the belief that his professions of friendship had been made in honesty. But he carried off all the corn which he could find in the neighborhood of Metapontum and Heraclea, and then returned to Apulia, and fixed his quarters for the winter at Salapia. His cavalry overran all the forest country above Brundisium, and drove off such numbers of horses which were kept there to pasture, that he was enabled to have four thousand broken in for the service of his army.

Meanwhile the Roman consuls in Campania were availing themselves of his absence to press the siege of Casilinum. The place was so close to Capua, that it was feared the Capuans would attempt to relieve it; Marcellus, therefore, with a second consular army, advanced from Nola to cover the siege. The defence was very obstinate, for there were seven hundred of Hannibal's soldiers in the place, and two thousand Capuans, and Fabius, it is said, was dis-

posed to raise the siege, but his colleague reminded him of the loss of reputation, if so small a town were allowed to baffle two consular armies, and the siege was continued. At last the Capuans offered to Fabius to surrender the town, on condition of being allowed to retire to Capua; and it appears that he accepted the terms, and that the garrison had begun to march out, when Marcellus broke in upon them, seized the open gate from which they were issuing, cut them down right and left, and forced his way into the city. Fabius, it is said, was able to keep his faith to no more than fifty of the garrison, who had reached his quarters before Marcellus arrived, and whom he sent unbarred to Capua. The rest of the Capuans and of Hannibal's soldiers were sent prisoners to Rome, and the inhabitants were divided amongst the neighboring cities, to be kept in custody till the senate should determine their fate.

After this scandalous act of treachery, Marcellus returned to Nola, and there remained inactive, being confined, it was said, by illness, till the senate, before the end of the summer, sent him over to Sicily to meet the danger that was gathering there. Fabius advanced into Samnium, combining his operations, it seems, with his son, who commanded a prætorian army in Apulia, and with Gracchus, who was in Lucania, and whose army formed the link between the prætor in Apulia and his father in Samnium. These three armies were so formidable, that Hanno, the Carthaginian commander in Lucania, could not maintain his ground, but fell back towards Bruttium, leaving his allies to their own inadequate means of defence. Accordingly the Romans ravaged the country far and wide, and took so many towns that they boasted of having killed or captured 25,000 of the enemy. After these expeditions, Fabius, it seems, led back his army to winter quarters in the camp above Suessula; Gracchus remained in Lucania, and Fabius, the prætor, wintered at Luceria.

I have endeavored to follow the operations of the main armies on both sides throughout the campaign, without noticing those of Gracchus and Hanno in Lucania. But the most important action of the year, if we believe the Roman accounts, was the victory obtained by Gracchus, near Beneventum, when he moved thither out of Apulia to co-operate with the consuls in Campania, and Hanno was ordered by Hannibal to march to the same point out of Lucania. Hanno, it is said, had about 17,000 foot, mostly Bruttians and Lucanians, and 1200 Numidian and Moorish horse; and Gracchus, encountering him near Beneventum, defeated him, with the loss of almost all his infantry; he himself and his cavalry being the only part of the army that escaped. The numbers, as usual, are probably exaggerated immensely; but there is no reason to doubt that Gracchus gained an important victory; and it was rendered famous by his giving liberty to the volunteer slaves, by whose valor it had mainly been won. Some of these had behaved ill in the action, and were afraid that they should be punished, rather than rewarded; but

Gracchus first set them all free without distinction, and then, sending for those who had misbehaved, made them severally swear that they would eat and drink standing, so long as their military service should last, by way of penance for their fault. Such a sentence, so different from the usual merciless severity of the Roman discipline, added to the general joy of the army; the soldiers marched back to Beneventum in triumph; and the people poured out to meet them, and entreated Gracchus that they might invite them all to a public entertainment. Tables were set out in the streets; and the freed slaves attracted every one's notice by their white caps, the well-known sign of their enfranchisement, and by the strange sight of those who, in fulfilment of their penance, ate standing, and waited upon their worthier comrades. The whole scene delighted the generous and kind nature of Gracchus: to set free the slave, and to relieve the poor, appear to have been hereditary virtues in his family: to him, no less than to his unfortunate descendants, beneficence seemed the highest glory. He caused a picture to be painted, not of his victory over Hanno, but of the feasting of the enfranchised slaves in the streets of Beneventum, and placed it in the temple of Liberty on the Aventine, which his father had built and dedicated.

The battle of Beneventum obliged Hanno to fall back into Lucania, and perhaps as far as the confines of Bruttium. But he soon recruited his army, the Lucanians and Bruttians, as well as the Picentines, who lived on the shores of the Gulf of Salerno, being very zealous in the cause; and ere long he revenged his defeat by a signal victory over an army of Lucanians of the Roman party, whom Gracchus had enlisted to act as an irregular force against their countrymen of the opposite faction. Still Hanno was not tempted to risk another battle with a Roman consular army; and when Gracchus advanced from Beneventum into Lucania, he retired again into Bruttium.

There seems to have been no further dispute with regard to the appointment of consuls. Fabius and the leading members of the senate appear to have nominated such men as they thought most equal to the emergency; and no other candidates came forward. Fabius again held the comitia; and his son, Q. Fabius, who was prætor at the time, was elected consul together with Gracchus. The prætors were entirely changed. Q. Fulvius was succeeded in the city prætorship by M. Atilius Regulus, who had just resigned the censorship, and who had already been twice consul: the other three prætors were M. Æmilius Lepidus, Cn. Fulvius Centumalus, and P. Sempronius Tuditanus. The two former were men of noble families: Sempronius appears to have owed his appointment to his resolute conduct at Cannæ, when he cut his way from the camp through the surrounding enemies, and escaped in safety to Casertum.

THE next year passed over; and although the state of affairs was still dark, the tide seemed to be on the turn. Hannibal had

gained no new victory ; Tarentum had been saved from his hands ; and Casilinum had been wrested from him.

The forces to be employed in Italy in the approaching campaign were to consist of nine legions, three fewer than in the year before. The consuls were each to have their two legions, Gracchus in Lucania, and Fabius in Apulia. M. Æmilius was to command two legions also in Apulia, having his headquarters at Luceria ; Cn. Fulvius with two more was to occupy the camp above Suessula ; and Varro was to remain with his one legion in Picenum. Two consular armies of two legions each were required in Sicily ; one commanded by Marcellus as proconsul, the other by P. Lentulus as proprætor : two legions were employed in Cisalpine Gaul under P. Sempronius, and two in Sardinia under their old commander, Q. Mucius. M. Valerius Lævinus retained his single legion and his fleet, to act against Philip on the eastern side of the Ionian sea ; and P. Scipio and his brother were still continued in their command in Spain.

Hannibal passed the winter at Salapia, where, the Romans said, was a lady whom he loved, and who became famous from her influence over him. Whether his passion for her made him careless of everything else, or whether he was really taken by surprise, we know not ; but the neighboring town of Arpi was attacked by the consul Fabius, and given up to him by the inhabitants ; and some Spaniards, who formed part of the garrison, entered into the Roman service. Gracchus obtained some slight successes in Lucania ; and some of the Bruttian towns returned to their old alliance with Rome ; but a Roman contractor, T. Pomponius Veientanus, who had been empowered by the government to raise soldiers in Bruttium, and to employ them in plundering the enemies' lands, was rash enough to venture a regular action with Hanno, in which he was defeated and made prisoner. This disaster checked the reaction in Bruttium for the present.

Meanwhile Hannibal's eyes were still fixed upon Tarentum ; and thither he marched again as soon as he took the field, leaving Fabius behind him in Apulia. He passed the whole summer in the neighborhood of Tarentum, and reduced several small towns in the surrounding country : but his friends in Tarentum made no movement ; for they dared not compromise the safety of their countrymen and relations, who had been carried off as hostages to Rome. Accordingly the season wore away unmarked by any memorable action. Hannibal still lingered in the country of the Salentines, unwilling to give up all hope of winning the prize he had so long sought ; and to lull the suspicions of the Romans, he gave out that he was confined to his camp by illness, and that this had prevented his army from returning to its usual winter quarters in Apulia.

Matters were in this state when letters arrived at Tarentum that the hostages, for whose safety their friends had been so anxious, had been all cruelly put to death at Rome for having attempted to escape.

from their captivity. Released in so shocking a manner from their former hesitation, and burning to revenge the blood of their friends, Hannibal's partisans no longer delayed. They communicated secretly with him, arranged the details of their attempt, and signed a treaty of alliance, by which he bound himself to respect the independence and liberty of the Tarentines, and only stipulated for the plunder of such houses as were occupied by Roman citizens. Two young men, Philemenus and Nicou, were the leaders of the enterprise. Philemenus, under the pretence of hunting, had persuaded the officer at one of the gates to allow him to pass in and out of the town by night without interruption. He was known to be devoted to his sport; he scarcely ever returned without having caught or killed some game or other; and by liberally giving away what he had caught, he won the favor and confidence, not only of the officer of the gate, but also of the Roman governor himself, M. Livius Macatus, a relation of M. Livius Salinator, who afterwards defeated Hasdrubal, but a man too indolent and fond of good cheer to be the governor of a town threatened by Hannibal. So little did Livius suspect any danger, that on the very day which the conspirators had fixed for their attempt, and when Hannibal with ten thousand men was advancing upon the town, he had invited a large party to meet him at the Temple of the Muses near the market-place, and was engaged from an early hour in festivity.

The city of Tarentum formed a triangle, two sides of which were washed by the water; the outer, or western side, by the Mediterranean; the inner, or northeastern side, by that remarkable land-locked basin, now called the Little Sea, which has a mouth narrower than the entrance into the Norwegian Fiords, but runs deep into the land, and spreads out into a wide surface of the calmest water, scarcely ruffled by the hardest gales. Exactly at the mouth of this basin was a little rocky knoll, forming the apex of the triangle of the city, and occupied by the citadel: the city itself stood on low and mostly level ground; and its south-eastern wall, the base of the triangle, stretched across from the Little Sea to the Mediterranean. Thus the citadel commanded the entrance into the basin, which was the port of the Tarentines; and it was garrisoned by the Romans, although many of the officers and soldiers were allowed to lodge in the city. All attempts upon the town by land must be made then against the south-eastern side, which was separated from the citadel by the whole length of the city: and there was another circumstance which was likely to favor a surprise; for the Tarentines, following the direction of an oracle, as they said, buried their dead within the city walls; and the street of the tombs was interposed between the gates and the inhabited parts of the town. This the conspirators turned to their own purposes: in this lonely quarter two of their number, Nicon and Tragiscus, were waiting for Hannibal's arrival without the gates. As soon as they perceived the signal which was

to announce his presence, they, with a party of their friends, were to surprise the gates from within, and put the guards to the sword ; while others had been left in the city to keep watch near the museum, and prevent any communication from being made to the Roman governor.

The evening wore away ; the governor's party broke up ; and his friends attended him to his house. On their way home they met some of the conspirators, who, to lull all suspicion, began to jest with them, as though themselves going home from a revel, and joining the party amidst riotous shouts and loud laughter, accompanied the governor to his own door. He went to rest in joyous and careless mood ; his friends were all gone to their quarters ; the noise of revellers returning from their festivities died away through the city ; and when midnight was come, the conspirators alone were abroad. They now divided into three parties : one was posted near the governor's house, a second secured the approaches to the market-place, and the third hastened to the quarter of the tombs, to watch for Hannibal's signal.

They did not watch long in vain ; a fire in a particular spot without the walls assured them that Hannibal was at hand. They lit a fire in answer ; and presently, as had been agreed upon, the fire without the walls disappeared. Then the conspirators rushed to the gate of the city, surprised it with ease, put the guards to the sword, and began to hew asunder the bar by which the gates were fastened. No sooner was it forced, and the gates opened, than Hannibal's soldiers were seen ready to enter ; so exactly had the time of the operations been calculated. The cavalry were left without the walls as a reserve ; but the infantry, marching in regular column, advanced through the quarter of the tombs to the inhabited part of the city.

Meantime Philemenus with a thousand Africans had been sent to secure another gate by stratagem. The guards were accustomed to let him in at all hours, whenever he returned from his hunting expeditions ; and now, when they heard his usual whistle, one of them went to the gate to admit him. Philemenus called to the guard from without to open the wicket quickly ; for that he and his friends had killed a huge wild boar, and could scarcely bear the weight any longer. The guard, accustomed to have a share in the spoil, opened the wicket ; and Philemenus, and three other conspirators, disguised as countrymen, stepped in, carrying the boar between them. They instantly killed the poor guard, as he was admiring and feeling their prize ; and then let in about thirty Africans, who were following close behind. With this force they mastered the gate-house and towers, killed all the guards, and hewed asunder the bars of the main gates to admit the whole column of Africans, who marched in on this side also in regular order, and advanced towards the market-place.

No sooner had both Hannibal's columns reached their destination, and as it seems without exciting any general alarm, than he detached

three bodies of Gaulish soldiers to occupy the principal streets which led to the market-place. The officers in command of these troops had orders to kill every Roman who fell in their way ; but some Tarentine conspirators were sent with each party to warn their countrymen to go home and remain quiet, assuring them that no mischief was intended to them. The toils being thus spread, the prey was now to be enticed into them. Philemenus and his friends had provided some Roman trumpets ; and these were loudly blown, sounding the well-known call to arms to the Roman soldier. Roused at this summons, the Romans quartered about the town armed themselves in haste, and poured into the streets to make their way to the citadel. But they fell in scattered parties into the midst of Hannibal's Gauls, and were cut down one after another. The governor alone had been more fortunate : the alarm had reached him in time ; and being in no condition to offer any resistance—for he felt, says Polybius, that the fumes of wine were still overpowering him—he hastened to the harbor, and getting on board a boat, was carried safe to the citadel.

Day at last dawned, but did not quite clear up the mystery of the night's alarm to the mass of the inhabitants of Tarentum. They were safe in their houses, unmassacred, unplundered : the only blast of war had been blown by a Roman trumpet ; yet Roman soldiers were lying dead in the streets, and Gauls were spoiling their bodies. Suspense at length was ended by the voice of the public crier summoning the citizens of Tarentum, in Hannibal's name, to appear without their arms in the market-place ; and by repeated shouts of " Liberty ! Liberty !" uttered by some of their own countrymen, who ran round the town calling the Carthaginians their deliverers. The firm partisans of Rome made haste to escape into the citadel, while the multitude crowded to the market-place. They found it regularly occupied by Carthaginian troops ; and the great general, of whom they had heard so much, was preparing to address them. He spoke to them, in Greek apparently, declaring as usual that he had come to free the inhabitants of Italy from the dominion of Rome. " The Tarentines therefore had nothing to fear ; they should go home and write each over his door, *a Tarentine's house* ; these words would be a sufficient security ; no door so marked should be violated. But the mark must not be set falsely upon any Roman's quarters ; a Tarentine guilty of such treason would be put to death as an enemy ; for all Roman property was the lawful prize of the soldiers." Accordingly, all houses where Romans had been quartered were given up to be plundered ; and the Carthaginian soldiers gained a harvest, says Polybius, which fully answered their hopes. This can only be explained by supposing that the Romans were quartered generally in the houses of the wealthier Tarentines, who were attached to the Roman alliance ; and that the plunder was not the scanty baggage of the legionary soldiers, but the costly furniture of the richest citizens in the greatest city of southern Italy.

Thus Tarentum was won ; but the citadel on its rocky knoll was still held by the Romans ; and its position at once threatened the town, and shut up the Tarentine fleet useles in the harbor. Hannibal proceeded to sink a ditch, and throw up a wall along the side of the town towards the citadel, in order to repress the sallies of the garrison. While engaged in these works he purposely tempted the Romans to a sally, and having lured them on to some distance from their cover, turned fiercely upon them, and drove them back with such slaughter that their effective strength was greatly reduced. He then hoped to take the citadel ; but the garrison was reinforced by sea from Metapontum, the Romans withdrawing their troops from thence for this more important service ; and a successful night sally destroyed the besiegers' works, and obliged them to trust to a blockade. But as this was hopeless, whilst the Romans were masters of the sea, Hannibal instructed the Tarentines to drag their ships overland, through the streets of the city, from the harbor to the outer sea ; and this being effected without difficulty, as the ground was quite level, the Tarentine fleet became at once effective, and the sea communications of the enemy were cut off. Having thus, as he hoped, enabled the Tarentines to deal by themselves with the Roman garrison, he left a small force in the town, and returned with the mass of his troops to his winter quarters in the country of the Sallentines, or on the edge of Apulia.

Hannibal was far away in the farthest corner of Italy ; and as long as the citadel of Tarentum held out, he would be unwilling to move towards Campania. Even if he should move, four armies were ready to oppose him ; those of the two consuls, of the consul's brother, Cn. Fulvius, who was prætor in Apulia, and of another prætor, C. Claudius Nero, who commanded two legions in the camp above Suessula. Besides this mass of forces, Ti. Gracchus, the consul of the preceding year, still retained his army as proconsul in Lucania, and might be supposed capable of keeping Hanno and the army of Bruttium in check.

It was late in the spring before the consuls took the field. One of them succeeded to the army of the late consul, Fabius ; the other took the two legions with which Cn. Fulvius Centumulus had held the camp above Suessula. These armies marching, the one from Apulia, the other from Campania, met at Bovianum : there, at the back of the Matese, in the country of the Pentrian Samnites, the faithful allies of Rome, the consuls were making preparations for the siege of Capua, and perhaps were at the same time watching the state of affairs in the south, and the movements of Hannibal. The Campanians suspected that mischief was coming upon them, and sent a deputation to Hannibal praying him to aid them. If they were to stand a siege, it was important that the city should be well supplied with provisions ; and their own harvest had been so insufficient, owing to the devastation caused by the war, that they had scarcely enough for

their present consumption. Hannibal would therefore be pleased to order that supplies should be sent to them from the country of his Samnite and Lucanian allies, before their communications were cut off by the presence of the Roman armies.

Hannibal was still near Tarentum, whether hoping to win the town or the citadel, the doubtful chronology of this period will not allow us to decide. He ordered Hanno, with the army of Bruttium, to move forward into Samnium; a most delicate operation, if the two consuls were with their armies at Bovianum, and Gracchus in Lucania itself, in the very line of Hanno's march, and if C. Nero with two legions more was lying in the camp above Suessula. But the army from Suessula had been given to one of the consuls; and the legions which were to take its place were to be marched from the coast of Picenum, and perhaps had hardly reached their destination. The Lucauians themselves seem to have found sufficient employment for Gracchus; and Hanno moved with a rapidity which friends and enemies were alike unprepared for. He arrived safely in the neighborhood of Beneventum, encamped his army in a strong position about three miles from the town, and dispatched word to the Capuans that they should instantly send off every carriage and beast of burden in their city, to carry home the corn which he was going to provide for them. The towns of the Claudine Samnites emptied their magazines for the purpose, and forwarded all their corn to Hanno's camp. Thus far all prospered; but the negligence of the Capuans ruined everything; they had not carriages enough ready; and Hanno was obliged to wait in his perilous situation, where every hour's delay was exposing him to destruction. Beneventum was a Latin colony—in other words, a strong Roman garrison, watching all his proceedings: from thence information was sent to the consuls at Bovianum; and Fulvius with his army instantly set out, and entered Beneventum by night. There he found that the Capuans, with their means of transport, were at length arrived; and all disposable hands had been pressed into the service; that Hanno's camp was crowded with cattle and carriages, and a mixed multitude of unarmed men, and even of women and children; and that a vigorous blow might win it with all its spoil: the indefatigable general was absent, scouring the country for additional supplies of corn. Fulvius sallied from Beneventum a little before daybreak, and led his soldiers to assault Hanno's position. Under all disadvantages of surprise and disorder, the Carthaginians resisted so vigorously that Fulvius was on the point of calling off his men, when a brave Pelignian officer threw the standard of his cohort over the enemy's wall, and desperately climbed the rampart and scaled the wall to recover it. His cohort rushed after him; and a Roman centurion then set the same example, which was followed with equal alacrity. Then the Romans broke into the camp on every side, even the wounded men struggling on with the mass, that they might die within the enemy's ramparts. The slaughter

was great, and the prisoners many ; but, above all, the whole of the corn which Hanno had collected for the relief of Capua was lost, and the object of his expedition totally frustrated. He himself, hearing of the wreck of his army, retreated with speed into Bruttium.

Again the Capuans sent to Hannibal requesting him to aid them ere it was too late. Their negligence had just cost him an army, and had frustrated all his plans for their relief ; but with unmoved temper he assured them that he would not forget them, and sent back 2000 of his invincible cavalry with the deputation, to protect their lands from the enemy's ravages. It was important to him not to leave the south of Italy till the very last moment ; for since he had taken Tarentum, the neighboring Greek cities of Metapontum, Heraclea, and Thurii, had joined him ; and as he had before won Croton and Locri, he was now master of the whole coast from the Straits of Messina to the mouth of the Adriatic, with the exception of Rhegium and the citadel of Tarentum. Into the latter the Romans had lately thrown supplies of provisions ; and the garrison was so strong that Hannibal was unwilling to march into Campania whilst such a powerful force of the enemy was left behind in so favorable a position.

The consuls, meanwhile, not content with their own two armies, and with the two legions expected, if not yet arrived, in the camp above Suessula, sent to Gracchus in Lucania, desiring him to bring up his cavalry and light troops to Beneventum, to strengthen them in that kind of force in which they fully felt their inferiority. But before he could leave his own province, he was drawn into an ambuscade by the treachery of a Lucanian in the Roman interest, and perished. His quæstor, Cn. Cornelius, marched with his cavalry towards Beneventum, according to the consuls' orders ; but the infantry, consisting of the slaves whom he had enfranchised, thought that their services were ended by the death of their deliverer, and immediately dispersed to their homes. Thus Lucania was left without either a Roman army or general ; but M. Centenius, an old centurion, distinguished for his strength and courage, undertook the command there, if the senate would intrust him with a force equal to a single legion. Perhaps, like T. Pomponius Veientanus, he was connected with some of the contractors and moneyed men, and owed his appointment as much to their interest as to his own reputation. But he was a brave and popular soldier ; and so many volunteers joined him on his march, hoping to be enriched by the plunder of Lucania, that he arrived there with a force, it is said, amounting to near sixteen thousand men. His confidence and that of his followers was doomed to be woefully disappointed.

The consuls knew that Hannibal was far away ; and they did not know that any of his cavalry were in Capua. They issued boldly therefore from the Caudine Forks on the great Campanian plain, and scattered their forces far and wide to destroy the still green corn

To their astonishment the gates of Capua were thrown open ; and with the Campanian infantry they recognized the dreaded eavalry of Hannibal. In a moment their foragers were driven in ; and as they hastily formed their legions in order of battle to cover them, the horsemen broke upon them like a whirlwind, and drove them with great loss and confusion to their camp. This sharp lesson taught them eaution ; but their numbers were overwhelming ; and their two armies, encamped before Capua, cut off the communications of the city, and had the harvest of the whole country in their power.

But ere many days had elapsed, an unwelcome sight was seen on the summit of Tifata ; Hannibal was there once more with his army. He descended into Capua ; two days afterwards he marched out to battle ; again his invincible Numidians struck terror into the Roman line, when the sudden arrival of Cn. Cornelius with the cavalry of Græchus' army broke off the action ; and neither side, it is said, knowing what this new force might be, both as if by common consent retreated. How Hannibal so outstripped Cornelius as to arrive from Tarentum on the scene of action two or three days before him, who was coming from Lucania, we are not told, and can only conjecture. But the arrival of this reinforcement, though it had saved the consuls from defeat, did not embolden them to hold their ground : they left their camps as soon as night came on ; Fulvius fell down upon the coast, near Cumæ ; Appius Claudius retreated in the direction of Lucania.

Few passages in history can offer a parallel to Hannibal's campaigns ; but this confident gathering of the enemies' overflowing numbers round the city of his nearest allies, his sudden march, the unlooked-for appearance of his dreaded veterans, and the instant scattering of the besieging armies before him, remind us of the deliverance of Dresden in 1813, when Napoleon broke in upon the allies' confident expectations of victory, and drove them away in signal defeat. And, like the allies in that great campaign, the Roman generals knew their own strength ; and though yielding to the shock of their adversary's surpassing energy and genius, they did not allow themselves to be scared from their purpose, but began again steadily to draw the toils which he had once broke through. Great was the joy in Capua, when the people rose in the morning and saw the Roman camps abandoned : there needs no witness to tell us with what sincere and deep admiration they followed and gazed on their deliverer ; how confident they felt that, with him for a shield, no harm could reach them. But almost within sight and hearing of their joy, the stern old Fulvius was crouching as it were in his thicket, watching the moment for a second spring upon his prey : and when Hannibal left that rejoicing and admiring multitude to follow the traces of Appius, he passed through the gates of Capua, to enter them again no more.

Appius retreated in the direction of Lucania : this is all that is re-

ported of his march ; and then, after a while, having led his enemy in the direction which suited his purposes, he turned off by another road, and made his way back to Campania. With such a total absence of details, it is impossible to fix the line of his march exactly. It was easy for Appius to take the round of the Matese ; retiring first by the great road to Beneventum, then turning to his left and regaining his old quarters at Bovianum, from whence, the instant that Hannibal ceased to follow him, he would move along under the north side of the Matese to Æsernia, and descend again upon Campania by the valley of the Volturnus. Hannibal's pursuit was necessarily stopped as soon as Appius moved northward from Beneventum : he could not support his army in the country of the Pentaian Samnites, where everything was hostile to him ; nor did he like to abandon his line of direct communication with southern Italy. He had gained a respite for Capua, and had left an auxiliary force to aid in its defence ; meanwhile other objects must not be neglected ; and the fall of the citadel of Tarentum might, of itself, prevent or raise the siege of Capua. So he turned off from following Appius, and was marching back to the south, when he was told that a Roman army was attempting to bar his passage in Lucania. This was the motley multitude commanded by Centenius, which had succeeded, as we have seen, to the army of Gracchus. With what mad hope, or under what false impression, Centenius could have been tempted to rush upon certain destruction, we know not ; but, in the number, no less than in the quality of his troops, he must have been far inferior to his adversary. His men fought bravely ; and he did a centurion's duty well, however he may have failed as a general : but he was killed, and nearly fifteen thousand men are said to have perished with him.

Thus Lucania was cleared of the Romans ; and as the firmest partisan of the Roman interest among the Lucanians had been the very man who had betrayed Gracchus to his fate, it is likely that the Carthaginian party was triumphant through the whole country. Only one Roman army was left in the south of Italy, the two legions commanded by Cn. Fulvius Flaccus, the consul's brother, in Apulia. But Cn. Fulvius had nothing of his brother's ability ; he was a man grown old in profligacy ; and the discipline of his army was said to be in the worst condition. Hannibal, hoping to complete his work, moved at once into Apulia, and found Fulvius in the neighborhood of Herdonea. The Roman general met him in the open field, without hesitation, and was presently defeated : he himself escaped from the action, but Hannibal had occupied the principal roads in the rear of the enemy with his cavalry ; and the greatest part of the Roman army was cut to pieces.

We naturally ask, What result followed from these two great victories ? and to this question we find no recorded answer. Hannibal, we are told, returned to Tarentum ; but finding that the citadel still held out, and could neither be forced nor surprised, and that provi-

sions were still introduced by sea, a naval blockade, in ancient warfare, being always inefficient, he marched off towards Brundisium, on some prospect that the town would be betrayed into his hands. This hope also failed him ; and he remained inactive in Apulia, or in the country of the Sallentines, during the rest of the year. Meantime, the consuls received orders from the senate to collect the wrecks of the two beaten armies, and to search for the soldiers of Gracchus' army, who had dispersed, as we have seen, after his death. The city prætor, P. Cornelius, carried on the same search nearer Rome ; and these duties, says Livy, were all performed most carefully and vigorously. This is all the information which exists for us in the remains of the ancient writers ; but, assuredly, this is no military history of a campaign.

It is always to be understood that Hannibal could not remain long in an enemy's country, from the difficulty of feeding his men, especially his cavalry. But the country round Capua was not all hostile ; Atella and Calatia, in the plain of Campania itself, were still his allies : so were many of the Caudine Samnites, from whose cities Hanno had collected the corn early in this year for the relief of Capua. Again, we can conceive how the number of the Roman armies sometimes oppressed him : how he dared not stay long in one quarter, lest a greater evil should befall him in another. But at this moment, three great disasters, the dispersion of the army of Gracchus, and the destruction of those of Centenius and Fulvius, had cleared the south of Italy of the Romans ; and his friends in Apulia, in Lucania, at Tarentum, and in Bruttium, could have nothing to fear, had he left them, for the time, to their own resources. Why, after defeating Fulvius, did he not retrace his steps towards Campania, hold the field, with the aid of his Campanian and Samnite allies, till the end of the military season, and then winter, close at hand, on the shores of the Gulf of Salerno, in the country of his allies, so as to make it impossible for the Romans either to undertake or to maintain the siege of Capua ?

That his not doing this was not his own fault, his extraordinary ability and energy may sufficiently assure us ; but, where the hindrance was, we cannot, for certain, discover : his army must have been worn by its long and rapid march to and from Campania, and by two battles fought with so short an interval : his wounded must have been numerous : nor can we tell how such hard service, in the heat of summer, may have tried the health of his soldiers : his horses, too, must have needed rest ; and to overstrain the main arm of his strength would have been fatal : perhaps, too, great as was Hannibal's ascendancy over his army, there was a point beyond which it could not be tried with safety : long marches and hard-fought battles gave the soldier, especially the Gaul and the Spaniard, what, in his eyes, was a rightful claim to a season of rest and enjoyment : the men might have murmured had they not been permitted to taste

some reward of their victories : besides all these reasons, the necessity of a second march into Campania may not have seemed urgent : the extent of Capua was great ; if the Roman consuls did encamp before it, still the city was in no immediate danger ; after the winter, another advance would again enable him to throw supplies into the town, and to drive off the Roman armies ; so Capua was left, for the present, to its own resources, and Hannibal passed the autumn and winter in Apulia.

Immediately the Roman armies closed again upon their prey. Three grand magazines of corn were established, to feed the besieging army during the winter, one at Casilinum, within three miles of Capua ; another at a fort built for the purpose at the mouth of the Volturnus ; and a third at Puteoli. Into these two last magazines the corn was conveyed by sea from Ostia, whither it had already been collected from Sardinia and Etruria. Then the consuls summoned C. Nero from his camp above Suessula ; and the three armies began the great work of surrounding Capua with double continuous lines, strong enough to repel the besieged on one side, and Hannibal on the other, when he should again appear in Campania. The inner line was carried round the city, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the walls ; the outer line was concentric with it ; and the space between the two served for the cantonments and magazines of the besiegers. The lines, says Appian, looked like a great city, inclosing a smaller city in the middle ; like the famous lines of the Peloponnesians before Plataea. What time was employed in completing them, we know not : they were interrupted by continual sallies of the besieged ; and Jubellius Taurea and the Capuan cavalry were generally too strong for the Roman horsemen. But their infantry could do nothing against the legions ; the besieging army must have amounted nearly to sixty thousand men ; and slowly but surely the imprisoning walls were raised and their circle completed, shutting out the last gleams of light from the eyes of the devoted city.

Before the works were closed all round, the consuls, according to the senate's directions signified to them by the city prætor, announced to the Capuans, that whoever chose to come out of the city with his family and property before the ides of March, might do so with safety, and should be untouched in body or goods. It would seem, then, that the works were not completed till late in the winter ; for we cannot suppose that the term of grace would have been prolonged to a remote day, especially as the ides of March were the beginning of the new consular year ; and it could not be known long beforehand whether the present consuls would be continued in their command or no. The offer was received by the besieged, it is said, with open scorn ; their provisions were as yet abundant, their cavalry excellent ; their hope of aid from Hannibal, as soon as the campaign should open, was confident. But Fulvius waited his time ; nor was his thirst for Capuan blood to be disappointed by his remo-

val from the siege at the end of the year : it would seem as if the new consuls were men of no great consideration, appointed probably for that very reason, that their claims might not interfere with those of their predecessors. One of them, P. Sulpicius Galba, had filled no eurule office previously ; the other, Cn. Fulvius Centumalus, had been prætor two years before, but was not distinguished by any remarkable action. The siege of Capua was still to be conducted by Appius Claudius and Fulvius ; and they were ordered not to retire from their positions till they should have taken the city.

What was the state of affairs in Capua meantime, we know not. The Roman stories are little to be credited, which represent all the richer and nobler citizens as abandoning the government, and leaving the office of chief magistrate, Meddix Tutieus, to be filled by one Seppius Lesius, a man of obscure condition, who offered himself as a candidate. Neither Vibius Virrius nor Jubellius Taurea wanted resolution to abide by their country to the last ; and it is expressly said that, down to the latest period of the siege, there was no Roman party in Capua ; no voice was heard to speak of peace or surrender ; no citizen had embraced the consul's offers of mercy. Even when they had failed to prevent the completion of the Roman lines, they continued to make frequent sallies ; and the proconsuls could only withstand their cavalry by mixing light-armed foot soldiers amongst the Roman horsemen, and thus strengthening that weakest arm in the Roman service. Still, as the blockade was not fully established, famine must be felt sooner or later ; accordingly a Numidian was sent to implore Hannibal's aid, and succeeded in getting through the Roman lines, and carrying his message safely to Bruttium.

Hannibal listened to the prayer, and leaving his heavy baggage and the mass of his army behind, set out with his cavalry and light infantry, and with thirty-three elephants. Whether his Samnite and Lucanian allies joined him on the march is not stated ; if they did not, and if secrecy and expedition were deemed of more importance than an addition of force, the troops which he led with him must have been more like a single corps than a complete army. Avoiding Beneventum, he descended the valley of the Calor towards the Vulturnus, stormed a Roman post, which had been built apparently to cut off the communications of the besieged with the upper valley of the Vulturnus, and encamped immediately behind the ridge of Tifata. From thence he descended once more into the plain of Capua, displayed his cavalry before the Roman lines in the hope of tempting them out to battle, and finding that this did not succeed, commenced a general assault upon their works.

Unprovided with any artillery, his best hope was that the Romans might be allured to make some rash sally : his cavalry advanced by squadrons up to the edge of the trench, and discharged showers of missiles into the lines ; whilst his infantry assailed the rampart, and tried to force their way through the palisade which surmounted it.

From within the lines were attacked by the Campanians and Hannibal's auxiliary garrison ; but the Romans were numerous enough to defend both fronts of their works ; they held their ground steadily, neither yielding nor rashly pursuing ; and Hannibal, finding his utmost efforts vain, drew off his army. Some resolution must be taken promptly ; his cavalry could not be fed where he was, for the Romans had previously destroyed or carried away everything that might serve for forage ; nor could he venture to wait till the new consuls should have raised their legions, and be ready to march from Rome and threaten his rear. One only hope remained ; one attempt might yet be made, which should either raise the siege of Capua or accomplish a still greater object : Hannibal resolved to march upon Rome.

A Numidian was again found, who undertook to pass over to the Roman lines as a deserter, and from thence to make his escape into Capua, bearing a letter from Hannibal, which explained his purpose and conjured the Capuans patiently to abide the issue of his attempt for a little while. When this letter reached Capua, Hannibal was already gone ; his camp-fires had been seen burning as usual all night in his accustomed position on Tifata ; but he had begun his march the preceding evening, immediately after dark, while the Romans still thought that his army was hanging over their heads, and were looking for a second assault.

His army disappeared from the eyes of the Romans behind Tifata ; and they knew not whither he was gone. Even so it is with us at this day ; we lose him from Tifata ; we find him before Rome ; but we know nothing of his course between. Conflicting and contradictory accounts have made the truth undiscoverable : what regions of Italy looked with fear or hope on the march of the great general and his famous soldiers, it is impossible from our existing records to determine. All accounts say that, descending nearly by the old route of the Gauls, he kept the Tiber on his right and the Anio on his left ; and that, finally, he crossed the Anio, and encamped at a distance of less than four miles from the walls of Rome.

Before the sweeping pursuit of his Numidians, crowds of fugitives were seen flying towards the city, whilst the smoke of burning houses arose far and wide into the sky. Within the walls the confusion and terror were at their height ; he was come at last, this Hannibal, whom they had so long dreaded ; he had at length dared what even the slaughter of Cannæ had not emboldened him to venture ; some victory greater even than Cannæ must have given him this confidence ; the three armies before Capua must be utterly destroyed ; last year he had destroyed or dispersed three other armies, and had gained possession of the entire south of Italy ; and now he had stormed the lines before Capua, had cut to pieces the whole remaining force of the Roman people, and was come to Rome to finish his work. So the wives and mothers of Rome lamented, as they hur-

ried to the temples ; and there, prostrate before the gods, and sweeping the sacred pavement with their unbound hair in the agony of their fear, they remained pouring forth their prayers for deliverance. Their sons and husbands hastened to man the walls and the citadel, and to secure the most important points without the city ; whilst the senate, as calm as their fathers of old, whom the Gauls massacred when sitting at their own doors, but with the energy of manly resolution, rather than the resignation of despair, met in the forum, and there remained assembled, to direct every magistrate on the instant how he might best fulfil his duty.

But God's care watched over the safety of a people whom he had chosen to work out the purposes of his providence : Rome was not to perish. Two city legions were to be raised, as usual, at the beginning of the year ; and it so happened that the citizens from the country tribes were to meet at Rome on this very day for the enlistment for one of these legions ; whilst the soldiers of the other, which had been enrolled a short time before, were to appear at Rome on this same day in arms, having been allowed, as the custom was, to return home for a few days after their enlistment, to prepare for active service. Thus it happened that ten thousand men were brought together at the very moment when they were most needed, and were ready to repel any assault upon the walls. The allies, it seems, were not ordinarily called out to serve with the two city legions ; but on this occasion it is mentioned that the Latin colony of Alba, having seen Hannibal pass by their walls, and guessing the object of his march, sent its whole force to assist in the defence of Rome ; a zeal which the Greek writers compared to that of Plataea, whose citizens fought alone by the side of the Athenians on the day of Marathon.

To assault the walls of Rome was now hopeless ; but the open country was at Hannibal's mercy, a country which had seen no enemy for near a hundred and fifty years, cultivated and inhabited in the full security of peace. Far and wide it was overrun by Hannibal's soldiers ; and the army appears to have moved about, encamping in one place after another, and sweeping cattle and prisoners and plunder of every sort, beyond numbering, within the enclosure of its camp.

It was probably in the course of these excursions, that Hannibal, at the head of a large body of cavalry, came close up to the Colline gate, rode along leisurely under the walls to see all he could of the city, and is said to have cast his javelin into it as in defiance. From farthest Spain he had come into Italy ; he had wasted the whole country of the Romans and their allies with fire and sword for more than six years, had slain more of their citizens than were now alive to bear arms against him ; and at last he was shutting them up within their city, and riding freely under their walls, while none dared meet him in the field. If anything of disappointment depressed his

mind at that instant ; if he felt that Rome's strength was not broken, nor the spirit of her people quelled, that his own fortune was wavering, and that his last effort had been made, and made in vain ; yet thinking where he was, and of the shame and loss which his presence was causing to his enemies, he must have wished that his father could have lived to see that day, and must have thanked the gods of his country that they had enabled him so fully to perform his vow.

For some time, we know not how long, this devastation of the Roman territory lasted without opposition. Meanwhile the siege of Capua was not raised ; and Fabius, in earnestly dissuading such a confession of fear, showed that he could be firm no less than cautious, when boldness was the highest prudence. But Fulvius, with a small portion of the besieging army, was recalled to Rome : Fabius had ever acted with him, and was glad to have the aid of his courage and ability ; and when he arrived, and by a vote of the senate was united with the consuls in the command, the Roman forces were led out of the city, and encamped, according to Fabius' old policy, within ten stadia of the enemy, to check his free license of plunder. At the same time, parties acting on the rear of Hannibal's army had broken down the bridges over the Anio, his line of retreat, like his advance, being on the right bank of that river, and not by the Latin road.

Hannibal had purposely waited to allow time for his movement to produce its intended effect in the raising of the siege of Capua. That time, according to his calculations, was now come : the news of his arrival before Rome must have reached the Roman lines before Capua ; and the armies from that quarter, hastening by the Latin road to the defence of their city, must have left the communication with Capua free. The presence of Fulvius with his army in Latium, which Hannibal would instantly discover, by the thrice-repeated sounding of the watch, as Hasdrubal found out Nero's arrival in the camp of Livius near Sena, would confirm him in his expectation that the other proconsul was on his march with the mass of the army ; and he accordingly commenced his retreat by the Tiburtine road, that he might not encounter Appius in front, while the consuls and Fabius were pressing on his rear.

Accordingly, as the bridges were destroyed, he proceeded to effect his passage through the river, and carried over his army under the protection of his cavalry, although the Romans attacked him during the passage, and cut off a large part of the plunder which he had collected from the neighborhood of Rome. He then continued his retreat ; and the Romans followed him, but at a careful distance, and keeping steadily on the higher grounds, to be safe from the assaults of his dreaded cavalry.

In this manner Hannibal marched with the greatest rapidity for five days, which, if he was moving by the Valerian road, must have brought him at least as far as the country of the Marsians, and the

shores of the lake Fucinus. From thence, he would again have crossed by the Forca Carrosa to the plain of the Peliguians, and so retraced his steps through Samnium, towards Capua. But at this point, he received intelligence that the Roman armies were still in their lines ; that his march upon Rome had, therefore, failed ; and that his communications with Capua were as hopeless as ever. Instantly, he changed all his plans ; and, feeling obliged to abandon Capua, the importance of his operations in the south rose upon him in proportion. Hitherto, he had not thought fit to delay his march for the sake of attacking the army which was pursuing him ; but now he resolved to rid himself of this enemy ; so he turned fiercely upon them, and assaulted their camp in the night. The Romans, surprised and confounded, were driven from it, with considerable loss, and took refuge in a strong position in the mountains. Hannibal then resumed his march ; but, instead of turning short to his right, towards Campania, descended towards the Adriatic and the plains of Apulia, and from thence returned to what was now the stronghold of his power in Italy, the country of the Bruttians.

The citadel of Tarentum still held out against him ; but Rhegium, confident in its remoteness, had never yet seen his cavalry in its territory, and was now less likely than ever to dread his presence, as he had so lately been heard of in the heart of Italy, and under the walls of Rome. With a rapid march, therefore, he hastened to surprise Rhegium. Tidings of his coming reached the city just in time for the Rhegians to shut their gates against him ; but half their people were in the country, in the full security of peace ; and these all fell into his power. We know not whether he treated them kindly, as hoping through their means to win Rhegium, as he had won Tarentum, or whether disappointment was now stronger than hope ; and despairing of drawing the allies of Rome to his side, he was now as inveterate against them as against the Romans. He retired from his fruitless attempt to win Rhegium only to receive the tidings of the loss of Capua.

The Romans had patiently waited their time, and were now to reap their reward. The consuls were both to command in Apulia with two consular armies ; one of them therefore must have returned to Rome, to raise the two additional legions which were required. Fulvius hastened back to the laves before Capua. His prey was now in his power ; the straitness of the blockade could no longer be endured, and aid from Hannibal was not to be hoped. It is said that mercy was still promised to any Capuan who should come over to the Romans before a certain day, but that none availed themselves of the offer, feeling, says Livy, that their offence was beyond forgiveness. This can only mean that they believed the Romans to be as faithless as they were cruel, and felt sure that every promise of mercy would be evaded or openly broken. One last attempt was made to summon Hannibal again to their aid ; but the Numidians employed on the

service were detected this time in the Roman lines, and were sent back torn with stripes, and with their hands cut off, into the city.

No Capuan writer has survived to record the last struggle of his country ; and never were any people less to be believed than the Romans, when speaking of their enemies. Yet the greatest man could not have supported the expiring weakness of an unheroic people ; and we hear of no great man in Capua. Some of the principal men in the senate met, it is said, at the house of one of their number, Vibius Virrius, where a magnificent banquet had been prepared for them ; they ate and drank, and when the feast was over, they all swallowed poison. Then, having done with pleasure and with life, they took a last leave of each other ; they embraced each other, lamenting with many tears their own and their country's calamity ; and some remained to be burned together on the same funeral pile, whilst others went away to die at their own homes. All were dead before the Romans entered the city.

In the mean while the Capuan government, unable to restrain their starving people, had been obliged to surrender to the enemy. In modern warfare the surrender of a besieged town involves no extreme suffering ; even in civil wars, justice or vengeance only demands a certain number of victims, and the mass of the population scarcely feels its condition affected. But surrender, *deditio*, according to the Roman laws of war, placed the property, liberties, and lives of the whole surrendered people at the absolute disposal of the conquerors ; and that not formally, as a right, the enforcement of which were monstrous, but as one to abate which in any instance was an act of free mercy.

The conquest of Capua was one of the most important services ever rendered by a Roman general to his country. It did not merely deprive Hannibal of the greatest fruit of his greatest victory, and thus seem to undo the work of Cannæ ; but its effect was felt far and wide, encouraging the allies of Rome, and striking terror into her enemies ; tempting the cities which had revolted to return without delay to their allegiance, and filling Hannibal with suspicions of those who were still true to him, as if they only waited to purchase their pardon by some act of treachery towards his garrisons. By the recovery of Capua his great experiment seemed decided against him. It appeared impossible, under any circumstances, to rally such a coalition of the Italian states against the Roman power in Italy, as might be able to overthrow it. We almost ask, With what reasonable hopes could Hannibal from this time forward continue the war ? or, Why did he not change the seat of it from Southern Italy to Etruria and Cisalpine Gaul ?

But with whatever feelings of disappointment and grief he may have heard of the fall of Capua, of the ruin of his allies, the bloody death of so many of the Capuan senators, and of the brave Jubellius Taurea, whom he had personally known and honored, yet the last

campaign was not without many solid grounds of encouragement. Never had the invincible force of his army been more fully proved. He had overrun half Italy, had crossed and recrossed the passes of the Apennines, had plunged into the midst of the Roman allies, and had laid waste the territory of Rome with fire and sword. Yet no superiority of numbers, no advantage of ground, no knowledge of the country, had ever emboldened the Romans to meet him in the field, or even to beset his road, or to obstruct and harass his march. Once only, when he was thought to be retreating, had they ventured to follow him at a cautious distance ; but he had turned upon them in his strength ; and the two consuls, and Q. Fulvius with them, were driven before him as fugitives to the mountains, their camp stormed, and their legions scattered. It was plain, then, that he might hold his ground in Italy as long as he pleased, supporting his army at its cost, and draining the resources of Rome and her allies year after year, till, in mere exhaustion, the Roman commons would probably join the Latin colonies and the allies, in forcing the senate to make peace.

At this very moment Etruria was restless, and required an army of two legions to keep it quiet : the Roman commons, in addition to their heavy taxation and military service, had seen their lands laid waste, and yet were called upon to bear fresh burdens : and there was a spirit of discontent working in the Latin colonies, which a little more provocation might excite to open revolt. Spain, besides, seemed at last to be freed from the enemy ; and the recent defeats and deaths of the two Scipios there held out the hope to Hannibal that now at length his brother Hasdrubal, having nothing to detain him in Spain, might lead a second Carthaginian army into Italy, and establish himself in Etruria, depriving Rome of the resources of the Etruscan and Umbrian states, as she had already lost those of half Samnium, of Lucania, Bruttium, and Apulia. Then, assailed, at once by two sons of Hamilear, on the north and the south, the Roman power, which one of them, singly, had so staggered, must, by the joint efforts of both, be beaten to the ground and destroyed. With such hopes, and with no unreasonable confidence, Hannibal consoled himself for the loss of Capua, and allowed his army, after its severe marching, to rest for the remainder of the year in Apulia.

The commencement of the next season was marked by the fall of Salapia, which was betrayed by the inhabitants to Marcellus ; but this loss was soon avenged by the total defeat and destruction of the army of the proconsul Cn. Fulvius, at Herdonea. Marcellus, on his part, carefully avoided an action for the rest of the campaign ; whilst he harassed his opponent by every possible means. Thus the rest of that summer, too, wore away without any important results. But this state of comparative inactivity was necessarily injurious to the cause of Hannibal : the nations of Italy that had espoused that cause, when triumphant, now began to waver in their attachment ; and, in

the course of the following summer, the Samnites and Lucanians submitted to Rome, and were admitted to favorable terms. A still more disastrous blow to the Carthaginian cause was the loss of Tarentum, which was betrayed into the hands of Fabius, as it had been into those of Haunibal. In vain did the latter seek to draw the Roman General into a snare ; the wary Fabius eluded his toils. But Marcellus, after a pretended victory over Hannibal, during the earlier part of the campaign, had shut himself up within the walls of Venusia, and remained there in utter inactivity. Hannibal, meanwhile, still traversed the open country unopposed, and laid waste the territories of his enemies. Yet we cannot suppose that he any longer looked for ultimate success from any efforts of his own : his object was, doubtless, now only to maintain his ground in the south, until his brother Hasdrubal should appear in the north of Italy, an event to which he had long looked forward with anxious expectation.

Yet the following summer was not unmarked by some brilliant achievements. The Romans having formed the siege of Locri, a legion, which was dispatched to their support from Tarentum, was intercepted in its march, and utterly destroyed ; and not long afterwards, the two consuls, Crispinus and Marcellus, who, with their united armies, were opposed to Hannibal in Lucania, allowed themselves to be led into an ambush, in which Marcellus was killed and Crispinus was mortally wounded. After this, the Roman armies withdrew, while Hannibal hastened to Locri, and not only raised the siege, but utterly destroyed the besieging army. Thus he again found himself undisputed master of the south of Italy during the remainder of this campaign.

Of the two consuls of the ensuing year, C. Nero was opposed to Hannibal, while M. Livius was appointed to take the field against Hasdrubal, who had at length crossed the Alps, and descended into Cisalpine Gaul. According to Livy, Hannibal was apprised of his brother's arrival at Placentia before he had himself moved from his winter quarters ; but it is difficult to believe that, if this had been the case, he would not have made more energetic efforts to join him. If we can trust the narrative transmitted to us, which is certainly in many respects unsatisfactory, Hannibal spent much time in various unimportant movements, before he advanced northward into Apulia, where he was met by the Roman consul, and not only held in check, but so effectually deceived that he knew nothing of Nero's march to support his colleague until after his return ; and the first tidings of the battle of Metaurus were conveyed to him by the sight of the head of Hasdrubal.

But, whatever exaggeration we may justly suspect in this relation, it is not the less certain that the defeat and death of Hasdrubal was decisive of the fate of the war in Italy ; and the conduct of Hannibal shows that he felt it to be such. From this time he abandons all thoughts of offensive operations, and, withdrawing his garrisons from

Metapontum and other towns that he still held in Lucania, collect together his forces within the peninsula of Bruttium. In the fastnesses of that wild and mountainous region, he maintained his ground for nearly four years ; whilst the towns that he still possessed on the coast gave him the command of the sea. Of the events of these four years, we know but little. It appears that the Romans at first contented themselves with shutting him up within the peninsula, but gradually began to encroach upon these bounds ; and though the statements of their repeated victories are gross exaggerations, if not altogether unfounded, yet the successive loss of Locri, Consentia, and Pandosia, besides smaller towns, must have hemmed him in within limits continually narrowing. Crotona seems to have been his chief stronghold and centre of operations ; and it was during this period that he erected, in the temple of the Lacinian Juno, near that city, a column bearing an inscription which recorded the leading events of his memorable expedition. To this important monument, which was seen and consulted by Polybius, we are indebted for many of the statements of that author.

It is difficult to judge, whether it was the expectation of effective assistance from Carthage, or the hopes of a fresh diversion being operated by Mago in the North, that induced Hannibal to cling so pertinaciously to the corner of Italy that he still held. It is certain that he was, at any time, free to quit it ; and when, at length, he was induced to comply with the urgent request of the Carthaginian government that he should return to Africa, to make head against Scipio, he was able to embark his troops without an attempt at opposition. His departure from Italy seems, indeed, to have been the great object of desire with the Romans. For more than fifteen years had he carried on the war in that country, laying it waste from one extremity to the other, and during all this period his superiority in the field had been uncontested. The Romans calculated that in these fifteen years their losses in the field alone amounted to not less than 300,000 men ; a statement which will hardly appear exaggerated, when we consider the continual combats in which they were engaged by their ever-watchful foe.

Hannibal landed, with the small but veteran army which he was able to bring with him from Italy, at Leptis, in Africa, apparently before the close of the year 203. From thence he proceeded to the strong city of Hadrumetum. The circumstances of the campaign which followed are very differently related ; nor will our space allow us to enter into any discussion of the details. Some of these, especially the well-known account of the interview between Scipio and Hannibal, savor strongly of romance, notwithstanding the high authority of Polybius. The decisive action was fought at a place called Naragara, not far from the city of Zama ; and Hannibal, according to the express testimony of his antagonist, displayed, on this occasion, all the qualities of a consummate general. But he was

now particularly deficient in that formidable cavalry which had so often decided the victory in his favor : his elephants, of which he had a great number, were rendered unavailing by the skilful management of Scipio ; and the battle ended in his complete defeat, notwithstanding the heroic exertions of his veteran infantry. Twenty thousand of his men fell on the field of battle ; as many more were made prisoners, and Hannibal himself with difficulty escaped the pursuit of Masinissa, and he fled with a few horsemen to Hadrumetum. Here he succeeded in collecting about 6000 men, the remnant of his scattered army, with whom he repaired to Carthage. But all hopes of resistance were now at an end, and he was one of the first to urge the necessity of an immediate peace. Much time, however, appears to have been occupied in the negotiations for this purpose ; and the treaty was not finally concluded until after the battle of Zama.

By this treaty, Hannibal saw the object of his whole life frustrated, and Carthage was effectually humbled before her imperious rival. But his enmity to Rome was unabated ; and though now more than 45 years old, he set himself to work, like his father Hamilcar after the end of the first Punic war, to prepare the means of renewing the contest at a distant period. His first measures related to the internal affairs of Carthage, and were directed to the reform of abuses in the administration, and in the introduction of certain constitutional changes, which our imperfect knowledge of the government of Carthage wholly disqualifies us clearly to understand. We are told that after the termination of the war with Rome, Hannibal was assailed by the opposite faction with charges of remissness, and even treachery, in his command ; accusations so obviously false, that they appear to have recoiled on the heads of his accusers ; and he was not only acquitted, but shortly afterwards was raised to the chief magistracy of the republic, the office styled by Livy *prætor* : by which it is probable that he means one of the *suffetes*. But the virtual control of the whole government had at this time been assumed by the assembly of judges, apparently the same as the council of one hundred, evidently a high and aristocratic body ; and it was only by the overthrow of this power that Hannibal was enabled to introduce order into the finances of the state, and thus prepare the way for the gradual restoration of the republic. But though he succeeded in accomplishing this object, and in introducing the most beneficial reforms, such a revolution could not but irritate the adverse faction, and they soon found an opportunity of revenging themselves, by denouncing him to the Romans, as being engaged in negotiations with Antiochus III., King of Syria, to induce him to take up arms against Rome. There can be little doubt that the charge was well founded, and Hannibal saw that his enemies were too strong for him. No sooner, therefore, did the Roman envoys appear at Carthage, than he secretly took to flight, and escaped by sea to the island of Cercina, from whence he retired to Tyre, and thence again, after a

short interval, to the court of Antiochus at Ephesus. The Syrian monarch was at this time on the eve of war with Rome, though hostilities had not yet commenced. Hence Hannibal was welcomed with the utmost honors. But Antiochus, partly perhaps from incapacity, partly, also, from personal jealousy, encouraged by the intrigues of his courtiers, could not be induced to listen to his judicious counsels, the wisdom of which he was compelled to acknowledge when too late. Hannibal in vain urged the necessity of carrying the war at once into Italy, instead of awaiting the Romans in Greece. The king could not be persuaded to place a force at his disposal for this purpose, and sent him instead to assemble a fleet for him from the cities of Phœnicia. This Hannibal effected, and took the command of it in person; but his previous habits could have little qualified him for this service, and he was defeated by the Rhodian fleet, in an action near Side. But unimportant as his services in this war appear to have been, he was still regarded by the Romans with such apprehension, that his surrender was one of the conditions of the peace granted to Antiochus after his defeat at Magnesia. Hannibal, however, foresaw his danger, and made his escape to Crete, from whence he afterwards repaired to the court of Prusias, King of Bithynia. Another account represents him as repairing from the court of Antiochus to Armenia, where it is said he found refuge for a time with Artaxias, one of the generals of Antiochus, who had revolted from his master, and that he superintended the foundation of Artaxata, the new capital of the Armenian kingdom. In any case, it was in the kingdom of Prusias that he took up his abode. That monarch was in a state of hostility with Eumenes, the faithful ally of Rome, and on that account unfriendly, at least, to the Romans. Here, therefore, he found, for some years, a secure asylum, during which time we are told that he commanded the fleet of Prusias in a naval action against Eumenes, and gained a victory over that monarch, absurdly attributed, by Cornelius Nepos and Justin, to the stratagem of throwing vessels filled with serpents into the enemy's ships! But the Romans could not be at ease so long as Hannibal lived; and T. Quintius Flamininus was at length dispatched to the court of Prusias to demand the surrender of the fugitive. The Bithynian king was unable to resist, and he sent troops to arrest his illustrious guest; but Hannibal, who had long been in expectation of such an event, as soon as he found that all approaches were beset, and that flight was impossible, took poison, to avoid falling into the hands of his enemies. The year of his death is uncertain, having been a subject of much dispute among the Roman chronologers. The testimony of Polybius on the point, which would have appeared conclusive, is doubtful. From the expressions of Livy, we should certainly have inferred that he placed the death of Hannibal, together with those of Scipio and Philopœmen, in the consulship of M. Claudius Marcellus and Q. Fabius Labes; and this, which was the date adopted by

Atticus, appears on the whole the most probable : but Cornelius Nepos expressly says that Polybius assigned it to the following year, and Sulpicius to the year after that. The scene of his death and burial was a village named Libyssa, on the coast of Bithynia.

Hannibal's character has been very variously estimated by different writers.

A man who had rendered himself formidable to the Roman power, and had wrought them such extensive mischief, could hardly fail to be the object of the falsest calumnies and misrepresentations during his life ; and there can be no doubt that many such were recorded in the pages of the historian Fabius, and have been transmitted to us by Appian and Zonares. He was judged with less passion, and, on the whole, with great impartiality, by Polybius. An able review of his character will be found also in Dion Cassius. But that writer tells us that he was accused of avarice by the Carthaginians, and of cruelty by the Romans. Many instances of the latter are certainly recorded by the Roman historians ; but even if we were to admit them all as true (and many of them are demonstrably false), they do not exceed, or even equal, what the same writers have related of their own generals : and severity, often degenerating into cruelty, seems to have been so characteristic of the Carthaginians in general, that Hannibal's conduct in this respect, as compared with that of his countrymen, deserves to be regarded as a favorable exception. We find him readily entering into an agreement with Fabius for an exchange of prisoners ; and it was only the sternness of the Romans themselves that prevented the same humane arrangements from being carried throughout the war. On many occasions, too, his generous sympathy for his fallen foes bears witness of a noble spirit, and his treatment of the dead bodies of Flaminius, of Gracchus, and of Marcellus, contrasts most favorably with the barbarity of Claudius Nero to that of Hasdrubal. The charge of avarice appears to have been as little founded : of such a vice, in its lowest acceptation, he was certainly incapable ; though it is not unlikely that he was greedy of money for the prosecution of his great schemes ; and, perhaps, unscrupulous in his modes of acquiring it. Among other virtues he is extolled for his temperance and continence, and for the fortitude with which he endured every species of toil and hardship. Of his abilities as a general it is unnecessary to speak : all the great masters of the art of war, from Scipio to Napoleon, have concurred in their homage to his genius. But in comparing Hannibal with any other of the great leaders of antiquity, we must ever bear in mind the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. He was not in the position either of a powerful monarch, disposing at his pleasure of the whole resources of the state, nor yet in that of a republican leader supported by the patriotism and national spirit of the people that followed him to battle. Feebly and grudgingly supported by the government at home, he stood alone at the head of an army composed of

mercenaries of many nations, of men fickle and treacherous to all others but himself, men who had no other bond of union than their common confidence in their leader. Yet not only did he retain the attachment of these men, unshaken by any change of fortune, for a period of more than fifteen years, but he trained up army after army ; and, long after the veterans that followed him over the Alps had dwindled to an inconsiderable remnant, his new levies were still as invincible as their predecessors.

Of the private character of Hannibal, we know very little : no man ever played so conspicuous a part in history of whom so few personal anecdotes have been recorded. Yet this can hardly have been for want of the opportunity of preserving them ; for we are told that he was accompanied throughout his campaigns by two Greek writers, Silenus and Sosilus ; and we know that the works of both these authors were extant in later times ; but they seem to have been unworthy of their subject. Sosilus is censured by Polybius for the fables and absurdities with which he had overlaid his history ; and Silenus is cited only as an authority for dreams and prodigies. The former is said also to have acted as Hannibal's instructor in Greek, a language which, at least in the latter years of his life, he spoke with fluency ; and in which he even composed, during his residence at the court of Prusias, a history of the expedition of Cn. Manlius Vulso against the Galatians. If we may believe Zonares, he was, at an early age, master of several other languages also, Latin among the rest ; but this seems at least very doubtful. Dion Cassius, however, also bears testimony to his having received an excellent education, not only in Punic, but in Greek learning and literature. During his residence in Spain, Hannibal had married the daughter of a Spanish chieftain ; but we do not learn that he left any children.

THE END.

LIFE OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

CHAPTER I.

FROM THE CONSULSHIP OF POMPEY AND CRASSUS TO THE RETURN OF POMPEY FROM THE EAST—CÆSAR—CICERO—CATILINE. (69–61 B.C.)

C. JULIUS CÆSAR was born of an old patrician family in the year 100 B.C. He was therefore six years younger than Pompey and Cicero. His father, C. Cæsar, did not live to reach the consulship. His uncle Sextus held that high dignity in 91 B.C., just before the outbreak of the Social War. That L. Cæsar who held command in the first year of that war (90 B.C.), and was author of the famous Julian law for enfranchising the Allies, was a more distant kinsman, who adhered to the aristocratical party and fell a victim in the Marian massacre. But the connection on which the young patrician most prided himself was the marriage of his aunt Julia with the famous C. Marius; and at the early age of seventeen he declared his adhesion to the popular party by espousing Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, who was at that time absolute master of Rome.* On the return of Sylla, he boldly refused to repudiate this wife, and only saved his life by skulking in the Apennines. But at length his aristocratic friends induced the dictator to pardon him. Sylla gave way against his own judgment, and told the nobles to whom he bequeathed authority to "beware of that dissolute boy."† His first military service was performed under the prætor L. Minucius Thermus, who was left by Sylla to take Mitylene; and in the siege of that place he won a civic crown for saving the life of a Roman citizen. On the death of Sylla he returned to Rome, and, after the custom of ambitious young Romans, though he was but in his twenty-third year, he indicted Cn. Dolabella, a partisan of Sylla, for extortion in his province of Macedonia. The senatorial jury acquitted Dolabella as

* Yet he had already been married before to Cossutia, a rich heiress. He divorced her to marry Cornelia.

† Dio C. xliii. 43, etc.

a matter of course ; but the credit gained by the young orator was great ; and he went to Rhodes to study rhetoric under Molo, in whose school Cicero had lately been taking lessons. It was on his way to Rhodes that he fell into the hands of Cilician pirates. Redeemed by a heavy ransom, he collected some ships at Miletus, attacked his captors, took the greater part of them prisoners, and crucified them at Pergamus, according to a threat which he had often made while he had been their prisoner. About the year 74 B.C. he heard that he had been chosen as one of the pontifices, to succeed his uncle C. Aurelius Cotta, and he instantly returned to Rome, where he remained for some years, leading apparently a life of pleasure, taking little outward part in politics, but yet, by his winning manners and open-handed generosity, laying in a large store of popularity. Many writers attribute to him a secret agency in most of the events of the time. The early attachment which he showed to the Marian party, and his bold defiance of Sylla's orders, prove that he was quite willing and able to act against the senatorial oligarchy whenever opportunity might offer. But we have no positive evidence on the matter, further than that it was his uncle C. Cotta who in 75 B.C. proposed to restore to the tribunes some portion of the dignity they had lost by the Syllan legislation, and that it was another uncle, L. Cotta, who was author of the celebrated law (70 B.C.) for reorganizing the juries.

After his consulship, as we have seen, Pompey had remained for two years in dignified ease at Rome, envied by Crassus, and reposing on the popularity he had won. In 67 B.C. he left the city to take the command against the pirates. In that year Cæsar, being now in his thirty-third year, was elected quæstor, and signalized his year of office by an elaborate panegyric over the body of his aunt Julia, the widow of Marius. His wife Cornelia died in the same year, and gave occasion to another funeral harangue. In both of these speeches the political allusions were evident ; and he ventured to have the bust of Marius carried in procession among his family images for the first time since the terrible dictatorship of Sylla. In 65 B.C. he was elected curule ædile, and increased his popularity by exhibiting three hundred and twenty pairs of gladiators, and conducting all the games on a scale of unusual magnificence. The expense of these exhibitions was in great measure borne by his colleague M. Bibulus, who naïvely complained that Cæsar had all the credit of the shows—"just as the temple of the Dioscuri, though belonging both to Castor and Pollux, bore the name of Castor only." But he did not confine himself to winning applause by theatrical spectacles. As curator of the Appian Way he expended a large sum from his own resources. The Cimbrian trophies of Marius had been thrown down by Sylla, and no public remembrance existed of the services rendered to Rome by her greatest soldier. The popular ædile ordered the images and trophies, with suitable inscriptions, to be secretly restored ; and in one night he contrived to have them set up upon the Capitol, so that

at daybreak men were astonished by the unaccustomed sight. Old soldiers who had served with Marius shed tears. All the party opposed to Sylla and the senate took heart at this boldness, and recognized their chief. So important was the matter deemed, that it was brought before the senate, and Catulus accused Cæsar of openly assaulting the constitution. But nothing was done or could be done to check his movements. In all things he kept cautiously within the law.

The year of his ædileship was marked by the appearance of a man destined to an infamous notoriety—L. Sergius Catilina, familiar to all under the name of Catiline.

For some time after the death of Sylla, the weariness and desire of repose which always follows violent revolutionary movements had disposed all ranks of society to acquiesce in the senatorial rule-established by the dictator. But more than one class of men soon found themselves ill at ease, and the elements of trouble again began to move freely. All the families proscribed by Sylla, remembering their sometime wealth and consequence, cherished the thoughts that by a new revolution they might recover what they had lost; and the enthusiasm displayed when by the happy temerity of Cæsar the trophies of Marius were restored, revealed to the senate both the number and the increasing boldness of their political enemies. But besides these avowed enemies there was a vast number of persons, formerly attached to Sylla, who shared the discontent of the Marian party. The dictator paid the services of his instruments, but he left all real power in the hands of a few great families. His own creatures were allowed to amass money, but remained without political power. Pompey and Crassus, who rose independently of him, and almost in despite of his will, belonged to families so distinguished that in any state of things they might have reached the consulate. But the upstarts who enjoyed a transient greatness while Sylla was dictator found themselves rapidly reduced to obscurity. With the recklessness of men who had become suddenly rich, they had for the most part squandered their fortunes. Neither money nor power was theirs. These men were for the most part soldiers, and ready for any violence which might restore their wealth and their importance. They only wanted chiefs. These chiefs they found among the spendthrift and profligate members of noble families, who like themselves had enjoyed the license of the revolutionary times now gone by, and like themselves were excluded from the councils of the respectable though narrow-minded men who composed the senate and administered the government. These were the young nobles, effeminate and debauched, reckless of blood, of whom Cicero often speaks with horror.

Of these adventurers Catiline was by far the most remarkable. He belonged to an old patrician gens, and had distinguished himself both by valor and cruelty in the late civil war. He is said to have

murdered his own brother, and to have secured impunity by getting the name of his victim placed on the proscribed lists. A beautiful and profligate lady, by name Aurelia Orestilla, refused his proffered hand because he had a grown-up son by a former marriage ; and this son speedily ceased to live. Notwithstanding these and other crimes, real or imputed, the personal qualities of Catiline gave him great ascendancy over the people at large, and especially over the young nobles, who lacked money, and who were jealous of the few great families that now, as before the times of the Gracchi, had absorbed all political power. His strength and activity were such that, notwithstanding his debaucheries, he was superior to the soldiers at their own exercises, and could encounter skilled gladiators with their own weapons. His manners were open and genial, and he was never known to desert friends. By qualities so nearly resembling virtues, it is not strange that he deceived many, and obtained mastery over more. In 68 B.C. he was elected prætor, and in the following year became governor of the province of Africa. Here he spent two years in the practice of every crime that is imputed to Roman provincial rulers. During the year of Cæsar's ædileship, Catiline was accused by no less a person than the profligate P. Clodius Pulcher, who cared not how or at whose expense he gained distinction. Catiline had intended in that year to offer himself candidate for the consulship. But while this accusation was pending, the law forbade him to come forward ; and this obstacle so irritated him that he took advantage of a critical juncture of circumstances to plan a new revolution.

The senatorial chiefs, in their wish to restore at least an outward show of decency, had countenanced the introduction of a very severe law to prevent bribery by L. Calpurnius Piso, consul for the year 67 B.C. Under this law P. Cornelius Sulla and P. Autronius Pætus, consuls-elect for 65 B.C., were indicted and found guilty. Their election was declared void. L. Aurelius Cotta and L. Manlius Torquatus, their accusers, were nominated by the senate consuls in their stead, without the formality of a new election. Catiline found Autronius ready for any violence ; and these two entered into a conspiracy with another profligate young nobleman, by name Cn. Piso, to murder the new consuls on the calends of January—the day on which they entered upon office—and to seize the supreme authority for themselves. The scheme is said to have failed only because Catiline gave the signal of attack before the armed assassins had assembled in sufficient numbers to begin their work.

That this attempt was either not generally known or not generally believed is indicated by the fact that Cn. Piso was intrusted by the senate with the government of Spain. Hardly had he arrived when he was murdered by the Spanish horsemen in attendance upon his person, men who had formerly served under Pompey in the Sertorian war. But who were the instigators and what the causes of this dark deed were things never known.

Catiline was acquitted on his trial, no doubt by the intentional misconduct of the case by Clodius. We are astonished to find the consul Torquatus appear as his advocate, and to read a private letter of Cicero, in which the orator expressed his willingness to undertake the same disreputable office. The reason which he gives himself for this assent is that in the next year he was to be candidate for the consulship: if Catiline were acquitted, he also would be a competitor; and it would be better to have him as a friend than as an enemy. This alone speaks loudly for the influence of Catiline; for at the same time Cicero privately asserts his conviction that his guilt was clear as noonday.

In the next year (64 B.C.) Cæsar made another movement in advance against the Syllan party, by bringing to trial two obscure men who had slain persons under the authority of Sylla's law of proscription. They were found guilty and condemned. One of them, L. Bellienus, was an uncle of Catiline. On this hint, L. Luceius brought Catiline himself to trial for the same offence. He was acquitted, probably by the exercise of influence which the obscure persons assailed by Cæsar were unable to procure. But the condemnation of any person for obeying the ordinances of Sylla was a notable encroachment on the authority of his constitutional regulations; and the success which attended this step showed the discretion and judgment of Cæsar in the conduct of political warfare.

Catiline was now free to offer himself for the consulship. There was every reason to fear his success. Five of the six candidates who opposed him were men of little note, and many of them men of indifferent character. The sixth was Cicero, whose obscure birth was a strong objection against him in the eyes of the senatorial nobility. But they had no choice. C. Antonius, brother of M. Antonius Creticus, and younger son of the great orator, was considered sure of his election; and he was inclined to form a coalition with Catiline. Cicero was supported by the Equites, by the friends of Pompey whom he had so well served by his speech for the Manilian law, and by a number of persons whom he had obliged by his services as advocate. What part he had hitherto taken in politics had been decidedly in opposition to the senate. In early youth he had distinguished himself by a daring attack upon Sylla's proscriptions. As ædile-elect he had strengthened the hands of Pompey in his assault on the senatorial courts by his bold and uncompromising accusation of Verres. Lastly, he had given offence to Catulus and the leaders of the senate by his eloquent support of the Manilian law. But necessity knows no rule; and to keep out Catiline, whom they feared and hated, the senatorial chiefs resolved to support Cicero, whom they disliked and despised. The orator himself showed his usual activity. Publicly he inveighed against the coalition of Antonius and Catiline; privately he made advances to Antonius. His personal popularity and the support of the aristocracy placed him at the head of the poll. An-

tonius was returned as his colleague, though he headed Catiline by the votes of very few centurics.

We now come to the memorable year of Cicero's consulship, 63 B.C. It was generally believed that Catiline's second disappointment in suing for the chief object of a Roman's ambition would drive him to a second conspiracy. Immediately after his election, Cicero at once attached himself to the senate and justified their choice. To detach Antonius from connection with Catiline, he voluntarily ceded to him the lucrative province of Macedonia, which he had obtained by lot. But Catiline's measures were conducted with so much secrecy that for several months no clue was obtained to his designs.

Meantime Cicero had other difficulties to meet. Among the tribunes of the year were two persons attached to Cæsar's party, Q. Servilius Rullus and T. Atius Labienus. The tribunes entered upon their office nearly a month before the consuls; and in these few days Rullus had come forward with an agrarian law, by which it was proposed to revive the measure of Cinna, and divide the rich public lands of Campania among the poor citizens of the tribes. Cicero's devotion to his new political friends was shown by the ready alacrity with which he opposed this popular measure. On the calends of January, the very day upon which he entered office, he delivered a vehement harangue in the senate against the measure, which he followed up by elaborate speeches in the forum. He pleased himself by thinking that it was in consequence of these efforts that Rullus withdrew his bill. But it is probable that Cæsar, the real author of the law, cared little for its present success. In bringing it forward he secured favor for himself. In forcing Cicero to take part against it, he deprived the eloquent orator of a large portion of his hard-won popularity.

Soon after this Cæsar employed the services of T. Labienus to follow up the blow which in the preceding year he had struck against the proscription of Sylla by an assault upon the arbitrary power assumed by the senate in dangerous emergencies. It will be remembered that in the sixth consulship of Marius the revolutionary enterprise of the tribune Saturninus had been put down by resorting to the arbitrary power just noticed. Labienus, whose uncle had perished by the side of Saturninus, now indicted C. Rabirius, an aged senator, for having slain the tribune. It was well known that the actual perpetrator of the deed was a slave named Scæva, who had been publicly rewarded for his services. But Rabirius had certainly been in the midst of the assailants, and it was easy to accuse him of complicity. The actual charge brought against him was that he was guilty of high treason (*perduellio*); and if he were found guilty, it would follow that all persons who hereafter obeyed the senate in taking up arms against seditious persons would be liable to a similar charge. The cause was tried before the *duumviri*, one of

whom was L. Cæsar, consul of the preceding year ; the other was C. Cæsar himself. Hortensius and Cicero defended the old senator. It would seem almost impossible for Cæsar to condemn an act which was justified by Marius himself, who had been obliged to lead the assault upon the tribune's party. But Cæsar's object was wholly political, and he was not troubled by scruples. The duumviri found Rabirius guilty.

From this judgment the old senator appealed to the popular assembly. Cicero again came forward, in his consular robes, to defend him. He was only allowed half an hour for his speech ; but the defence which he condensed into that narrow space was unanswerable, and must have obtained a verdict for his client, if it had been addressed to a calm audience. The people, however, were eager to humiliate the senatorial government, and were ready to vote, not according to the justice of the case, but according to their present political passion. In vain the senators descended into the assembly and implored for a vote of acquittal. Rabirius would certainly have been condemned had not Q. Metellus Celer, prætor of the city, taken down the standard which from ancient times floated from the Janiculum during the sitting of the comitia.* But Cæsar's purpose was effectually answered. The governing body had been humbled, and their right to place seditious persons under a sentence of outlawry had been called in question. We may almost suppose that Cæsar himself suggested to Metellus the mode of stopping the trial ; for he was never inclined to shed blood and oppress the innocent, unless when he deemed it necessary for his political ends.

About the same time Cæsar promoted an accusation against C. Calpurnius Piso for malversation in his government of Gallia Narboneusis. Piso, when consul, had led the opposition to the Gabinian law. He was acquitted on the present charge, and became one of Cæsar's most determined enemies.†

Cicero lost still more favor by the successful opposition which he offered to an attempt to restore to their political rights the sons of those who had been on the proscribed lists of Sylla. In this he well served the purpose of the senate by excluding from the comitia their mortal enemies ; but he incurred many personal enmities, and he advocated a sentence which was manifestly unjust and could be justified only by necessity. In return for these services he induced his new friends to second him in some measures of practical reform. He procured a law against bribery still more stringent than the Cal-

* A custom probably derived from the times when the Etruscans were lords of Rome. The removal of the standard was, in those times, a signal of the enemy's approach, and on this signal the Comitia Centuriata became an army ready for battle. The form remained, though the reason had long passed away.

† This C. Piso, the aristocrat, must be carefully distinguished from Cn. Piso the dissolute associate of Catiline, and from L. Piso, the enemy of Cicero and father-in-law of Cæsar. Several other Pisos occur in this period, and their identity of name leads to some confusion.

purnian law of 67 B.C. At his instance the senate gave up the privilege by which every senator was entitled to free quarters in any city of the empire, on pretence that they were engaged in the service of the state.

About this time the age and infirmities of Metellus Pius made probable a vacancy in the high office of pontifex maximus; and Labienus introduced a law by which the right of election to this office was restored to the tribes, according to the rule observed before Sylla's revolution. Very soon after, Metellus died, and Cæsar offered himself as a candidate for this high office. Catulus, chief of the senate and the respectable leader of the governing party, also came forward, as well as P. Servilius Isauricus. Cæsar had been one of the pontiffs from early youth; but he was known to be unscrupulous in his pleasures as in his politics, overwhelmed with debt, careless of religion. His election, however, was a trial of political strength merely. It was considered so certain, that Catulus attempted to take advantage of the heavy debts which embarrassed him by offering him a large sum if he would retire from the contest. Cæsar peremptorily refused, saying that if more money were necessary for his purposes he would borrow more. He probably anticipated that the senate would use force to oppose him; for on the morning of the election he parted from his mother Aurelia with the words, "I shall return as pontifex maximus, or you will see me no more." His success was triumphant. Even in the tribes to which his opponents belonged he obtained more votes than they counted altogether. No fact can more strongly prove the strength which the popular party had regained under his adroit but unseen management. It is worth noting that in this year, when he first appeared as master of the forum, was born his sister's son, M. Octavius, who reaped the fruit of all his ambitious endeavors.

The year was now fast waning, and nothing was known to the public of any attempts on the part of Catiline. That dark and enterprising person had offered himself again as candidate for the consulship, and he was anxious to keep all quiet till the result was known. But Cicero had become acquainted with a woman named Fulvia, mistress to Curius, one of Catiline's confidential friends, and by her means he obtained immediate knowledge of all the designs of the conspirators. At length he considered them so far advanced, that on the 21st of October he convened the senate and laid all his information before them. So convinced were they of the danger, that on the next day a decree was framed to invest the consuls with dictatorial power, to be used at their discretion. At present, however, this decree was kept secret.

Soon after, the consular comitia were held, and the election of the centuries fell on D. Junius Silanus and L. Licinius Murena, both of them adherents of the senatorial party. Catiline, disappointed of his last hopes of election, convened his friends at the house of M. Por-

cius Læca, on the nights of the 6th and 7th of November ; * and at this meeting it was determined to proceed to action. C. Mallius, an old centurion, who had been employed in levying troops secretly in Etruria, was sent to Fæsulæ as headquarters, and ordered to prepare for war ; Catiline and the rest of his associates were to organize revolutionary movements within the city.

Cicero was immediately informed of these resolutions through Fulvia, and resolved to dally no longer with the peril. He summoned the senate to meet on the 8th of November in the Temple of Jupiter Stator. Catiline, himself a senator, with marvellous effrontery, appeared in his place ; but every senator quitted the bench on which he took his seat and left him alone. Cicero now rose and delivered that famous speech which is entitled his First Oration against Catiline. The conspirator attempted to reply ; but a general shout of execration drowned his voice. Unable to obtain a hearing, he left the senate-house ; and, perceiving that his life was in danger if he remained at Rome, he summoned his associates together, and handed over the execution of his designs at home to M. Lentulus Sura, prætor of the city, and C. Cethegus, while on that same night he himself left Rome to join Mallius at Fæsulæ. On the following morning Cicero assembled the people in the forum, and there in his second speech he told them of the flight of Catiline and explained its cause.

The senate now made a second decree, in which Catiline and Mallius were proclaimed public enemies ; and the consul Antonius was directed to take the command of an army destined to act against him, while to Cicero was committed the care of the city. Cicero was at a loss how to act ; for he was not able to bring forward Fulvia as a witness, and after the late proceedings against Rabirius he was obliged to be very cautious in resorting to the use of dictatorial power. But at this moment he obtained full and direct proof of the intentions of the conspirators. There were then present at Rome ambassadors from the Allobroges, whose business it was to solicit relief from the oppression of their governors and from the debts which they had incurred to the Roman treasury. The senate heard them coldly, and Lentulus took advantage of their discontent to make overtures to them in hope of obtaining military aid from their countrymen against the senatorial leaders. At first they lent a ready ear to his offers, but thought it prudent to disclose these offers to Q. Fabius Sanga, whose family had long been engaged to protect their interests at Rome.† Fabius at once communicated with Cicero. By the consul's directions, the Allobrogian envoys continued their in-

* Our Jan. 11th, 62 B.C. In this and all following dates correction must be made to obtain the real time. The Roman 1st of January of this year would be by our reckoning the 14th of March. It must be observed also that the Romans reckoned the *night* as belonging to the *following* day. What we call the night of the 6th of November would be with them the night of the 7th.

† They had been conquered by Q. Fabius Maximus, nephew of Scipio *Æmilianus*.

trigue with Lentulus, and demanded written orders, signed by himself, Cethegus, and others of the chief conspirators, to serve as credentials to their nation. Bearing these fatal documents, they set out from Rome on the evening of the 3d of December (5th of February, B.C.), accompanied by one T. Vultureius, who carried letters from Lentulus to Catiline himself. Cicero, kept in full information of every fact, ordered the prætors L. Flaccus and C. Pomptinus to take post with a sufficient force upon the Mulvian Bridge. Here the envoys were quietly arrested, together with Vulturcius, and all their papers were seized.

Early next morning, Cicero sent for Lentulus, Cethegus, and the others who had signed the Allobrogian credentials, to his house. Utterly ignorant of what had passed, they came; and the consul, holding the prætor Lentulus by the hand, and followed by the rest, went straight to the Temple of Concord, where he had summoned the senate to meet. Vulturcius and the Allobrogian envoys were now brought in, and the prætor Flaccus produced the papers which he had seized. The evidence was so clearly brought to a point that the conspirators at once confessed their handwriting; and the senate decreed that Lentulus should be deprived of his prætorship, and that he with his accomplices should be put into the hands of eminent senators, who were to be answerable for their persons. Lentulus fell to the charge of P. Lentulus Spinther, who was then ædile, Cethegus to that of Q. Cornificius, Statilius to Cæsar, Gabinius to Crassus, Cæparius to Cn. Terentius. Immediately after the execution of this decree, Cicero went forth into the forum, and in his third speech detailed to the assembled people all the circumstances which had been discovered. Not only had two knights been commissioned by Cethegus to kill Cicero in his chamber, a fate which the consul eluded by refusing them admission, but it had been resolved to set the city on fire in twelve places at once, as soon as it was known that Catiline and Mallius were ready to advance at the head of an armed force. Lentulus, who belonged to the great Cornelian gens, had been buoyed up by a Sibylline prophecy, which promised the dominion over Rome to "three C's:" he was to be the third Cornelius after Cornelius Cinna and Cornelius Sylla. But it was to his sluggish remissness that the fiery Cethegus attributed their ignominious failure; and it is probable that if the chief conduct of the business had been left to this desperate man, some attempt at a rising would have been made.

The certainty of danger and the feeling of escape filled all hearts with indignation against the Catilinarian gang; and for a moment Cicero and the senate rose to the height of popularity.

Two days after (December 5 = February 7, 62 B.C.), the senate was once more summoned to decide the fate of the captive conspirators. Silanus, as consul-elect, was first asked his opinion, and he gave it in favor of death. Ti. Nero moved that the question should

be adjourned till the contest with Catiline in the field was brought to an end. Cæsar, who was then prætor-elect, spoke against capital punishment altogether, and proposed that the prisoners should be condemned to perpetual chains in various cities of Italy—taking care incidentally to moot the question lately raised in the case of Rabirius as to the power of the senate to inflict the penalty of death. His speech produced such an effect that even Silanus declared his intention to accede to Nero's motion. But Cicero himself and Cato delivered vehement arguments in favor of extreme punishment, and the majority voted with them. Immediately after the vote, the consul, with a strong guard, conveyed the prisoners to the loathsome dungeon called the Tulliaum, and here they were strangled by the public executioners.

It is difficult to see how the state could have been imperilled by suffering the culprits to live—at least till they had been allowed the chances of a regular trial. If Rabirius was held guilty for taking part in putting Saturninus to death—a man who was actually in arms against the government—what had Cicero to expect from those who were ready to deliver this verdict? It was not long before he had cause to rue his over-zealous haste. But, at present, a panic fear pervaded all classes. No one knew what danger threatened and who might be the sufferers. At the moment, the popular voice ratified the judgment of Cato, when he proclaimed Cicero to have justly deserved the title of "Father of his Country."

Before the close of the consular year, the consul-elect Murena was indicted by C. Sulpicius, one of his competitors, for bribery. The accusation was supported by Cato. Hortensius and Cicero undertook the defence. Cicero's speech is extant; and the buoyant spirits with which he assails first the legal pedantry of Sulpicius and then the impracticable stoicism of Cato show how highly he was elated by his late successful management in crushing the conspiracy at home. There can be no doubt that Murena was guilty. The only argument of any force used in his defence by Cicero was his statement of the danger of leaving the state with but one consul when Catiline was at the head of an army in the field. And this argument probably it was that procured the acquittal of the consul-elect.

The sequel may be briefly related. Before the execution of his accomplices, Catiline was at the head of two complete legions, consisting chiefly of Sylla's veterans. But servile insurrections in Apulia and other places, on which Catiline counted, were promptly repressed: his own small army was very imperfectly armed; and their leader avoided a conflict with Antonius, who was continued in command as pro-consul. When the failure of the plot at home reached the insurgents, many deserted; and Catiline endeavored to make good his retreat by Pistoja into Cisalpine Gaul. But the passes were already beset by the pro-prætor Metellus Celer; the consul Antonius was close behind; and it became necessary either to fight or surren-

der. Catiline and his desperadoes chose the braver course. His small army was drawn up with skill. Antonius, mindful of former intimacy with Catiline, alleged illness as a plea for giving up the command of his troops to M. Petreius, a skilful soldier. A short but desperate conflict followed. Mallius and his best officers fell fighting bravely. Catiline, after doing the duties of a good general and a brave soldier, saw that the day was lost, and rushing into the thick of battle fell with many wounds. He was taken up, still breathing, with a menacing frown stamped upon his brow. None were taken prisoners; all who died had their wounds in front.

It is impossible to part from this strange history without adding a word with respect to the part taken by Cæsar and Crassus. Both these eminent persons were supposed to have been more or less privy to Catiline's designs. If the first conspiracy attributed to Catiline had succeeded, we are told that the assassins of the consuls had intended to declare Crassus dictator, and that Cæsar was to be master of the horse. Suetonius, in his love for improbable gossip, goes so far as to make Cæsar a principal actor in that first conspiracy; and many senators believed, or determined to believe, that he at least, if not Crassus, was guilty.

Nothing seems more improbable than that Crassus should have countenanced a plan which involved the destruction of the city, and which must have been followed by the ruin of credit. He had constantly employed the large fortune which he had amassed in the Syllan proscription for the purposes of speculation and jobbing. One profitable branch of the latter business was to buy up promising youths, give them a first-rate education in music or any art to which they showed an aptitude, and then sell them at enormous prices. Speculations of this sort could only succeed in a state of political security. To a money-lender, speculator, and jobber, a violent revolution, attended by destruction of property and promising abolition of debts, would be of all things the least desirable. Crassus was not without ambition, but he never gratified the lust of power at the expense of his purse.

The case against Cæsar bears at first sight more likelihood. Salust represents Cato as hinting that Cæsar's wish to spare the conspirators arose from his complicity with them. As that unflinching politician was speaking in the debate on the punishment of the conspirators, a note was privately put into Cæsar's hand. Cato stopped and demanded that the note should be read aloud. Cæsar handed it to his accuser; it was a billet-doux from Servilia, the sister of Cato himself and wife of Silanus. "Take it, drunkard," retorted the disappointed speaker. This first attack, then, had signally failed. But in the next year (62 B.C.), after Cæsar had entered upon his prætorship, accusations were brought against several persons who were doubtless guilty. Among them Autronius, the accomplice of Catiline in his first conspiracy, earnestly implored Cicero to be his advocate. The

orator refused, and Autronius was condemned. But, immediately after this, the world was scandalized to see the orator undertake the defence of P. Sylla, who had been the colleague of Autronius, when both were ejected from the consulship—more especially when it was whispered that he had received a large sum for his services. The speech remains, and a comparison of this pleading with his Catilinarian speeches shows that the latitude which Cicero allowed himself as an advocate was little compatible with his new character of a political leader. Notwithstanding the failure of the indictment against P. Sylla, the success which had lately attended their political efforts encouraged some of the senatorial chiefs to raise a formal accusation against Cæsar. A person called Vettius, already employed by Cicero as a spy, had made a gainful trade of his informations, and he offered to produce a letter from Cæsar to Catiline which would prove his guilt. Curius also came forward with similar assertions. Cicero and the more prudent of the senators wished at once to quash these tales. But Cæsar would not be content with this, and in full senate he called on the ex-consul to state what he knew of the matter. Cicero rose, and in the most explicit manner declared that so far from Cæsar being implicated in the plot, he had done all that could be expected from a good citizen to assist in crushing it. The people, having learned what was the question before the senate, crowded to the doors of the house and demanded Cæsar's safety. His appearance assured them, and he was welcomed with loud applause. It was only by his interference that Vettius was saved from being torn in pieces. Curius was punished by the loss of the reward which had been promised for his information.

In truth, of evidence to prove Cæsar's complicity with Catiline, there was really none; and the further the case is examined the less appears to be the probability of such complicity. The course he had pursued for the purpose of undermining the power of the senatorial aristocracy was perfectly consistent, and had been so successful hitherto that he was little likely to abandon it at this precise moment for a scheme of reckless ruin and violence from which others would reap the chief advantage. Even if Catiline had succeeded, he must have been crushed almost immediately by Pompey, who was preparing to return to Italy at the head of his victorious legions. The desire of Cæsar to save the lives of Lentulus, Cethegus, and the rest, is at once explained, when we remember that he had just before promoted the prosecution of Rabirius for obeying an order of the very kind against which he now argued. As the leader of the party of the Gracchi, of Saturninus, and of Marius, it was his cue always and everywhere to protest against the absolute power assumed by the senate in such emergencies as unconstitutional and illegal. It is possible that he may have suspected the designs of Catiline; and at an earlier period he may have been sounded by that reckless person, as a well-known opponent of the senate. But without claiming for

Cæsar any credit for principle or scrupulosity, we may safely conclude that it was utterly inexpedient for him to have any dealings with Catiline ; and we may be sure that he was the last man to be misled into a rash enterprise which was not expedient for himself.

CHAPTER II.

POMPEY'S RETURN—FIRST TRIUMVIRATE—CÆSAR'S CONSULSHIP— CLODIUS. (62-58 B.C.)

IN the first heat of his triumph, Cicero disclosed the weakness of his character. He was, to speak plainly, full of inordinate vanity, a quality which above all others deprives a man of the social and political influence which may otherwise be due to his integrity, industry, and ability. The more violent among the senators who had taken him for their leader in the Catilinarian troubles were offended by his refusal to assail Cæsar ; all the order was disgusted by the constant iteration of his merits. An oligarchy will readily accept the services of men of the people ; but they never cordially unite with them, and never forgive a marked assumption of personal superiority. But it was not only the senate at home that was irritated by hearing Cicero repeat, "I am the savior of Rome ; I am the father of my country." Pompey was now in Greece, on the eve of returning to Italy, and he had been watching Cicero's rise to political eminence not without jealousy. Metellus Nepos,* his legate, had already returned to Rome with instructions from his chief, and had been elected Tribune for the next year. Cicero, in the fulness of his heart, wrote Pompey a long account of his consulate, in which he had the ill address to compare his own triumph over Catiline with Pompey's eastern conquests. The general in his reply took no notice of Cicero's actions ; and the orator wrote him a submissive letter, in which he professes his hope of playing Lælius to his great correspondent's Africanus. Meanwhile Metellus Nepos had entered upon his tribunician office, and made no secret of his disapproval of Cicero's conduct in putting citizens to death without trial. On the calends of January, when the ex-consul intended to have delivered an elaborate panegyric on himself and the senate for their conduct in the late events, the tribune interdicted him from speaking at all. He could do nothing more than step forward and swear aloud that "he alone had preserved the republic." The people, not yet recov-

* Several Metelli are mixed up with the history of this period. Metellus Nepos was the younger brother of Metellus Celer, who as prætor was in arms against Catiline in Cisalpine Gaul. They were great-grandsons of Metellus Balearicus, and therefore distant cousins of Metellus Pius.

ered from the fear of Catiline and his crew, shouted in answer that he had sworn the truth.

Metellus Nepos followed up this assault by two bills—one empowering Pompey to be elected consul for the second time in his absence; the other investing him with the command in Italy for the purpose of quelling the insurrection of Catiline. Cæsar supported both these motions; but when Nepos began to read them to the people previous to submitting them to the votes of the assembly, Cato, who was also one of the tribunes for the year, snatched the paper from the hand of his colleague and tore it in pieces. Nepos then began to recite his laws from memory; but another tribune who was in the interest of the senate placed his hand over his mouth. A tumult followed. But popular feeling was at present with those who had so resolutely opposed Catiline. Nepos was obliged to forego his bills, and for the time the senate triumphed over the agent of Pompey.

On laying down his prætorship at the close of the year, Cæsar obtained Spain for his province. His debtors, fearing that he might elude them altogether, threatened to detain him; and in this emergency he applied to Crassus, with whom he had for some time cultivated friendly relations. Crassus, believing in the fortune of Cæsar, advanced the required sums, and the pro-prætor set out for Spain at the very beginning of the year 61 B.C.

Pompey, after his progress through Greece, had arrived in Italy, but not at Rome. Great apprehensions were felt there; for he was at the head of an army devoted to his person, and therefore his power was not to be doubted; he was as silent on political matters as Monk on the eve of the Restoration, and therefore his intentions were suspected. But all fears and jealousies were dissipated for the moment, when he addressed his soldiers at Brundisium, thanked them for their faithful services, and dismissed them to their respective homes till it was time for them to attend his triumph. He then set out for Rome, accompanied only by a few friends. Outside the walls he halted, and asked permission from the senate to enter the city without forfeiting his claim to a triumph. But what had been excused in Sylla after the act was not to be allowed by anticipation to Pompey. Cato strenuously opposed the application, and it was refused. This triumph, the third which he had enjoyed, did not take place till the end of September. It lasted two days, and the sum of money paid into the treasury exceeded all former experience. After the triumph he addressed set speeches both to the senate and to the people, but with so much coldness and caution that no one could form any conclusion with respect to his present sentiments or intentions; in particular he studiously avoided expressing any clear opinion with respect to the late troubles, and the active part taken by Cicero and the senate against the Catilinarian conspirators. Crassus, always jealous of Pompey, took advantage of his rival's cautious reserve to rise in the senate, and pronounce a panegyric upon Cicero; and this

gave the orator an opportunity of delivering the elaborate speech which he had prepared for the calends of January. Cicero sat down amid cheers from all sides of the house. It was probably the happiest moment of his life.*

The consuls-elect were L. Afranius, an old and attached officer of Pompey, and Q. Metellus Celer, elder brother of Nepos.† The chief officers of state, therefore, seemed likely to be at the beck of the great general. But Afranius proved to be a cipher on the political stage, and Metellus Celer, exasperated because Pompey had just divorced his sister, sided warmly with the senate. Cæsar was in Farther Spain; Crassus, stimulated (as we have said) by ancient jealousy, had shown a disposition to oppose Pompey; and the game, if prudently played, might have been won by the senatorial leaders. But about this time they lost Catulus, their most respected and most prudent chief; and the blind obstinacy of Metellus Celer, Cato, and others, converted Pompey from his cold neutrality into a warm antagonist.

During his stay in the East after the death of Mithridates, he had formed provinces and re-distributed kingdoms by his own judgment, unassisted by the senatorial commission, which usually advised a proconsul in such matters. He now applied to have the arrangements which he had made confirmed by authority of the senate. But Lueullus and Metellus Creticus, though they had been allowed the honors of a triumph, were not unjustly irritated at seeing that in the blaze of his triumphant success their own unquestionable merits had been utterly over-past and forgotten. They spoke warmly in the senate of the unfair appropriation of their labors by Pompey, and persuaded the jealous majority to withhold the desired confirmation.

At the same time a tribune named L. Flavius proposed an agrarian law by which it was proposed to assign certain lands in guerdon to Pompey's veteran soldiers. It seems that by the original terms of this bill certain of Sylla's assignments were cancelled, and thus arose a general sense of insecurity in such property, till Cicero came forward and proposed the removal of all these objectionable clauses. But even in this amended form the law, like all agrarian laws, was hateful to the senate. The consul Metellus Celer opposed it with rancorous determination; and Pompey, who disliked popular tumults, suffered the measure to be withdrawn, and brooded over the insult in haughty silence. Cicero made advances to the great man, and received scraps of praise and flattery, which pleased him and deceived him, while it increased the coldness which had already sprung

* For a lively description of the whole scene, see Cicero's letter to Atticus, i. 14.

† It was from this year that Pollio began his history of this civil war:

"Motum ex Metello Consule civicum,
Bellique causas," etc.—Horat. *Od.* ii. 1.

up between him and the senatorial chiefs. But Pompey well knew the political impotence of the great orator, and it was to a very different quarter that he cast his eyes to gain support against the senate.

Cæsar (as we have said) had taken his departure for Spain before Pompey's return. In that province he had availed himself of some disturbances on the Lusitanian border to declare war against that gallant people. He overran their country with constant success, and then turned his arms against the Gallæians, who seem to have been unmolested since the days of Dec. Brutus. In two campaigns he became master of spoils sufficient not only to pay off a great portion of his debts, but also to enrich his soldiery. There can be no doubt that he must have acted with great severity to wring these large sums from the native Spaniards. He never, indeed, took any thought for the sufferings of the people not subject to Roman rule. But he was careful not to be guilty of oppression toward the provincials: his rule in the Spanish provinces was long remarked for its equitable adjustment of debts and taxes due to the Roman publicani and money-lenders.

He left Spain in time to reach Rome before the consular elections of the year 60 B.C.; for he intended to present himself as a candidate. But he also claimed a triumph, and till this was over he could not begin his canvass. He therefore applied to the senate for leave to sue for the consulship without presenting himself personally in the city. The senate probably repented of their stiffness in refusing Pompey's demand a year before, and were disposed to make a merit of granting Cæsar's request. But Cato, who never would give way to a plea of expediency except in favor of his own party, adjourned the decision of the question by speaking against time; and Cæsar, who scorned the appearance in comparison with the reality of power, relinquished his triumph and entered the city. He found Pompey, as he expected to find him, in high dudgeon with the senate; for secret negotiations had already been opened between them. To strengthen their hands still further, Cæsar proposed to include Crassus in their treaty. This rich and unpopular nobleman had, as we have seen, made advances to Cicero and to the senate; but these advances had been ill received, and he lent a ready ear to the overtures of the dexterous negotiator who now addressed him. Pompey also, at the instance of Cæsar, relinquished the old enmity which he bore to Crassus; and thus was formed that famous cabal which is commonly, though improperly, called the First Triumvirate.* It was at present kept studiously secret, and Cicero for some time after counted upon Pompey for neutralizing the ambitious designs of Cæsar, whose expected return filled him with apprehension.

* Improperly, because it was a secret combination, and not an open assumption of political power, such as to Roman ears was implied in the word triumvirate.

Thus supported secretly by the influence of Pompey, by the wealth of Crassus, and by his own popularity, Cæsar was elected to the consulship by acclamation. He had formed a coalition with L. Lucceius, a man of letters, who had taken an active part against Catiline, and who was expected to write a memoir of Cicero's consulship. But the senatorial chiefs exhausted every art of intrigue and bribery to secure the return of M. Calpurnius Bibulus, who had been the colleague of Cæsar in his previous offices, and was known to be a man of unflinching resolution. He was son-in-law to Cato, who to obtain a political advantage did not hesitate to sanction the bribery and corrupt practices which on other occasions he loudly denounced. Bibulus was elected; and from the resolute antagonism of the two consuls, the approaching year seemed big with danger.

Cæsar began the acts of his consulship by a measure so adroitly drawn up as to gratify at once his own adherents and Pompey and Cicero. It was an agrarian law, framed very carefully on the model of that which had been proposed last year by Pompey's agents and amended by the orator. Before bringing it forward in the popular assembly, he read it over clause by clause in the senate, and not even Cato was able to find fault. But Bibulus declared that the measure, however cautiously framed, was revolutionary, and should not pass while he was consul. He therefore refused to sanction any further meetings of the senate. Cæsar, unable to convene the great council without the consent of his colleague, now threw himself upon the people, and enlarged his agrarian bill to the dimension of the laws formerly proposed by Cinna and by Rullus. Cicero now took alarm, and the senatorial order united in opposition to any distribution of their favorite Campanian lands. On the day appointed for taking the votes of the people, the most violent of the oligarchy met at the house of Bibulus. Hence they sallied out into the forum and attempted to dissolve the assembly by force. But Cæsar ordered his lictors to arrest Cato; Lucullus was only saved from violence by the consul himself, and the other leaders were obliged to seek safety in flight. After this vain effort, in which the senators set an example of violence, Bibulus attempted to stop proceedings by sending word that he was engaged in consulting the heavens to determine whether the assembly could be legally held; and that, till his divinations were concluded, no business was to be done. But Cæsar set his message at naught, and proceeded as if all formalities had been regularly observed. Finding that arms and auguries were equally powerless, Bibulus shut himself up in his house for the remainder of his term of office, and contented himself with protesting from time to time against the acts of his colleague. After this victory, Cæsar called upon Pompey and Crassus before the whole assembly to express their opinions with respect to the bill. Pompey warmly approved it, and declared that if others drew swords to oppose it he would cover it with his shield. Crassus spoke in a similar

strain. After this public manifestation of the union of the triumvirs all opposition ceased. The bill became law, and Cæsar forced every senator to swear obedience to its provisions. Cato and some others made a struggle, but finally complied. Cicero looked on in blank perplexity.

Cæsar immediately followed up this successful movement by procuring from the people a full acknowledgment of Pompey's acts in the East. Here again the senate saw what they had captiously refused employed as a means for cementing the union of the triumvirs against them. It was also a great annoyance that the department of foreign affairs, which they regarded as absolutely their own, should thus unceremoniously be invaded by the assembly of the people.

The next step taken by the dexterous consul was to establish his credit with another class in the community, the Equites, who also (it may be observed) were especially favored both by Pompey and Cicero. The orator, during his consulship, had prided himself on effecting a union between the senatorial and equestrian orders. The tax-collectors (it seems) had made a high offer for the taxes of Asia at the last auction, and they prayed to be let off their contract. Cicero undertook their cause, and at the time when he relinquished office had good hopes of success. But Cato, always jealous of indulgent measures, opposed it with his utmost force, and the Equites were held strictly to their bargain. At Cæsar's suggestion, a law was passed remitting a third part of what they had agreed to give. The refusal of the senate appears to have been somewhat harsh; and the favor which they might have achieved with little loss was transferred to their most dangerous enemy.

Other popular laws, mostly beneficial in their tendency, were passed at the instance of Cæsar, among which may be noted one which at an earlier stage might have done much toward establishing the authority of the senate, by forcing it into harmony with public opinion. By the law in question it was provided that the acts and proceedings of the senate should be regularly published.

Before he quitted office, Cæsar determined to provide for his future power. The senate had assigned him the insignificant province of managing the forests and public pastures of Italy. But the tribune Vatinius, his creature, proposed a law by which the selection of consular provinces by the senate was suspended, and a special provision made for Cæsar. By this law he was invested, as proconsul, with the government of Cisalpine Gaul and Illyricum, and the command of two legions; and this government was conferred upon him for the extraordinary term of five years. No doubt his purpose in obtaining this province was to remain as near Rome as possible, and by means of the troops necessarily under his command to assume a commanding position with regard to Roman politics. Circumstances unexpectedly enlarged his sphere of action, and enabled him to add to his political successes that which his brief career in Spain hardly

justified—the character of a skilful and triumphant general. For some time past there had been threatening movements in Transalpine Gaul. The Allobrogi, who had been treated with little consideration after the services rendered by their envoys in the Catilinarian conspiracy, had endeavored to redress their grievances by arms, and had been subdued by Pontinus, one of the prætors employed by Cicero in the arrest at the Mulvian Bridge. The Æduans (who inhabited modern Burgundy), though in alliance with Rome, were suspected of having favored this revolt. On the banks of the Rhine the Snevi, a powerful German tribe, were threatening inroads which revived the memory of the Cimbric and Teutonic times; and the Helvetian mountaineers were moving uneasily within their narrow borders. An able and active commander was required to meet these various dangers; and the senate perhaps thought that by removing Cæsar to a distant, perilous, and uncertain war, they might expose him to the risk of failure, or at least that absence might diminish the prestige of his name. At any rate, it was the senate which added the province of Transalpine Gaul, with an additional legion, to the provinces already conferred upon him by popular vote. Pompey and Crassus warmly supported the decree—a fact which might have caused the senate to repent of their liberality.

Pompey, we have said, had divorced his wife Cæcilia on his return from Asia; and Cæsar took advantage of this circumstance to cement his political union with Pompey by offering to him the hand of Julia, his young and beautiful daughter. Pompey accepted the offer, and had no reason to repent it as a husband, whatever may be thought of its effect on his public career. The letters of Cicero to Atticus, written during this period, reveal in a very lively manner the perplexity of the orator. He still hoped against hope in Pompey, but in private he does not dissemble his misgivings. At length affairs took place which effectually opened his eyes. Early in the day he tries to put a good face upon the matter: he represents his union with Pompey as being so close that the young men nicknamed the great general *Cnæus Cicero*; he professes his unshaken confidence in his illustrious friend; he even hopes that they may be able to reform Cæsar. His confidence is much shaken by Pompey's approbation of Cæsar's agrarian law; and he begins to fear that the great Eastern conqueror—Sampsiceranus, Alabarches, the Jerusalemite (such are the names which he uses to indicate the haughty reserve of Pompey)—is aiming at a tyranny; then again he relents, affects to believe that young Curio, an ardent supporter of the senate, is more popular than Cæsar, and regrets Pompey's isolation. Still he believes in his unaltered attachment, and continues to hope that he will ultimately declare himself for the senate, till at length he is roused from his waking dream by the marriage of the great man with Julia, and by the approach of personal danger to himself.

During Cæsar's prætorship, he had lent the house which belonged

to him as chief pontiff for the celebration of the mysteries of the Bona Dea—rites at which it was not lawful for any but women to be present. Young App. Clodius either had or aspired to have an intrigue with Pompeia, Cæsar's third wife, and contrived to enter the forbidden precincts disguised as a singing girl. He was discovered by his voice; and the matter was considered important enough to be investigated by the senate. But nothing was done till the next year, when Clodius was quæstor. He was then brought to trial, and pleaded an alibi. Cæsar and Cicero were summoned as witnesses against him. Cæsar had divorced his wife in consequence of the affair, but professed ignorance of all that had passed. "Why, then," it was asked, "have you put away your wife?"—a question to which he gave the famous reply, "Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion." Cicero, on the other hand, who justly detested the profligate character of Clodius, declared that he had seen and spoken with Clodius on that very day at Rome. He thus overthrew his plea of an alibi, and followed up his evidence by several pointed speeches in the senate. There was no doubt of the guilt of Clodius. But the matter was treated as a trial of political strength; by corruption and other arts, he was acquitted; and, before Cæsar's consulship, he had conceived the desire of satisfying his vengeance upon Cicero and the senate by becoming tribune of the plebs. But his patrician pedigree—the sole relic of the old distinction between the orders—forbade his election to this office. Cæsar, in the first instance, attempted to gain the support of Cicero, as he had gained the support of Pompey, by promises. But though the orator received these advances with some pleasure, it was more in the hope of converting the popular statesman to his own opinion than with any thought of being converted. But Cæsar was not the man to be led by Cicero. He soon saw that he should not prevail by fair means, and therefore endeavored to alarm the orator by threatening to introduce a law for making Clodius a plebeian. But Cicero relied on Pompey, and felt no alarm for himself. After the marriage of Pompey with Julia, he still stood aloof, and presently provoked Cæsar to fulfil his threats. C. Antonius, Cicero's colleague in the consulship, had lately returned from his Macedonian government. He had been guilty of more than the usual measure of extortion and oppression, and Clodius sought popularity by impeaching him. Cicero appeared as his advocate, and took occasion to contrast his own forgotten services in the Catilinarian conspiracy with the present condition of public affairs. An immediate report of this speech was conveyed to Cæsar. It was delivered at noon, and the same afternoon Cæsar gave his consent to the proposed law for removing Clodius from his patrician rank. Presently after, the reckless young noble was elected tribune for the ensuing year—that is, for 58 B.C. Cicero was justly thrown into consternation.

The consular elections were equally disheartening. Cæsar had just espoused Calpurnia, the daughter of L. Piso, who also had been lately

accused by the busy Clodius. This Piso was now chosen consul, on Cæsar's recommendation, together with Au. Gabinius, who, as tribune, had moved the law for conferring the extraordinary command of the Mediterranean upon Pompey. It was evident that these consuls, one the father-in-law of Cæsar, the other a mere creature of Pompey, would serve as the tools of the triumviral cabal.

In December Clodius entered upon office as tribune. Cæsar did not set out for his province before the end of March in the next year (58 B.C.) During these three months, he was actively employed in removing from Rome the persons most likely to thwart his policy. Close to the gates lay the legions which he had levied for service in Gaul; so that, if need were, military force was at hand to support Clodius in the forum.

Immediately after entering upon office, the tribune began his assaults upon the senate, and Cicero was one of the first objects of his attack. Cæsar was determined at all risks to remove the orator from Rome; but he was willing to have spared him the rude treatment which he was certain to experience from Clodius. He had therefore offered him first one of the commissionerships for executing the agrarian law, and then a lieutenancy under himself in Gaul. But Cicero declined both offers, and Cæsar left him to the mercies of the vindictive tribune. Clodius at once gave notice of a bill enacting that any magistrate who had put Roman citizens to death without a regular trial should be banished from the soil of Italy, thus embodying in a direct law the principle which Cæsar had sought to establish by the indictment of Rabirius. At first Cicero trusted to Pompey and his own imaginary popularity. But the haste with which Cicero had acted was condemned by Metellus Nepos, the agent of Pompey, even before the league with Cæsar; and many who had applauded Cicero at the time now took part with Clodius. Finding also that the reckless tribune was supported by Cæsar and his legions in the background, the frightened orator put on mourning, and canvassed for acquittal. The greater part of the senators and knights, if we may believe Cicero, followed his example, but Clodius persevered, and the consuls ordered the mourners to resume their usual apparel. Notwithstanding this significant hint, he applied to these very magistrates for protection. Gabinius, the friend of Pompey, rudely repulsed his advances; Piso, the father-in-law of Cæsar, gave him fair words, but no real hope. As a last chance, he appealed to Pompey himself, who maintained the cold reserve which he had affected ever since his return, and told him, with what in truth was bitter mockery, to seek assistance from the consuls. In this desperate case he held counsel with his friends. The senators felt that Cicero's cause had become their own, and repented of the coldness which they had shown to their most distinguished partisan, since the time that he had served them well in the matter of Catiline's plot. Lucullus shook off his luxurious indolence for a moment, and ad-

vised an appeal to arms. But, after full deliberation, even Cato recommended the orator to leave Italy before the law passed, and wait for better times. He complied with a heavy heart—for Rome, the forum, and the senate-house, were all the world to him—and left the capital before Cæsar's departure for his province. No sooner was his back turned, than Sex. Clodius, a client of the audacious tribune, brought in a second bill, by which Cicero was expressly attacked by name. He was forbidden to approach within four hundred miles of Rome; all who harbored him within those limits were subjected to heavy penalties; all his property was confiscated. His favorite house on the Palatine, with his villas at Tusculum and at Formiæ, were to be destroyed. The great orator lingered on the southern shores of his beloved Italy, at Vibo, at Thurii, at Tarentum, at Brundisium, in hopes that his friends might even yet baffle the designs of Clodius. But his hopes faded and vanished. In his letters he pours forth unmanly lamentations; accuses all—Cato, Hortensius, even his friend Atticus; refuses to see his brother Quintus; and seriously debates the question of suicide. Atticus began to be alarmed for his friend's sanity. At length he crossed the sea, and sought refuge at Thessalonica, in Macedonia; for the province of Greece, in which he would fain have fixed his place of exile, was ruled by a magistrate of the adverse party.

The next person to be disposed of was Cato. This remarkable man has already come before us on one or two occasions which serve to indicate his character. He was great-grandson of the old censor, and resembled him in many points, though he wanted much of the politic shrewdness of his ancestor. He was five years younger than Cæsar, and at present therefore not more than thirty-seven years of age. In 65 B.C. he had served as quæstor, and had then entered the senate. He was tribune three years later in company with Clodius. From the time when his speech determined the fate of Catiline, his unflinching and resolute character had made him, notwithstanding his youth, one of the leaders of the senatorial oligarchy; and after the death of Catulus he took far the most determined part in opposing the popular party. But the Stoic philosophy which he professed almost unfitted him for the political life of that dissolute and unscrupulous age. He applied the rules of Zeno's inflexible logic with the same unflinching rigor to politics as to mathematics, without regard to times or persons or places, and treated questions of mere expedience as if they were matters of moral right and wrong. Cicero often complains of his impracticable and pedantic stiffness, and represents him as applying the principles of an Utopian philosophy to a state in the last condition of corruption. At times, however, party spirit overcame even Cato's scruples, and to gain a victory he forgot his philosophy. But no definite accusation could be brought against him as against Cicero; and therefore, to remove him from Rome, he was charged with a business of *apparent honor*. Ptolemy, brother

of the King of Egypt, was Prince of Cyprus ; and when Clodius was in the hands of the pirates this prince contributed the paltry sum of two talents toward his ransom. The tribune, who never forgot or forgave, brought in a law by which Cyprus was annexed to the Roman Empire ; and Cato, though he held no curule office, was invested with prætorian rank for the execution of this iniquitous business. Cato pretended not that he was ignorant of the real purpose of this mission. But he declared himself ready to obey the law, left Rome soon after Cicero's departure, and remained absent for about two years. When, therefore, Cæsar left Rome in the spring of the year 58 B.C. to assume the government of Gaul, the senate was left in a state of paralysis from the want of able and resolute leaders.

After Cæsar's departure, Clodius pursued his democratic measures without let or hindrance. He abolished the law of the comitial auspices by which Bibulus had attempted to thwart Cæsar in the former year. He distributed the freedmen and city rabble throughout all the tribes. He restored the trade-unions and companies, which had been abolished by the senate nine years before. He deprived the censors of the power of removing senators or degrading citizens, unless each person so dishonored had previously been found guilty by a verdict of the law courts, and unless both censors concurred in every sentence. He gave such an extension to the unwise corn laws of C. Gracchus and Saturninus, that grain, instead of being sold at a low rate, was distributed without price to all citizens of Rome. Some of these laws were probably based upon suggestions of Cæsar's. But even those of which he may have approved generally were passed in a form and in a manner of which he could not approve ; and of some he is known utterly to have disapproved. But for the time Clodius and his gang were masters of Rome. Cæsar was in Gaul. Neither Pompey nor Crassus stirred hand nor foot to interfere.

CHAPTER III.

CÆSAR IN GAUL—BREACH BETWEEN POMPEY AND CÆSAR. (58-50 B.C.)

It was but a few days after Cicero had left Rome that Cæsar received news from Gaul which compelled his precipitate departure. The Helvetians in great numbers were advancing upon Geneva, with the purpose of crossing the Rhone near that town, the extreme outpost of the province of Transalpine Gaul, and forcing their way through that province to seek new settlements in the West. In eight days, the active præconsul travelled from the gates of Rome to Geneva. Arrived there, he lined the river with fortifications such as compelled the Helvetians to pass into Gaul by a longer and more diffi-

cult route over the Jura; he then followed them across the Arar (Saone), and after a murderous battle near Bibracté (Autun in Burgundy), compelled the remnant to return to their own country.

Immediately after clearing the frontiers of the province of these invaders, he accepted the invitation of the Æduans and other Gauls dwelling westward of the Saone to expel from their borders a formidable German tribe, which had passed the Rhine and were threatening to overrun all Northern Gaul. These Suevi, who have left their name and a remnant of their race in modern Suabia, were led by a great chief named Ariovistus. Ariovistus at first proposed to divide Gaul with the Romans; but Cæsar promptly rejected all such overtures, and war followed. So alarmed were the Roman legionaries at the prospect of a contest with the Germans, huge in frame and multitudinous in number, that it required all Cæsar's adroitness to restore their confidence. "If," he said, "all deserted him, he would himself brave every hazard, and face the foe with the tenth legion alone." This had the desired effect. A desperate battle was fought about five miles from the Rhine, somewhere north of Bâle, in which the Germans were utterly defeated; and Ariovistus himself only escaped in a boat across the great river which was long destined to remain as the boundary between the Celtic and Teutonic races.

Thus in one campaign, not only the Roman province, but all Gaul, was delivered from the presence of those German invaders whose congeners in the time of Marius had overrun the whole country, and whose descendants at a later period gave to the conquered land its new name of France.

Cæsar's troops wintered in the heart of the country which he had just set free from the Suevian invaders. This position at once roused the jealousy of the Belgic tribes to the north of the Seine, and a powerful confederacy was formed to bar any designs which might be entertained by Cæsar for extending the dominion of Rome beyond its present limits. Cæsar, informed of their proceedings, did not wait to be attacked. He raised two new legions without expecting the authority of the senate, and early in the next year (57 B.C.) entered the Belgic territory, which was then bounded southward by the Seine and Marne. Here he occupied a strong position on the Aisne, and baffled all the efforts of the confederates to dislodge him or draw him out to battle. Wearied out, they dispersed, each to their own homes; and Cæsar advanced rapidly into the country of the Nervians, the most formidable people of the Belgic League, who then occupied the district between the Sambre and the Scheld. As he was forming his camp upon the right bank of the first-named river, he was surprised by the watchful enemy, and his whole army was nearly cut off. He retrieved the disaster only at the most imminent peril to himself, and had to do the duty both of a common soldier and a general. But when the first confusion was over, the Roman discipline prevailed; and the brave barbarians were repulsed with prodigious slaughter.

After this desperate battle, he received the submission of the whole country south of the Lower Rhine.

In the following year (56 B.C.), he built a fleet, and quickly reduced the amphibious people of Bretagne, who had defied his power and insulted his officers. He then attempted, but without success, to occupy a post at or near Martigny, in the Valais, for the purpose of commanding the Pass of the Pennine Alp (Great St. Bernard), received the submission of the Aquitanians in the extreme south through his young lieutenant P. Crassus, son of the triumvir, and himself chastised the wild tribes who occupied the coast-lands which now form Picardy, Artois, and French Flanders—the Menapii and the Morini, “remotest of mankind.” Thus in three marvellous campaigns, he seemed to have conquered the whole of Gaul, from the Rhine and Mount Jura to the Western Ocean. The brilliancy and rapidity of his successes silenced all questionings at Rome. No attempt was made to call him to account for levying armies beyond what had been allotted to him by law. Thanksgivings of fifteen days—an unprecedented length of time—were decreed by the senate.

The winter months of each year were passed by the proconsul on the Italian side of the Alps. After travelling through his Cisalpine province to hold assizes, inspect public works, raise money for his wars, and recruit his troops, he fixed his headquarters at Luca (Lucca)—a town on the very frontier of Roman Italy, within two hundred miles of Rome itself. Here he could hold easy communication with his partisans at home. Luca during his residence was more like a regal court than the quarters of a Roman proconsul. At one time two hundred senators were counted among his visitors; one hundred and twenty lictors indicated the presence of the numerous magistrates who attended his levees. This was in the spring of 56 B.C., when both Pompey and Crassus came to hold conference with him. To explain the object of this visit, we must know what had been passing at Rome since his departure two years before.

It has been mentioned that Clodius, supported by the consuls Piso and Gabinus, remained absolute at Rome during the year 58 B.C. But the insolence and audacity of the patrician tribune after the departure of Cæsar at length gave offence to Pompey. Clodius had obtained possession of the person of a son of Tigranes, whom the great conqueror had brought with him from the East: and in order to raise money for some of his political projects, the tribune accepted a large ransom for the young prince. The prætor L. Flavius, a creature of Pompey’s, endeavored to arrest the liberated prisoner: but Clodius interfered at the head of an armed force, and in the struggle which ensued several of Pompey’s adherents were slain. The great man was irreparably offended, and determined to punish the tribune by promoting the recall of Cicero, his chief enemy. Ever since the departure of the orator, his friends had been using all exertions to compass this end. His brother Quintus, who had lately returned from a three years

government in Asia, and was about to join Cæsar as one of his legates, his friend Atticus, who on this occasion forsook his usual epicurean ease, his old but generous rival Hortensius—all joined with his wife Terentia, a woman of masculine spirit, to watch every opportunity for promoting his interests. The province of Macedonia had been assigned by a law of Clodius to Piso; and Cicero, partly through fear of the new proconsul, partly through desire of approaching Italy, ventured before the end of the year to Dyrrhachium, though it was within the prescribed four hundred miles. But Pompey's quarrel with Clodius had already been announced by the election to the consulate of P. Lentulus Spinther, a known friend of Cicero, and Q. Metellus Nepos, a creature of Pompey.

An attempt had been already made in the senate to cancel the law by which Cicero had been banished, on the ground of its having been carried without regard to constitutional forms. But this attempt was stopped at once by tribunician veto, and the impatient orator was obliged to wait for the new year. The new consuls, on entering office (58 B.C.), immediately moved for the orator's recall; and it was proposed by L. Cotta that the law by which he was banished, being informal, should be set aside by the authority of the senate. But Pompey, both for the sake of peace, and also that Cicero might be restored with all honor and publicity, urged that a law should be brought in for the purpose. It was not, however, easy to carry such a law. Clodius, though no longer tribune, had adherents in the new college, who resolutely interposed their veto. The motion was dropped for the moment, but was presently renewed; and Clodius entered the forum at the head of a large retinue fully armed and prepared for any violence. A regular battle followed, which left Clodius master of the field. For some days Rome was at his mercy. With his own hand he fired the Temple of the Nymphs and destroyed the censorial registers. He attacked his enemies' houses, and many persons were slain in these riotous assaults. No public attempt was made to stop him. The consuls were powerless. Of Pompey and Crassus we hear not. But a young nobleman, named T. Annius Milo, bold and reckless as Clodius himself, raised a body of gladiators at his own charge, and succeeded in checking the lawless violence of the tribune by the use of violence no less lawless. The bill for Cicero's recall was now for the third time brought forward; and after long delays, caused by fresh interference of the Clodian tribunes, it was passed in the month of August.

Meantime the impatient orator had been writing letters from Thessalonica and Dyrrhachium, in which he continued to accuse his friends of coldness and insincerity. But when the law was passed, all the clouds vanished. Early in September, about a year and four months after his departure, he approached the city, and crowds attended him along the whole length of the Appian Way. From the Porta Capena to the Capitol, all the steps of the temples and every

place of vantage were thronged by multitudes, who testified their satisfaction by loud applause. For the moment, the popularity which had followed his consulship returned, and in honest pride he ascended to the Capitoline Temple to return thanks to the gods for turning the hearts of the people.

At this time there was a great scarcity of corn at Rome. This might in part be occasioned by the disturbed state of Egypt, one of the chief granaries of Italy. The king, Ptolemy Auletes, had lately been expelled by his subjects, and was now at Rome seeking aid from the senate to procure restoration to his throne. Whatever was the cause, the people, accustomed to be fed by the state, murmured loudly. Prices had fallen after the return of Cicero, and his friends attributed this cheapness to the orator's recall. But before his return to Rome, they had again risen ; and Clodius hastened to attribute this untoward change to the same cause. On the day after his triumphant entry, therefore, the orator appeared in the senate, and after returning thanks for his recall, he moved that an extraordinary commission should be issued to Pompey, by which he was to be intrusted with a complete control over the corn-market of the empire. The consuls eagerly closed with the proposal, and added that the commission should run for five years, with the command of money, troops, fleets, and all things necessary for absolute authority. The senate dared not oppose the hungry mob ; and the bill passed, though Pompey was obliged to relinquish the clauses which invested him with military power. He proved unable to influence prices, or, in other words, to force nature, and the coveted appointment resulted in unpopularity.

At the same time, handsome sums were voted to Cicero to enable him to rebuild his ruined houses, and to compensate him for the destruction of his property. Encouraged both by the favor of the senate and by his present popularity in the forum, he proceeded to institute a prosecution against Clodius for assuming the tribunate illegally, and for seditious conduct during his office. The reckless demagogue prepared to resist by means of his armed mob. But he received support from an unexpected quarter. Cato had returned from executing the hateful commission given him by Clodius. The helpless Prince of Cyprus, despairing of resistance, though Cato was unattended by an armed force, put an end to his own life, and the Roman, with rigorous punctuality, proceeded to sell all the royal property and reduce the island to the condition of a Roman province. On his return, he paid large sums into the treasury, insisted on his accounts being examined with minute scrutiny, and took pride in having executed his commission, without regard either to the justice of its origin, or to mercy in its execution. But this commission would become illegal were the tribunate of Clodius declared illegal. Cato, therefore, with the usual perversity of his logic, came forward as a warm defender of Clodius and the acts of his tribunate.

While the question was pending, fresh passions were excited by the application of Ptolemy Auletes. The king had consulted Cato during his sojourn in the East, though the Roman was at that time engaged in ruining the king's brother; and Cato had vainly advised him to procure restoration by any means rather than by application to Rome, whose assistance was only to be bought by ruin. But Ptolemy neglected the well-meant advice; and when he appeared at Rome to demand succor, every senator of influence claimed the lucrative task of giving back her king to Egypt. Pompey sought it; Crassus sought it; and the latter person now appears for the first time as the mover of a popular force, independent of his brother triumvirs. But the senate was too jealous of the triumvirs to increase their power—and all the great expectants of the Egyptian commission were disappointed. It was conferred, as if in the regular course of things, upon the late consul Lentulus Spinther, who had obtained the province of Cilicia; but the tribune C. Cato produced an oracle from the Sibylline Books which forbade the use of an army. Lentulus, therefore, obtained a commission without the power of executing it, and the question in reality was left open for future aspirants.

In the heat of this contest, Clodius had been elected ædile, and thus for the once escaped the impeachment which was menacing. The armed conflicts between him and Milo continued; and the consular election for the year 55 B.C. threatened to become the opportunity of serious bloodshed. The consuls of the current year (57 B.C.), Cn. Lentulus Marcellinus and L. Philippus, were decidedly in the interest of the senate; and they supported with their whole influence L. Domitius Ahenobarbus, brother-in-law of Cato and a determined antagonist of the triumviral cabal. This man threatened that his first act should be to recall Cæsar from his province. Pompey also and Crassus met with little favor from him. And thus common danger again united the three men who had lately been diverging. It was to concert measures for thwarting the reviving energy of the senate, that the ominous meeting at Luca was proposed and took effect. What passed between the three is only known from the results.

Pompey and Crassus returned to Rome from their interview at Luca fully pledged (as is evident from what followed) to prevent the election of Domitius and the recall of Cæsar. To fulfil both these conditions, they came forward themselves as joint candidates for a second consulship. The senate, however, had gathered courage of late. Milo held Clodius in check, and the consuls hindered the election of the powerful confederates by refusing to hold the comitia. The powers of government were in abeyance. The calends of January came, and there were no magistrates to assume the government. The young Crassus had just arrived in the neighborhood of Rome with a strong body of the Gallic veterans from Cæsar's army. Under the fear of violence, the senatorial chiefs drew back, and allowed Pompey and Crassus to assume the consul-

ship, as Marius and Cinna had assumed it, without any regular form of election. They immediately held comitia for the election of the other curule magistracies. Cato offered himself for the prætorship, but was defeated by Vatinius, a person chiefly known as a mercenary instrument of Cæsar's policy.

Soon after, further fruits of the conference of Luca appeared. The tribune, C. Trebonius, moved in the Assembly of Tribes that the consuls should receive special provinces for the space of five years—Syria being allotted to Crassus, Spain to Pompey. Whether the consuls intended to bring forward a supplementary law to extend Cæsar's command, or whether they purposed to break faith with their absent confederate, cannot be known. But the Cæsarian party at Rome exclaimed so loudly against the omission of their leader's name, that Pompey himself added a clause to the Trebonian law, by which Cæsar's government of the Gauls and Illyria was extended for an additional five years, to date from the expiration of the first term.* During the first day Cato obstructed the law by his old device of speaking against time. But when a second day seemed likely to be wasted in like manner, Trebonius committed him to prison. Two tribunes who threatened to interpose their veto were prevented from attending the assembly by the use of positive force.

Pompey endeavored to outdo even Cæsar in bidding for the favor of the people by magnificent spectacles. In his name, his freedman Demetrius erected the first theatre of stone which Rome had yet seen, and exhibited combats of wild beasts on a scale never before witnessed. Then for the first time a combat between elephants was witnessed in the arena.

Cicero after his return from exile had for a time eagerly engaged in professional pursuits. To pass over the speeches which he delivered with respect to himself and the restoration of his property in the year 57 B.C., we find him defending, among others, P. Sestius, M. Cælius, and L. Balbus, and the speeches he delivered as their advocate are full of interesting allusions to the state of political affairs. In the senate also he had taken an active part in the debates. Before the conference of Luca the triumviral cabal seemed shaken, and Pompey seemed to be roused from his apathy by the insolence of Clodius. At that juncture the orator ventured to move in the senate the repeal of Cæsar's law for dividing the Campanian lands, and his motion was warmly received by the leading senators. But after the conference a message was conveyed to him through Crassus which convinced him at once of the renewed union of the triumvirs, and of the danger which might again overtake him. He was, moreover, becoming disgusted with the senatorial chiefs. Lucullus, after spend-

* Vell. Pat. ii. 46. By the Vatinian law, Cæsar's command extended from the beginning of 58 to the end of 54 B.C.; by the Trebonian, from the beginning of 53 to the end of 49.

ing his latter days in profuse and ostentatious luxury, was sinking into a state of senile apathy. Hortensius, always more of an advocate than a statesman, was devoted to his fish-ponds and his plantations. With Cato the gentler nature of Cicero never acted harmoniously. The persons who were now rising to be chiefs of the senate, such as Domitius Ahenobarbus, Milo, and others, were as little loath to use lawless force as Clodius. It had been best for Cicero if he had taken the advice of his friend Atticus and retired altogether from public life, at a time when there seemed no place left for him on the field of politics. But he could not bring himself to give up those active and stirring pursuits which he had followed from youth upward. He could not bear to abandon the senate-house and forum; he would not join the violent members of the senatorial party; he dared not oppose the triumvirs. It was impossible to satisfy these conflicting fears and wishes without quitting the ranks of the senatorial oligarchy and joining the supporters of the triumviral cabal. The first step Cicero took with little regret; the second no doubt gave him much pain. Nevertheless he took it. Soon after the conference of Luca a change appeared in his politics. He spoke in favor of the prolongation of Cæsar's command, and pronounced a labored panegyric on Crassus, whom he had always disliked. To Cæsar he had been reconciled by his brother Quintus, who was a warm admirer of the great proconsul. The gallant son of Crassus, who had returned flushed with triumph from the Gallic wars was a devoted follower of Cicero; and perhaps personal feeling for the son supplied feelings and words which the father could not have claimed. It may well be supposed that Cicero was disgusted with the ferocity of Milo and the new senatorial chiefs. It is even possible that he really believed the best hope of moderate and regular government was from the triumvirs. At all events his letters written at this time show that he labored to convince his friends and perhaps himself that such was his belief.

In some points, however, it cannot be denied that Cicero carried his compliance beyond the limits even of political morality. Since the first extraordinary appointment of Pompey to command in the Mediterranean, it had become common to confer provinces and commands, not according to the provisions of the Sempronian law, but by special votes of the people. In this way the profligate Piso, Cæsar's father-in-law, had received the government of Macedonia, and Gabinius, Pompey's creature, that of Syria. These men had used their power in a manner now too common; Cicero had inveighed against them in his most vehement manner soon after his return, and the effect of his speech was such that Piso was recalled. Gabinius, meantime, had taken a daring step. Lentulus Spinther, proconsul of Cilicia, was (as has been said) unable to execute his commission of restoring Ptolemy Auletes. The king, therefore, applied to Gabinius, and by offer of enormous sums prevailed upon him to march to

Alexandria without waiting for a commission. Gabinius, by the aid of an armed force, had no difficulty in reinstating Ptolemy. This was during the consulship of Pompey and Crassus. Being superseded by Crassus in his Syrian government, Gabinius returned to Rome. He found the people infuriated against him for daring to lead an army into Egypt in despite of the Sibylline oracles, and he was impeached. By the influence of Pompey, doubtless, he was acquitted. But he was again indicted for extortion in his province, and Cicero, at the solicitation of Pompey, came forward to defend him. But this time he was condemned, no doubt most justly, and sought safety in exile.

The triumviral cabal now hastened to dissolution. In the year 54 B.C., Julia, the daughter of Cæsar and wife of Pompey, died in childbed. Though Pompey was old enough to be her father, she had been to him a loving and faithful wife. He on his part was so devoted to his young and beautiful consort, that ancient authors attribute much of his apathy in public matters to the happiness which he found in domestic life. This faithful attachment to Julia is the most amiable point in a character otherwise cold and unattractive. So much was Julia beloved by all, that the people voted her the extraordinary honor of a public funeral in the Campus Martius. Her death set Pompey free at once from ties which might long have bound him to Cæsar, and almost impelled him to drown the sense of his loss in the busy whirl of public life.

Meanwhile Crassus had left Rome for the East, and thus destroyed another link in the chain that had hitherto maintained political union among the triumvirs. Early in the year after his consulship (54 B.C.) he succeeded Gabinius in the government of Syria. His chief object in seeking this province was to carry the Roman arms beyond the Euphrates, and by the conquest of the Parthians to win fresh additions to his enormous fortune, while a great military triumph might serve to balance the conquests of Pompey in the same regions, and of Cæsar in Gaul. Toward the close of the year 53 B.C., about twelve months after the death of Julia, Rome was horror-struck by hearing that the wealthy proconsul and his gallant son had been cut off by the enemy, and that the greater part of his army had been destroyed.

The Parthians, a people originally found in the mountainous district to the south-west of the Caspian Sea, had, on the death of Alexander, fallen under the nominal sway of Seleucus and his successors on the Græco-Syrian throne. As that dynasty fell into decay, the Parthians continually waxed bolder; till at the time of the great Mithridatic war we find their king Pharnaces claiming to be called king of kings, and exercising despotic power over the whole of Persia and the adjacent countries to the Euphrates westward. Their capital was fixed at the Greek city of Seleucia on the Tigris; and **here** the king maintained a court in which the barbaric splendor of

the East was strangely mingled with the frugal refinements introduced by the Greek settlers and adventurers, who abounded in all quarters. They possessed a numerous cavalry, clad in light armor, used to scour the broad plains of the countries they overran, trained to disperse like a cloud before regular troops, but to fire on the advancing enemy as they fled. Orodes, their present king, already threatened with an attack by Gabinius, was not unprepared for the war which Crassus lost no time in beginning.

In the first year of his proconsulship, Crassus was too late for a serious attack; but early in the next spring (53 B.C.) he advanced in strength from the Euphrates, at the head of a well-appointed army. Artabazus, the present king of Armenia, who, through fear of the Parthian monarch, was sincerely attached to Rome, wished the proconsul to take Armenia as a basis of operations, and to descend the valley of the Tigris, so as to avoid the open plains, where the Parthian horsemen, seconded by the heat of summer, would act against him at terrible advantage. C. Cassius Longinus, the most experienced officer of the proconsul—a man who afterward became famous as the chief author of Cæsar's death—took the same view. But Crassus was impatient, and, neglecting all advice, marched straight across the plains. What was foretold happened. The Parthians, avoiding a general battle, drew on the Romans into the heart of Mesopotamia, till the legionaries, faint with heat and hunger, could advance no farther. As they began to retreat, they were enveloped by a crowd of horsemen, and pursued by a great army commanded by Surenas, a principal officer of Orodes. At Charra, the Haran where Abraham once dwelt, he halted and offered battle. It was accepted, and the proconsul was defeated. Still he contrived to make good his retreat, and was within reach of the mountains that skirt the western side of the great plain of Mesopotamia when he was induced to accept a conference offered by the treacherous Surenas. At this conference he was seized and slain, as the chiefs of the ten thousand had been dealt with three centuries before. His head was sent to Orodes, who ordered molten gold to be poured into the mouth. Young Publius, the friend of Cæsar and Cicero, fell in the struggle, fighting valiantly for his father. Cassius alone of the chief officers did the duty of a general, and succeeded in drawing off his division of the army in safety to the Roman frontiers. For two years he continued to defend the province against the Parthian assaults, till in 51 B.C. a decisive victory on the confines of Cilicia and Syria checked their advances, and enabled Cassius to hand over the latter province in a peaceful condition to Bibulus.

Meanwhile Cæsar in Gaul was also involved in unexpected difficulties. In his three first campaigns (58–56 B.C.) as has been said, he seemed to have reduced all Gaul to silent submission. In the two next years he was engaged in expeditions calculated rather to aston-

ish and dazzle men's minds at Rome than necessary to secure his conquests. Fresh swarms of Germans had begun to cross the Rhine near Coblenz.* He defeated them near that place with slaughter so terrible that upward of 150,000 men are said to have been slain by the sword or to have perished in the Rhine. To terrify them still further, he threw a bridge over the broad river at a spot probably between Coblenz and Andernach, which was completed in ten days—a miracle of engineering art. He then advanced into Germany, burning and destroying, and broke up his bridge as he retired. Cæsar's account of the victory of Coblenz was not received with the same applause in the senate as had welcomed the triumphs of previous years. It appeared that the German chiefs had come into the Roman camp, that Cæsar detained them on the ground that they had broken an armistice, and while they were captives had attacked their army. The facts as narrated by himself bear an appearance of ill faith. Cato rose in the senate, and proposed that Cæsar should be delivered up to the Germans, as an offering in expiation of treachery. But such a proposition came with an ill grace even from Cato's mouth. Few Romans acknowledged the duty of keeping faith with barbarians; and if Cæsar had not been the enemy of the senatorial party, probably nothing would have been said of his treachery. But however this might be, it is clear that the decree would have been an empty threat. Who could have been found to "bell the cat"? Who would or could have arrested Cæsar at the head of his legions?

It was in the autumn of the same year (55 B.C.) that he passed over into our own island, taking ship probably at Witsand near Calais, and landing on the open beach near Deal. In the next year he repeated the invasion of Britain with a much larger force, marched up the Stour, took Canterbury, crossed the Thames above London, probably near Walton, defeated Cassivelaunus, the gallant chief of the Trinobantes, and took their town, which stood probably on the site of the modern St. Albans. Little result followed from these expeditions except to spread the terror of the Roman name, and to afford matter of wonderment at Rome. Cicero's curiosity about these unknown lands was satisfied by letters from his brother Quintus, and from C. Trebatius Testa, a learned lawyer, who attended Cæsar in a civil capacity at the recommendation of Cicero himself.†

But it was soon discovered how hollow was the pacification of Gaul. During the winter of 54–53 B.C., Cæsar had spread his troops in winter-quarters over a wide area. Ambiorix, a crafty and able chief of the Eburones, a half-German tribe on either side of the Meuse, assaulted the camp of Cotta and Sabinus, and by adroit cunning contrived to cut off two legions. He then attacked Q. Cicero. But this effi-

* It seems certain that this is what Cæsar means by "ad confluentem Mosam et Rhenum," *Bell. Gall.* iv. 15. The *Mosa* here must be the *Moselle*, not the *Meuse*—or else *Mosulæ* must be restored.

† *Epist. ad Att.* iv. 16, 13; 17, 3; *ad Quintum Fratrem*, ii. 16, 4.

cer, though stationed in the hostile country of the Nervii with one legion only, gallantly defended his camp till he was relieved by Cæsar himself, who had not yet, according to his custom, left Transalpine Gaul. Alarmed by the general insurrection which was threatened by these bold movements of Ambiorix, Cæsar asked Pompey to lend him a legion from his Spanish army; and his request was granted at once. The next year's campaign quelled the attempt of Ambiorix, and Cæsar returned to Italy during the winter of 53-52 B.C., where his presence was needed, as we shall presently hear. But in the years 52 and 51 B.C. all central Gaul rose against the Romans, under the able conduct of Vercingetorix, chief of the Arvernians. The combined Gauls for the most part declined open conflicts, and threw themselves into towns fortified with great skill and defended with great obstinacy. But, notwithstanding some reverses, the rapid movements and steady resolution of Cæsar and his officers triumphed. The last hope of the Gauls lay in the strong fortress of Avaricum (Bourges); and when this at last yielded, all actual resistance was at an end. But for the two next winters he was again obliged to winter beyond the Alps; and by the beginning of the year 50 B.C., the ninth of his command, he had conquered the whole country, and reduced every murmur to silence. This conquest was achieved at a fearful loss of life. Nearly a million of Gauls and Germans are computed to have been sacrificed in those eight years of war. Cæsar was humane in the treatment of his fellow-citizens; but, like a true Roman, he counted the lives of barbarians as naught.

While therefore Crassus was engaged, never to return, in the East, and Cæsar was occupied with serious dangers in Gaul, Pompey, no longer bound by marriage ties, was complete master of Rome. Contrary to all precedent, he sent lieutenants to govern Spain in his stead, pleading his employment as curator of the corn market as a reason for his remaining at home. As a matter of form, he lived outside the city at his Alban villa, and never appeared publicly at least within the walls of Rome. But he did not the less keep a watchful eye on political events. At present, indeed, he interfered little. He seems to have expected that the condition of things would at length become so desperate, and all government so impossible, that all orders would unite in proclaiming him dictator. In 54 B.C. consuls were elected who were more in the interest of the senate than of the popular party, probably by a free use of money. When the elections for 53 B.C. approached, several tribunes of the popular party bound themselves together, and by their veto prevented all elections whatsoever; and for eight months the city was left in a state of anarchy, without any responsible government. At length two consuls were chosen; but when they proposed to hold the comitia for the elections of 52 B.C., the same scenes were renewed. The tribunes obstinately refused to permit any elections; and when the calends of January came round, there were no

magistrate to assume the government. But in a few days an event happened which completely altered all political relations.

We may attribute all the late movements of the tribunes to the inspiration of Clodius. In Cæsar's absence he had become the leader of the popular party. During the present interregnum, he came forward as candidate for the prætorship, while his enemy Milo sought to be consul. On the 18th of January, 52 B.C., Milo was travelling with his wife and family, attended (as usual) by a strong armed retinue, along the Appian Road to Lanuvium, where he held a municipal office. Near Bovillæ he met Clodius riding with a small number of attendants also armed. A quarrel arose among the servants; Clodius mingled in the fray, and, being wounded, took refuge in a tavern. Milo, determined not to suffer for an imperfect act of violence, surrounded the house, drew forth his wounded enemy, and left him dead upon the road. The body was picked up by a friend soon after, and carried to Rome. Here it was exposed in the forum, and a dreadful riot arose. The houses of Milo and other senatorial chiefs were assaulted, but they were strongly built and prepared for defence, and the populace was beaten off. But the furniture of the curia, the ancient meeting-place of the senate, was seized to make a funeral-pile to the deceased demagogue; the curia itself and other buildings were involved in flames. Every day witnessed a fresh riot, till the senate named Pompey as head of a commission to restore order. This was done; and it was supposed that he would have been appointed dictator at once, had not Cæsar been at Luca during this winter, watching for a false move of the party opposed to him. To avoid a direct collision, Cato and Bibulus recommended that Pompey should be named as sole consul. Milo was soon after brought to trial for the death of Clodius. Cicero was his advocate, and had exerted himself to the utmost to prepare a speech in justification of the slaughter of Clodius. The jury were willing to have acquitted Milo. But Pompey was anxious to get rid of a citizen as troublesome on the one side as Clodius had been on the other: and he placed soldiers at every avenue of the court for the purpose, as he said, of preserving order. This unwonted sight, and the fear of popular violence, robbed Cicero of his eloquence and the judges of their courage. Milo was condemned, and fled to Marseilles. Cicero sent him there a written speech, such (he said) as he intended to have spoken. Milo, who knew no fear, sarcastically replied, that "he was glad that it had not been delivered; else he should not then have been eating the fine mullets of Marseilles."

Pompey had now reached the height of his ambition. He was virtually raised to the position of dictator, without being bound to any party—popular or senatorial. But from this time he seems to have made up his mind to break with Cæsar, and to put himself at the head of the senatorial nobility without binding himself to its traditional policy. He married Cornelia, the daughter of Metellus Scipio, a lead

ing member of the aristocracy, and on the 1st of August associated his new father-in-law in the consulship with himself. He repealed some of the democratic measures of Clodius, and made rules for the better conduct of elections, and the assignment of provinces. He struck indirectly at Cæsar by several new enactments. He procured a decree of the senate by which his government of Spain was prolonged for five years longer, whereas Cæsar's command in Gaul would terminate in little more than two years. By this law Pompey calculated that he would be able to keep his own army on foot after the Gallic conqueror had disbanded his. In anticipation of Cæsar's seeking to obtain a second consulship, it was further provided that no one should hold a province till five years had elapsed from the end of his tenure of office. By this law Pompey calculated that his rival would be left for this period without any military force. It is strange that Pompey, with the intimate knowledge that he ought to have gained of Cæsar's character during his long political connection with him, should not have foreseen that a man so resolute and so ambitious would break through the cobwebs of law by the strong hand.

Pompey was disappointed in his hope of remaining as supreme arbiter of the fate of Rome, without joining heart and hand with the senatorial nobility. The men who were now coming forward as leaders of that party were men of action. Lucullus was dead. Hortensius also was dead to public life. Cicero left Rome at this moment to assume the government of Cilicia in virtue of the law just passed by Pompey, by which magistrates lately in office were excluded from government; for it was added, that the present need should be supplied by those consulars or prætorians who had not yet held governments. The orator was absent from the beginning of 51 to the end of 50 B.C., and during this time the chief authority in the senate belonged to the brothers M. Marcellus and C. Marcellus, who held the consulship successively in the above-named years, together with Domitius Ahenobarbus and others, who hated Pompey almost as much as Cæsar. The people of Rome and Italy looked on with little interest. They had no sympathy either with Pompey or the senate, and Cæsar's long absence had weakened his influence in the forum. It was simply a dispute for power, between the senatorial nobility on the one hand and two military chiefs on the other. These chiefs at first united against the senate, and then parted so irreconcilably that one of them was thrown into a forced alliance with that body. Pompey and the senatorial leaders agreed only in one point—the necessity of stripping Cæsar of power.

CHAPTER IV.

SECOND CIVIL WAR—DEATH OF POMPEY. (50-48 B.C.)

THE senatorial chiefs had resolved to break with Cæsar. The attack was commenced by the consul M. Marcellus, in September, 51 B.C. The proconsul had at that time just succeeded in putting down the formidable insurrection organized by Vercingetorix, and the fact of his complete success could not yet be known at Rome. It was the eighth year of his command, and therefore little more than two years were yet to run before he became a private citizen. He had, however, already intimated his intention of offering himself for the consulship, either in the next year or the year after that, in order that he might, by continued tenure of office, be safe from the prosecution with which he was threatened on laying down his proconsular command; and it was intended to ask permission of the senate that he might become a candidate without returning to Rome. For, if he continued to be proconsul, he could not legally enter the gates; and if he ceased to be proconsul, he would be exposed to personal danger from the enmity of the senatorial chiefs. But M. Marcellus was not content to wait to try the matter on this issue. On his motion a decree was passed, by which the consuls of the next year were ordered at once to bring before the senate the question of redistributing the provincial governments; and clauses were added providing, first, that no tribune should be allowed to interpose his veto; secondly, that the senate would take upon themselves the task of providing for Cæsar's veterans. The purpose of this decree was manifest. It was intended at the beginning of the next year to supersede Cæsar, though the law gave him two years more of command in Gaul; it was intended to stop the mouth of any tribune in Cæsar's interest; it was intended to sap the fidelity of his soldiers, by tempting them with hopes of obtaining lands in Italy.

But the movement was too open and unadvised. Ser. Sulpicius, the other consul, though a member of the senatorial party, opposed it, and it was allowed to fall to the ground. Still a move had been made, and men's minds were familiarized with the notion of stripping Cæsar of his command.

Cæsar felt that the crisis was at hand. The next year of his Gallic government he spent in organizing Gaul. All symptoms of insurrection in that country were at an end. The military population had suffered too terribly to be able to resume arms. The mild and equitable arrangements of Cæsar gave general satisfaction. The Gallic chiefs and cities began to prefer the arts of Roman civilization to their own rude state. There can be little doubt that if Cæsar had been reduced

to play the part of Sertorius in Gaul, he would have been able to do so with eminent success.

He did not, however, neglect precautions at home. Of the new consuls (for the year 50 B.C.), C. Marcellus, brother of Marcus, the late consul, was his known and declared enemy; but L. Æmilius Paullus had been secretly won by a share of the gold which the conqueror had collected during his long command. Among the tribunes of the year was a young man named M. Scribonius Curio, son of one of Sylla's most determined partisans. His talents were ready, his eloquence great, his audacity incomparable. He had entered upon political life at an extremely early age, and was a leader among those young nobles who had hoped to profit by Catiline's audacity, and whom Cicero ten years before designated as "the bloodthirsty youth." Since that time he had attached himself to Cicero; and the credulous orator was pleased to think that he had reclaimed this impetuous and profligate young man. But Cicero was not the only person who had attempted to sway the pliant will of Curio. Cæsar also, or his Gallic gold, had made a convert of him. The nobles, ignorant of this secret, promoted his election to the tribunate, and thus unwarily committed power to a bold and uncompromising foe.

M. Cælius Rufus, another profligate youth of great ability, whom Cicero flattered himself he had won over to what he deemed the side of honor and virtue, was also secretly on Cæsar's side. During the whole of the orator's absence in Cilicia, this unprincipled young man kept up a brisk correspondence with him, as if he was a firm adherent of the senatorial party. But on the first outbreak of the quarrel he joined the enemy.

A third person, hereafter destined to play a conspicuous part in civil broils, now appeared at Rome as the avowed friend and partisan of Cæsar. This was young M. Antonius, better known as Mark Antony, son of M. Antonius Creticus, and therefore grandson of the great orator. His uncle, C. Antonius, had been consul with Cicero, and had left a dubious reputation. His mother was Julia, daughter of L. Cæsar, consul in the year before Cicero held the office, a distant relation of the great Cæsar. Antony had served under Gabinius in the East, and for the last two years had been one of Cæsar's officers in Gaul. He now came to Rome to sue for the augurate, vacant by the death of the orator Hortensius; and, assisted by Cæsar's influence and his own great connections, he was elected. He was thirty-three years of age, as ready of tongue, as bold and unscrupulous in action as Curio, and appropriately offered himself to be elected as successor to that young adventurer in the College of Tribunes. Thus, for the year 50 B.C. Cæsar's interests were watched by Curio, and in the year 49 B.C. Antony succeeded to the task.

C. Marcellus did not venture to revive, in 50 B.C., the bold attack which had been made by M. Marcellus in the preceding year. But at Pompey's suggestion, it was represented that a Parthian war was

imminent, and both the rivals were desired to furnish one legion for service in the East. Cæsar at once complied. Pompey evaded the demand by asking Cæsar to return the legion which had been lent by himself after the destruction of the two legions by Ambiorix. This request also Cæsar obeyed, so that in fact both legions were withdrawn from his army. Their employment in the East proved to be a mere pretext. They were both stationed at Capua, no doubt to overawe the Campanian district, which, since the agrarian law of Cæsar's consulship, had been completely in his interest.

Any further assault was anticipated by a proposal made by Curio. It was that both Pompey and Cæsar should resign their commands and disband their armies; "this was but fair," he said, "for both; nor could the will of the senate and people of Rome be considered free while Pompey was at hand with a military force to control their deliberations and their votes." But the senate turned a deaf ear to this dexterous proposal, and the year closed as it began, without any approach to a peaceful settlement. Curio now threw off all disguise, and openly avowed himself the agent of Cæsar in the senate.

The consuls for the ensuing year (49 B.C.) were L. Lentulus Crus, and another C. Marcellus, cousin-german of the two brothers who had preceded him. Both were in the interest of Pompey. Scarcely had they entered upon office, when the crisis which had been so long suspended arrived.

On the calends of January,* letters from Cæsar were laid before the senate by Curio, in which the proconsul expressed his readiness "to accept the late tribune's proposal that Pompey and himself should both resign their military power; as soon as he was assured that all soldiers were removed from the neighborhood of Rome, he would enter the gates as a private person, and offer himself candidate for the consulship." Warm debates followed, in which Metellus Scipio,† Pompey's father-in-law, and Cato urged that Cæsar should be declared a public enemy, unless he laid down his command by a certain day. But even this did not satisfy the majority. Not only was Cæsar outlawed, but on the 6th of January a decree was framed investing the consuls with dictatorial power, in the same form that had been used against C. Gracchus, against Saturninus, against Catiline. On the following night, Mark Antony, who had vainly essayed to stem the tide, fled from the city, together with his brother tribune, Q. Cassius Longinus, brother of the more famous C. Cassius.

The die was now cast. Cæsar had no longer any choice. He must either offer an armed resistance or save himself by flight.

* Strictly speaking, the year 49 B.C. had not yet begun; for the Roman calendar was now nearly two months in advance of the real time: Jan. 1st, 705 A.U.C.=Nov. 13th, 50 B.C. See Fischer's *Römische Zeitafeln*, p. 221.

† He was a Scipio by birth, being great-grandson of Scipio Nasica (nicknamed *Serapio*), the slayer of Ti. Gracchus, and was adopted by Metellus Pius.

There can be no doubt that both parties were unprepared for immediate war. Cæsar had but one legion in Cisalpine Gaul; for the long hesitation of his enemies made him doubt whether they would ever defy him to mortal conflict. Pompey knew the weakness of his rival's forces. He also knew that Labienus, the most distinguished of Cæsar's officers, was ready to desert his leader, and he believed that such an example would be followed by many. He calculated that Cæsar would not dare to move forward, or that if he did he would fall a victim to his own adventurous rashness. For himself he had one legion close to Rome, Cæsar's two legions at Capua; and Sylla's veterans were, it was supposed, ready to take arms for the senate at a moment's notice. "I have but to stamp my foot," said the great commander, "and armed men will start from the soil of Italy."

But Cæsar's prompt audacity at once remedied his own want of preparation, and disconcerted all the calculations of his opponents. At the close of the preceding year, after a triumphant reception in the cities of Cisalpine Gaul, he had stationed himself with the single legion, of which we spoke just now, at Ravenna. Here he was surprised by letters announcing the decree of the 6th of January. His resolution was at once taken. He reviewed his legion, addressed them, and without betraying what had happened, ascertained their readiness to follow whithersoever he led. At nightfall he left Ravenna secretly, crossed the Rubicon, which divided his provinces from Italy, and at daybreak entered Ariminum.* Here he met the tribunes Antony and Q. Cassius, on their way from Rome. His legion arrived soon after, and orders were sent off to the nearest troops in Transalpine Gaul to follow his steps with all speed. But he waited not for them. With his single legion, he appeared before Picenum, Fanum, Ancona, Iguvium, Auximum, and Asculum. All these towns surrendered without a blow, and thus by the beginning of February Cæsar was master of all Umbria and Picenum. By the middle of that month he had been reinforced by two additional legions from Gaul, and was strong enough to invest the fortress of Corfinium, in the Pelignian Apennines. But this place was vigorously defended by the energetic Domitius Ahenobarbus, accompanied by a number of senators. At the close of a week, however, news came that Pompey and the consuls had marched southward from Capua; and Domitius, finding himself utterly unsupported, surrendered at discretion. Cæsar allowed him and all his senatorial friends to go their way, and to take with them a large sum of public money, even without exacting a promise that they would take no further part in the war. On entering the town he strictly ordered that his

* This is Cæsar's simple narrative. The dramatic scene, in which he is represented as pausing on the banks of the Rubicon, and anxiously weighing the probable consequences of one irremediable step, is due to rhetorical writers of later times.

men should abstain, not only from personal violence, but even from petty pillage. Reports had been industriously spread that the pro-consul's troops were not Romans but Gauls, ferocious barbarians, whose hands would be against every Italian as their natural enemy. The politic humanity which he now showed produced the more surprise, and had a great effect in reconciling to his cause many who had hitherto stood aloof. Almost all the soldiers of Domitius took service under the lenient conqueror.

After the fall of Corfinium, Cæsar hastened onward through Apulia in pursuit of Pompey. By successive reinforcements, his legions had now been swelled to the number of six. But when he arrived at Brundisium, on the 9th of March,* he found that the consuls had sailed for Dyrrhaeum, though Pompey was still in the Italian port. The town was too strong to be taken by assault; and nine days after Cæsar appeared before its walls, Pompey embarked at leisure and carried his last soldier out of Italy. Disappointed of his prey, Cæsar returned upon his steps, and reached Rome upon the 1st of April,† where M. Antony, after receiving the submission of Etruria, had prepared the way for his reception. The people, on the motion of the same tribune, gave Cæsar full power to take what money he desired from the treasury, without sparing even the sacred hoard which had been set apart after the invasion of the Gauls, and had never since been touched except in the necessities of the Hannibalic war. There was no longer any need of a reserve fund against the Gauls, it was argued, now that the Gauls had become peaceful subjects of the republic. Notwithstanding this vote, the senatorial tribune, L. Metellus, a son of Metellus Creticus, refused to produce the keys of the treasury, and, when Cæsar ordered the doors to be broken open, endeavored to bar his passage into the sacred chamber. "Stand aside, young man," said Cæsar, "it is easier for me to do than to say."‡

He was now master of Italy, as well as Gaul. To pursue Pompey to Epirus was impossible, because the senatorial officers swept the sea with a large and well-appointed fleet, and Cæsar had very few ships at his disposal. Moreover, in Spain, which had been subject to Pompey's rule for the last five years, there was a veteran army, ready to enter Italy as soon as he left it. The remainder of the season, therefore, he resolved to occupy in the reduction of that army.

On his way to Spain, he found that Marseilles, the chosen retreat of Milo, being by its aristocratical form of government attached to the senatorial party, had declared for Pompey. Leaving Dec. Brutus

* *I.e.*, the 9th of March of the current Roman year = Jan. 17th, 49 B.C., of our time.

† Feb. 9th, of our time.

‡ *Plut. Vit. Cæs.* c. 35, Cicero *ad Att.* x. 4, and other authors. Cæsar himself tells us that Lentulus the consul left the treasury open (*Bell. Civ.* i. 13). Metellus, then, must have locked it after the flight of Pompey.

with twelve ships, and C. Trebonius with a body of troops, to blockade the town both by sea and land, he continued his march, and crossed the Pyrenees early in the summer. Hither Spain was held by L. Afranius, an old officer of Pompey, whom he had raised to the consulship in 60 B.C., and M. Petreius, the experienced soldier who had destroyed the army of Catiline. Farther Spain was intrusted to the care of the accomplished M. Terentius Varro.

Near Ilerda (Lerida), on the river Sieoris, an affluent of the Ebro, Cæsar was encountered by the Pompeian leaders. He gives us a very full account of the movements which followed, from which it is pretty clear that so far as military science went, Cæsar was outgeneralled by Petreius. At one time he was in the greatest peril from a sudden rising in the river, which cut him off from all his supplies. He released himself by that fertility of resource which distinguished him. He had seen in Britain boats of wicker, covered with hide, such as are still used on the Severn under the name of coracles; a number of them were secretly constructed, and by their help he re-established his communications. But whatever might be his military inferiority, yet over the weak Afranius and the rude Petreius his dexterity in swaying the wills of men gave him an unquestioned superiority. Avoiding a battle always, he encouraged communications between his own men and the soldiers of the enemy; at length the Pompeian leaders, finding themselves unable to control their own troops, were obliged to surrender their command. Two thirds of their force took service with the politic conqueror.

Varro, in Farther Spain, by dexterous intrigue, contrived to evade immediate submission. But after a vain attempt to collect a force, he surrendered to the conqueror at Corduba (Cordova), and was allowed to go where he pleased. Before autumn closed, all Spain was at the feet of Cæsar, and was committed to the government of Q. Cassius, the tribune who had supported his cause at Rome. Being thus secured from danger in the West, he hastened to return into Italy.

As he passed through Southern Gaul he found that Marseilles still held out against Dec. Brutus and Trebonius. The defence had been most gallant. The blockade by sea had been interrupted by a detachment from Pompey's fleet; and the great works raised by the besiegers on land had been met by counter-works of equal magnitude on the part of the besieged. But Trebonius had perseveringly repaired all losses; and on the arrival of Cæsar, the Massilians surrendered themselves with a good grace. As in all other cases, he treated them with the utmost clemency.

On reaching Italy, he was obliged to turn aside to Placentia for the purpose of quelling a mutiny that had arisen in a legion which had been left there, and which complained that promises of discharge and reward made to them had not been kept. His presence at once suppressed the mutiny. But he selected twelve of the ringleaders for capital punishment. Among these twelve was one who proved that

he had been absent when the mutiny broke out. In his place the centurion who accused him was executed.

During his absence in Spain, M. Æmilius Lepidus, whom he had left as prefect of the city to govern Italy, had named him dictator. From Placentia he hastened to Rome and assumed the great dignity thus conferred upon him. But he held it only eleven days. In that period he presided at the comitia, and was there elected consul, together with P. Servilius Isauricus, one of his old competitors for the chief pontificate. He also passed several laws. One of these restored all exiles to the city, except Milo, thus undoing one of the last remnants of Sylla's dictatorship. A second provided for the payment of debts, so as to lighten the burdens of the debtors without satisfying the democratic cry for a complete abolition of all contracts. A third conferred the franchise on the eitizens of Transpadane Gaul, who had since the Social war enjoyed the Latin right only.

Of the doings of his lieutenants in other quarters during this memorable year, Cæsar did not receive accounts at all commensurate with his own marvellous success. In Illyria, P. Cornelius Dolabella, son-in-law of Cicero, who had joined the conqueror, had been disgracefully beaten, and Caius, brother of Mark Antony, taken prisoner, so that all the eastern coast of the Adriatic was now in the hands of the Pompeians.

Curio had been sent to occupy Sicily, where Cato commanded in the name of the senate. The philosopher, having no force adequate to resist, retired from the unequal contest, and joined Pompey in Epirus. Curio then passed over to Africa, where the Pompeian general Varus held command. He took the field, and was at first defeated by Curio. But presntly Juba, King of Mauritania, appeared in the field as an ally of the senatorial party; and Curio was obliged in his turn to retreat before the combined forces of the enemy, till he took refuge in the famous camp of Scipio. From this position he was drawn out by a feigned retreat of the African prince; and being surprised by an overpowring force, he was defeated and slain. Africa, therefore, as well as all the eastern world, remained in the hands of the Pompeians, while Italy, Gaul, and Spain owned the authority of Cæsar.

Cicero had returned from his Cilician province to Rome, while the debates were being held which issued in the decree of the 6th of January. During his two years' government he had nearly been engaged in very serious warfare with the Parthians. But C. Cassius as we have mentioned, gave them so severe a blow that Cicero's military abilities were only tested in reducing some of the wild mountain tribes who infested the borders of his province. He claimed a triumph for these achievements, and therefore would not enter the walls of the city to be present at the termination of these momentous debates. The oration of his triumph was soon forgotten in the rapid course of events which followed, and he retired to his Formian

villa, still attended by his lictors with their fasces wreathed in laurel. From this place he went frequently to have interviews with Pompeian leaders on their retreat through Campania. At the same time many of his personal friends, Curio, Cælius, Dolabella, Balbus, Trebatius, and others had joined Cæsar, and wrote to him urging him to make common cause with their generous leader. On his return from Brundisium to Rome, Cæsar himself visited him. But the orator could not be prevailed upon to forsake the cause of the senate; and after long hesitation, about the end of May he took ship and joined Pompey in the East.

During the whole of the preceding year, Pompey had been actively engaged in levying and disciplining an army for the ensuing campaign. He was bitterly censured by many of his party for quitting Italy without a blow. But it may be concluded that when he was surprised by Cæsar's rapid advance, the only troops besides those under Domitius at Corfinium were the two legions lately sent from Gaul by Cæsar; and these (it may well be supposed) he dared not trust to do battle against their old commander.

It is probable, therefore, that he was really compelled to quit Italy. But his fleet was now so large that it would have been easy for him to have regained Italian soil. He made no attempt to cross the sea; and we may therefore assume that he purposely chose Epirus as the ground for battle. He had all the East behind him, long used to reverence his name, and at the head of an army out of Italy he was less likely to be thwarted by the arrogant senatorial chiefs, who hated him while they used him. Such especially was Domitius Ahenobarbus, who loudly complained that he had been deserted at Corfinium.

His headquarters were fixed at Thessalonica, the chief city of the province of Macedonia. Here the senators who had fled from Italy met and formed a senate, while the chief officers assumed titles of authority. Pompey had employed the time well. The provinces and kings of the East filled his military chest with treasure; he had collected seven Roman legions, with a vast number of irregular auxiliaries from every surrounding monarchy, and a powerful force of well-appointed cavalry; large magazines of provisions and military stores were formed; above all, a fleet, increasing every day in numbers, was supplied by the maritime states of Illyria, Greece, Asia Minor, Phœnicia, and Egypt. Bibulus, the old adversary of Cæsar, took the command as admiral-in-chief, supported by able lieutenants. With this naval force actively employed, it was hoped that it would be made impossible for Cæsar to land in Epirus. But here again his happy audacity frustrated all regular opposition.

Cæsar arrived in Brundisium at the end of October, 49 B.C.*

* This is the true date, according to our reckoning. By the Roman calendar, it was December. But, for the military operations which follow, it is so important to note the true seasons, that we shall, from this point, give the dates as if the Roman calendar had already been corrected.

Twelve legions had been assembled there. So much had their numbers been thinned by war, fatigue, and the autumnal fevers prevalent in Apulia, that each legion averaged less than 3000 men. His transports were so insufficient, that he was not able to ship more than seven of these imperfect legions, with 600 horse, though men and officers were allowed to take no heavy baggage and no servants. All the harbors were occupied by the enemy's ships; but it was not the practice for the ancients to maintain a blockade by cruising; and Cæsar, having left Brundisium on the 5th November, was able to land his first corps on the open coast of Epirus, a little south of the Acroceraunian headland. He sent his empty ships back directly, and marched northward to Oricum and Apollonia, where he claimed admission in virtue of his consular office. The claim was admitted, and these two important towns fell into his hands. Pompey, who was still at Thessalonica, on the first tidings of his movement had put his army in motion, and succeeded in reaching Dyrrhachium in time to save that important place. He then pushed his lines forward to the mouth of the Apsus, and the two hostile armies lay inactive during the remainder of the winter with this stream between their camps—Cæsar occupying the left or southern bank, Pompey the right or northern side.

As the winter passed away, Cæsar was rendered extremely anxious by the non-appearance of his second corps, which Antony was charged to bring across. News soon reached him that Bibulus, stung to the quick by the successful landing of the first corps, had put to sea from Corecya with all his fleet, had overtaken and destroyed thirty of the returning transports, and had ever since, notwithstanding the winter season, kept so strict a watch on the coast of Italy, that Antony did not dare to leave Brundisium. Intelligence also reached him that Cælius, now raised to the rank of prætor, had proclaimed an abolition of debts at Rome, and had made common cause with the reckless Milo, who had appeared in Italy at the head of a gang of desperate men. This bold enterprise, it is true, had failed, and both the leaders had fallen; but it quickened Cæsar's anxiety to bring matters to issue. Still no troops arrived. So stubborn was the will of Bibulus, that he fell a victim to his own vigilant exertions, and died at sea. But L. Scribonius Libo, who had commanded a squadron under the deceased admiral, appeared at Brundisium, and occupied an island off the harbor, so as to establish a strict blockade. This, however, did not last; for it was found impossible to keep the men supplied with fresh water and provisions, and Libo was obliged to resume the tactics of Bibulus. Meantime, Cæsar's impatience was rising to the height. He had been lying idle for more than two months, and complained that Antony had neglected several opportunities of crossing the Ionian Sea. At length he engaged a small boat to take him across to Italy in person. The sea ran high, and the rowers refused to proceed, till the general revealed

himself to them in the famous words: "You carry Cæsar and his fortunes." All night they toiled, but when day broke they had made no way, and the general reluctantly consented to put back into the Apsus. But presently after he succeeded in sending over a positive message to Antony to cross over at all risks; and if Antony disobeyed, the messenger carried a commission to his chief officers, by which they were ordered to supersede their commander, and discharge the duty which he neglected to perform. Stung by this practical rebuke, Antony shipped his troops, and resolved to attempt the passage at all risks. As he neared the coast of Epirus, the wind shifted to the south-east, and being unable to make the port of Oricum, he was obliged to run northward past Pompey's camp, in full view of the enemy. They gave chase; but he succeeded in landing all his men, four legions and eight hundred horse, near the headland of Nymphæum, more than fifty miles north of the Apsus. His position was critical, for Pompey's army lay between him and Cæsar. But Cæsar, calculating the point at which the squadron would reach land, had already made a rapid march round Pompey's position, and succeeded in joining Antony before he was attacked. Pompey had also moved northward, but finding himself too late to assail Antony alone, he took a new position some miles to the north of Dyrrhachium, and here formed a strongly intrenched camp resting upon the sea. These intrenchments ran in an irregular half circle of nearly fifteen miles in length, the base of which was the coast-line of Epirus. The camp was well supplied with provisions by sea.

The spring of 48 B.C. was now beginning. It was probably in March that Cæsar effected his union with Antony. Even after this junction, he was inferior in numbers to Pompey; and it is not without wonder that we read his own account of the audacious attempt with which he began the campaign. His plan was to draw lines round and outside of Pompey's vast intrenchments, so as to cut him off from Dyrrhachium and from all the surrounding country. As Pompey's intrenchments formed a curve of nearly fifteen miles, Cæsar's lines must have measured considerably more. And as his army was inferior in numbers, it might have been expected that Pompey would not submit to be shut in. But the latter general could not interrupt the works without hazarding a general action, and his troops were not (he thought) sufficiently disciplined to encounter Cæsar's veterans: the command of the sea also insured him supplies and enabled him to shift his army to another position if necessary. He therefore allowed Cæsar to carry on his lines with little interruption.

During the winter Cæsar's men had suffered terribly for want of grain and vegetable food. But as spring advanced, and the crops began to ripen, brighter days seemed at hand. Pompey's men, meanwhile, though supplied from the sea, began to be distressed by want of fresh water, and their animals by want of green fodder

He therefore determined to assume the offensive. At each extremity of Cæsar's lines, where they abutted upon the sea, a second line of intrenchments had been marked out reaching some way inland, so that at least for some distance from the sea the lines might be protected from an attack in rear from the land. But this part of the work was as yet unfinished; and, in particular, no attempt had been made to carry any defence along the coast between the extremities of these two lines of intrenchment, so as to cover them from an assault by sea. Pompey was instructed of this defect by some Gallic deserters; and he succeeded in landing some troops at the southern extremity of the works, so as to make a lodgment between Cæsar's front and rearward lines. A series of severe and well-contested combats followed. But the Pompeians maintained their ground, and Cæsar at once perceived that his works were completely turned, and that all his labor was thrown away. Pompey had re-established his land communication with Dyrrhachium, and circumvallation was made impossible. Under these circumstances Cæsar determined to shift the scene of action without delay.

During the spring he had detached Cn. Domitius Calvinus with two legions into Macedonia, where he possessed considerable influence, for the purpose of intercepting the march of Metellus Scipio, who had succeeded Bibulus in the government of Syria, and was expected every day to bring reinforcements to the army of Pompey. Scipio had been delayed by the necessity of securing his province against the Parthians; and had also spent much time in levying heavy contributions on his line of march. When he arrived in Macedonia he found his passage westward barred by Calvinus, who occupied a strong camp in the neighborhood of Pella. He, therefore, also intrenched himself, and awaited succors.

About the time of Cæsar's defeat at Dyrrhachium, Calvinus had been obliged by want of provisions to fall back toward Epirus, while Cæsar himself marched by way of Apollonia up the valley of the Aoûs. Pompey immediately detached a strong force to separate Calvinus from his chief. But Calvinus, informed of Cæsar's retreat, moved with great rapidity to the southward, and effected a union with his general at Ægimium, in the north-western corner of Thessaly. The Cæsarian army, thus skilfully united, advanced to Gomphi, which was taken and given up to plunder. All other Thessalian cities, except Larissa, which had been occupied by Scipio, opened their gates; and the harvest being now ripe, the Cæsarian army revelled in the abundant supplies of the rich Thessalian plain.

Meanwhile Pompey had entered Thessaly from the north and joined Scipio at Larissa. The Pompeian leaders, elated by victory, were quarrelling among themselves for the prize, which they regarded as already won. Lentulus Spinther, Domitius Ahenobarbus, and Metellus Scipio, all claimed Cæsar's pontificate. Domitius proposed that all who had remained in Italy or had not taken an active part

in the contest should be brought to trial as traitors to the cause—Cicero, who was at Dyrrhachium with Cato, being the person here chiefly aimed at. Pompey himself was not spared. Domitius, angry at not having been supported at Corfinium, nicknamed him Agamemnon King of Men, and openly rejected his authority. The advice of the great general to avoid a decisive battle was contemptuously set at naught by all but Cato, who from first to last advocated any measure which gave a hope of avoiding bloodshed. Even Favonius, a blunt and simple-minded man, who usually echoed Cato's sentiments, loudly complained that Pompey's reluctance to fight would prevent his friends from eating their figs that summer at Tusculum.

From Larissa Pompey had moved southward, and occupied a strong position on an eminence near the city of Pharsalus, overlooking the plain which skirts the left bank of the river Enipeus. Cæsar followed and encamped upon the plain, within four miles of the enemy's position. Here the hostile armies lay watching each other for some time, till Cæsar made a movement which threatened to intercept Pompey's communications with Larissa. The latter now at length yielded to the angry impatience of the senatorial chiefs. He resolved to descend from his strong position and give battle upon the plain of Pharsalus or Pharsalia.

The morning of the 6th of June* saw both armies drawn out in order of battle. The forces of Pompey consisted of about 44,000 men, and were (if Cæsar's account is accurate) twice as numerous as the army opposed to them. But Cæsar's were all veteran troops; the greater part of Pompey's were foreign levies recently collected in Macedonia and Asia, far inferior to the soldiers of Gaul and Italy. Pompey's army faced the north. His right wing, resting on the river, was commanded by Scipio, the centre by Lentulus Spinther, the left by Domitius. His cavalry, which was far superior to Cæsar's, covered the left flank. Cæsar drew up his forces in three lines, of which the rearmost was to act in reserve. His left was upon the river; and his small force of cavalry was placed upon his right, opposite to Pompey's left wing. To compensate for his inferiority in this arm, he picked out six veteran cohorts, who were to charge through the files of the horse if the latter were obliged to retire. Domitius Calvinus commanded in the centre, Antony on the left, Cæsar himself upon the right, where he kept the tenth legion in rear to act in reserve.

The attack began along Cæsar's whole line, which advanced running. Pompey ordered his men to wait the charge without moving, in hopes that the enemy would lose breath before they came to close quarters. But the experienced veterans, observing that the Pompeians kept their ground, halted to re-form their line and recover

* By the Roman calendar, it was the 9th of August.

breath before they closed with the enemy. A desperate conflict followed.

While the legions were engaged along the whole line, Pompey's cavalry attacked the weak squadrons of Cæsar's horse and drove them back. But the veterans who were ordered to support them sallied out of the ranks and drove their formidable *pila* straight at the unarmed faces of the enemy.* After a brave struggle, Pompey's cavalry was completely broken and fled in disorder.

Upon this, Cæsar brought up his third line, which was in reserve; and the infantry of Pompey being assailed by these fresh troops in front, and attacked in flank by the cavalry and cohorts which had triumphed over their opponents, gave way everywhere. A general order was now issued by Cæsar to spare the Romans among their opponents, and to throw all their strength upon the Eastern allies. The Pompeian legionaries, on hearing of this politic clemency, offered no further resistance; and Pompey himself rode off the field to his tent, leaving orders for the troops to retreat behind their intrenchments.

But this was not permitted. His legionaries, instead of returning to man the ramparts, dispersed in all directions. The Eastern allies, after a terrible slaughter, fled; and Pompey had only time to mount his horse and gallop off through the *decuman* or rearward gate of his camp, as the soldiers of Cæsar forced their way in by the *prætorian* or front gate. The booty taken was immense. The hardy veterans of Gaul gazed with surprise on the tent of Lentulus, adorned with festoons of Bæchiæ ivy, and on the splendid services of plate which were set out everywhere for a banquet to celebrate the expected victory.

But before Cæsar allowed his tired soldiers to enjoy the fruits of the victory of Pharsalia, he required them to complete the conquest. The pursuit was continued during the remainder of the day and on the morrow. But the task was easy. The clemency of the conqueror induced all to submit. When Cæsar entered the camp and saw the dead bodies of many Romans lying about, he exclaimed, "They would have it so: to have laid down our arms would have sealed our doom." Yet most of those who perished were foreigners or freedmen. The only distinguished person who fell was Domitius Ahenobarbus. Among those who came in and submitted voluntarily was M. Junius Brutus, a young man of whom we shall hear more.

Pompey fled precipitately to Larissa, and thence through the gorge

* The common story, received from Plutarch, is that the order was given because Pompey's cavalry consisted chiefly of young Romans, who were afraid of having their beauty spoilt. Cæsar, however, mentions that Pompey's cavalry was excellent, and does not notice that he gave any order at all about striking at the face. The foot-soldiers would naturally strike at the most defenceless part, and the story of the "spoiled beauty" would be readily added by some scornful Cæsarian.

of Tempe to the mouth of the Peneus, where he found a merchant vessel, and embarked in company with Lentulus Spinther, Lentulus Crus, and others. He dismissed all his slaves. Honest Favonius proved his fidelity to the general by undertaking for him such menial offices as usually were left to slaves. The master of the ship knew the adventurers, and offered to take them whithersoever they would. Pompey first directed his course to Lesbos, where his wife Corneia and his younger son Sextus had been sent for safety. Having taken them on board he sailed round to Cilicia, where he collected a few ships and a small company of soldiers. With these he crossed over to Cyprus, where he stayed a short time, deliberating on his future course of action. He still had a powerful fleet at sea, under the command of his eldest son Cnæus, assisted by C. Cassius. Africa was still his own, and King Juba anxious to do him service. But after considering and rejecting several plans proposed, he determined to seek an asylum in Egypt.

Ptolemy Auletes, who had been restored by Gabinius, Pompey's friend, had died some time before. He had left his kingdom to the divided sway of his son Ptolemy Dionysus and his daughter Cleopatra, under the guardianship of the senate; and the senate had delegated this trust to Pompey. Hence no doubt his reason for choosing Egypt as his place of retreat. But the country was in a very unsettled state. Cleopatra, who was older than her brother, had been driven from Alexandria by the people; and the government had been seized by three Greek adventurers—Pothinus, an eunuch, Theodotus, a rhetorician, and Achillas, an officer of the army. When Pompey appeared off Alexandria with a few ships which had joined him on his route, and a small force of about 2000 men, these ministers were engaged in repelling Cleopatra, who was endeavoring to return by means of force. A messenger from Pompey, sent to signify his intention of landing, threw them into great alarm. In the Egyptian army were a number of officers and soldiers who had formerly served under Pompey in the East, and had been left there by Gabinius. It was feared that these men would betray Egypt to their old general; at least this was the reason afterward given for the way in which he was treated. All was left to the conduct of Achillas, a bold man, troubled by no scruples. A small boat was sent to receive the fugitive, really to prevent any attendants from landing with him, but under the false pretence that the water was too shallow to allow a larger vessel to reach the shore. In the boat were Achillas himself, a Roman officer named Salvius, and another named Septimius, who had served as a tribune under Pompey in the war against the pirates. The great general recognized and saluted his old officer, and entered the boat alone amid the sad bodings of his wife and friends. They anxiously watched it as it slowly made its way back to shore, and were somewhat comforted by seeing a number of persons collected on the beach as if to receive their friend with

honor. At length the boat stopped, and Pompey took the hand of the person next him to assist him in rising. At this moment Septimius struck him with his sword from behind. He knew his fate, submitted without a struggle, and fell pierced by a mortal thrust. His head was then cut off and taken away, and his body left upon the beach. When the crowd dispersed, a freedman of Pompey's, whose name ought to have been recorded, assisted by an old soldier of the great commander, had the piety to break up a fishing-boat and form a rude funeral-pile. By these humble obsequies alone was the sometime master of the world honored.

So died Pompey. He had lived nearly sixty years, and had enjoyed more of the world's honors than almost any Roman before him. In youth he was cold, calculating, and hard-hearted, covetous of military fame, and not slow to appropriate what belonged to others; but his affable manners and generosity in giving won him general favor, which was increased by his early successes. His talents for war were really great, greater perhaps than any of Rome's generals except Marius, as was fully proved by his campaigns in the East. In the war with Cæsar, it is plain that, so far as military tactics went, Pompey was superior to his great rival; and had he not been hampered by haughty and impatient colleagues, the result might have been different. In politics he was grasping and selfish, but irresolute and improvident. He imagined that his military achievements gave him a title to be acknowledged as the virtual sovereign of Rome; and when neither senate nor people seemed willing to acquiesce in the claim, he formed a coalition with politicians whose principles he disliked, and made himself responsible for the acts of such men as Clodius. Lastly, when he found that in this coalition he was unable to maintain his superiority over Cæsar, he joined the oligarchy who hated him, and lost even the glory which as a soldier he had well deserved. In private life he was free from those licentious habits in which most persons of that day indulged without scruple or reproach; and the affection he bore toward Julia must always be quoted as an amiable trait in a character that has in it little else of attraction. His tragical death excited a commiseration for him which by his life he hardly deserved.

CHAPTER V.

ABSOLUTE RULE OF CÆSAR. (48-44 B.C.)

ON the third day after the battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar pursued Pompey by forced marches. He arrived at Amphipolis just after the fugitive had touched there. When he reached the Hellespont, he fell in with a squadron of Pompey's fleet under the command of C. Cas-

sus. This officer, whose military skill had been proved in the Parthian campaign, might have intercepted Cæsar. But, whatever were his motives, he surrendered his ships to Cæsar in token of full and unreserved submission, and was received by the conqueror with the same favor which he had shown to Brutus, and to all who had either fallen into his hands or yielded of free will. Cæsar now immediately crossed the Hellespont in boats; and in Asia Minor, where he was delayed at several places by business, he heard that Pompey had taken ship from Cyprus, and immediately concluded that Egypt must be his destination. Without a moment's hesitation, he sailed from Rhodes for this country, though it was as yet an independent kingdom, though he was unable to carry with him more than 4000 men, and though he incurred imminent risk of being intercepted by the Pompeian fleet. As soon as his arrival off Alexandria was known, Theodotus came off, bearing Pompey's head and ring. The conqueror accepted the ring, but turned with tears in his eyes from the ghastly spectacle of the head, and ordered it to be burned with due honors. Over the place of the funeral-pyre he raised a shrine to Nemesis, the goddess assigned by the religion of the Greeks to be the punisher of arrogant prosperity. He then landed and entered Alexandria with his consular emblems displayed, followed by his small army. Immediately after his arrival, Cleopatra secretly resorted to the capital city, and introduced herself in disguise into the palace where Cæsar had fixed his residence. The conqueror, from his earliest youth, had been notorious for unrestrained indulgence in sensual pleasures, and he yielded readily to the blandishments of the young and fascinating princess. But the ministers of the youthful king, Pothinus and Achillas, had no wish to lose their importance by agreeing to a compromise between their master and his imperious sister. The people of Alexandria were alarmed at Cæsar's assumption of authority, especially when he demanded payment of a debt which he alleged was due from the late king to Rome. A great crowd, supported by Achillas with his army, assaulted Cæsar suddenly. His few troops were overmatched, and he escaped with difficulty to Pharos, the quarter of the city next the sea. In vain he endeavored to ruin the cause of Achillas by seizing the person of young Ptolemy. Arsinoë, another daughter of the blood-royal, was set up by the army; and Cæsar was completely blockaded in Pharos. An attempt was made to reduce him by turning the sea into the vast tanks constructed to supply that quarter of the city with fresh water. But by sinking pits in the beach, the Romans obtained a supply of water sufficient, though not good. Constant encounters took place by land and water; and in one of these Cæsar was in so much danger, that he was obliged to swim for his life from a sinking ship, holding his coat-of-mail between his teeth, and his note-book above water in his left hand.

He was shut up in Pharos about August, and the blockade com-

tinued till the winter was far spent. But at the beginning of the new year he was relieved by the arrival of considerable forces. Achilles was obliged to raise the siege of Pharos, and a battle in the open field resulted in a signal triumph to Cæsar. Vast numbers of the fugitives were drowned in attempting to cross the Nile: among them the young king himself. Cæsar now formally installed Cleopatra as sovereign of Egypt, and reserved Arsinoë to grace his triumph.

During the half year that followed Pharsalia, the Pompeian chiefs had in some measure recovered from their first consternation. Cnæus, the eldest son of the great Pompey, had joined Cato at Corcyra; and in this place also were assembled Cicero, Labienus, Afranius, and others. The chief command was offered to Cicero, as the oldest consular. But the orator declined a dangerous post, for which he had neither aptitude nor inclination, and was nearly slain upon the spot by the impetuous Cnæus. Scipio soon after arrived, and to him the command was given. C. Cassius, with the greater portion of the fleet, had surprised and destroyed a number of Cæsar's ships in Sicily, and was proceeding to make descents upon the coast of Italy when the news of the great defeat at Pharsalia reached him. He immediately sailed for the East, and fell in with Cæsar (as we have narrated) on the Hellespont. His defection was a heavy blow to the hopes of the Pompeian party.

Still, notwithstanding Pompey's disappearance and the defection of Cassius, a considerable fleet was assembled at Corcyra. Scipio and the rest embarked with the troops that they had rallied, and steered for Egypt, in the hope of learning news of their chief. They reached the coast of Africa, and were steering eastward along the coast, when they fell in with Pompey's ships, in which were Cornelia and young Sextus, with their friends, full of the tragic scene they had just witnessed on the beach of Alexandria. The disheartened leaders returned to Cyrene, which refused to admit any one within its walls except Cato and such men as he would be answerable for. The fleet, therefore, with Scipio, Labienus, and the greater part of the troops, pursued its course across the great gulf of the Syrtes to the province of Africa, where the Pompeian cause was upheld by Varus and his ally Juba. Cato and his followers were left to follow by land. He accomplished an arduous march across the desert in safety, and by the beginning of the next year all the Pompeian leaders were assembled in the province of Africa. Dissensions arose between Varus and Scipio for the command; to compromise the matter it was offered to Cato. The disinterested philosopher declined it, on the plea that he held no official position, and persuaded all the rest to acquiesce in the appointment of Scipio. It was then proposed to destroy the city of Utica, as being favorable to Cæsar. But Cato, with rare humanity, offered to assume the government of the town, and be responsible for its fidelity, thus finally separating himself from the active warfare, which from the first he had deprecated and disavowed.

In other parts of the empire also, affairs were in a disquiet state. Pharnaces, son of Mithridates, was daily gathering strength in Pontus. In Farther Spain, the oppressive rule of Q. Cassius, brother of Caius, had excited a mutiny in the army, and discontent everywhere. In Illyricum, Gabinius, who had deserted his patron Pompey on occasion of the flight from Italy, had been ignominiously worsted by the Pompeian leader, M. Octavius, and had died at Salona. In Italy, P. Cornelius Dolabella, elected tribune, had renewed the propositions of Cælius and Milo to abolish all debts; and two legions stationed at Capua, one of which was the favored Tenth, had risen in open mutiny against their officers, declaring that they had been kept under their standards long enough, and demanding their promised reward.

We know not when the news of these threatening events reached Cæsar's ears at Alexandria. Early in the year 47 B.C. he had been proclaimed dictator for the second time, and had named Mark Antony master of the horse. This officer was intrusted with the government of Italy. But the peninsula seemed to be exposed by mutiny and discontent to a descent of the Pompeians from Africa, and the presence of the dictator himself seemed to be imperiously demanded. Still he lingered in Egypt, detained (as his enemies say) by the blandishments of Cleopatra, or (as his admirers contend) by the necessity of confirming Roman influence in that country. It was not for the space of four months after his victory on the Nile that he left Egypt, having remained there altogether for not less than three quarters of a year.

But when once he had shaken off this real or apparent lethargy, all his startling rapidity of action returned. He left Egypt at the end of May (47 B.C.), and marched northward through Syria to crush the rising power of Pharnaces. On his way he received the hearty congratulations of the Jews, who hated the memory of Pompey; accepted the excuses of Deiotarus, chief of Galatia, who had fought against him at Pharsalia; and in a few days appeared in Pontus. Pharnaces, proud of a victory over Cæsar's lieutenant, ventured to attack Cæsar himself near Zela, where his father Mithridates had once defeated the Romans. The victory gained by the Romans was easy but decisive; and was announced at Rome in the famous dispatch, "*Veni, vidi, vici.*"* The kingdom of Bosphorus was conferred on a friendly chief, bearing the name of Mithridates. Cæsar now devoted a short time to the task of settling the affairs of Asia. This province had been warmly attached to the senatorial cause by the mild rule of Lucullus and Pompey. Lately, however, the exactions of Metellus Scipio, on his march to join Pompey in Epirus, had

* This inscription was certainly placed upon the spoils taken from the Pontic king when carried in triumphal procession; and Plutarch represents it as forming the dictator's dispatch.

caused great discontent ; and Cæsar found it easy to win popularity by remitting a portion of the moneys due to the imperial treasury.

Before this, also, Octavius had been expelled from Illyria. Vatinus, who was in command at Brundisium, hearing of the defeat and death of Gabinus, immediately crossed the Adriatic, and attacked the fleet of Octavius with so much success that the Pompeian leader was glad to make his escape and join his fellows in misfortune in Africa.

Two months after Cæsar left Alexandria, all parts of the East were again restored to tranquil submission ; and early in July Rome was astonished to see the great conqueror enter her gates for the third time since he had crossed the Rubicon.

He had been again named dictator, as we have said ; and, on his arrival at Rome, he applied himself with his usual industry and rapidity to settle the most pressing difficulties. The disturbances raised by the profligate promises of Cælius and Dolabella had been quelled by Antony ; and the dictator in some degree gratified those who had clamored for an abolition of debts by paying a year's house-rent for all poor citizens out of the public purse—an evil precedent, which in the present emergency he deemed necessary.

The mutiny of the soldiers at Capua was more formidable. But Cæsar, as was his wont, overcame the danger by facing it boldly. He ordered the two legions to meet him in the Campus Martius unarmed. They had demanded their discharge, thinking that thus they would extort a large donation, for they considered themselves indispensable to the dictator. He ascended the tribunal, and they expected a speech. "You demand your discharge," he simply said, "I discharge you." A dead silence followed these unexpected words. Cæsar resumed : "The rewards which I have promised you shall have, when I return to celebrate my triumph with my other troops." Shame now filled their hearts, mingled with vexation at the thought that they who had borne all the heat and burden of the day would be excluded from the triumph. They passionately besought him to recall his words, but he answered not. At length, at the earnest entreaty of his friends, he again rose to speak. "Quirites"—he began, as if they were no longer soldiers, but merely private citizens. A burst of repentant sorrow broke from the ranks of the veterans ; but Cæsar turned away as if he were about to leave the tribunal. The cries rose still louder : they besought him to punish them in any way, but not to dismiss them from his service. After long delay, he said that "he would not punish any one for demanding his due ; but that he could not conceal his vexation that the Tenth Legion could not bide his time. That legion at least he must dismiss." Loud applause followed from the rest ; the men of the Tenth hung their heads in shame, and begged him to decimate them, and restore the survivors to his favor. At length, Cæsar, deeming them sufficiently humbled, accepted their repentance. The whole scene is a striking illustration of the cool and dauntless

resolution of the man. We at once say, here was one born for command.

Having completed all pressing business in little more than two months, he again left Rome to take measures for reducing the formidable force which the Pompeian leaders had assembled in Africa. At Lilybæum six legions and 2000 horse had been collected; and about the middle of October (47 B.C.) he reached Africa. An indecisive combat took place soon after he landed, and then he lay encamped waiting for reinforcements till near the beginning of December. When he took the field, a series of manœuvres followed; till, on the 4th of February (46 B.C.), he encamped near Thapsus, and two days after fought the battle which decided the fate of the campaign. After a long and desperate conflict, which lasted till evening, the senatorial army was forced to give way; and Cæsar, who always pressed an advantage to the utmost, followed them so closely that they could not defend their camp. The leaders fled in all directions. Varus and Labienus escaped into Spain. Scipio put to sea, but being overtaken by the enemy's ships sought death by his own hands. Such also was the fate of Afranius. Juba fled with old Petreius; and these two rude soldiers, after a last banquet, heated with wine, agreed to end their life by single combat. The Roman veteran was slain by the nimble African prince, and Juba sought death at the hand of a faithful slave.

Meanwhile, Cato at Utica had received news of the ruin of his party by the battle of Thapsus. He calmly resolved on self-slaughter, and discussed the subject both in conversation with his friends and in meditation with himself. After a conversation of this kind he retired to rest, and for a moment forgot his philosophic calm when he saw that his too careful friends had removed his sword. Wrathfully reproving them, he ordered it to be brought back and hung at his bed's head. There he lay down, and turned over the pages of Plato's *Phædo* till he fell asleep. In the night he awoke, and taking his sword from the sheath he thrust it into his body. His watchful friends heard him utter an involuntary groan, and, entering the room, found him writhing in agony. They procured surgical aid, and the wound was carefully dressed. Cato lay down again, apparently insensible; but, as soon as he was left alone, he quietly removed the dressings and tore open the wound, so that his bowels broke out, and after no long time he breathed his last. The Romans, one and all, even Cicero, admired and applauded his conduct. It is true that the Stoics, though on principles different from Christianity, recommended the endurance of all evils as indifferent to a philosopher. But life had become intolerable to one who held the political opinions of Cato; and while Christian judgment must condemn his impatience, it must be confessed that from his own point of view the act was at least excusable.

After this miserable end of the most upright and most eminent

among the senatorial chiefs, Cæsar busied himself in regulating the countries he had conquered. Juba's kingdom of Numidia he formed into a new province, and gave it into the care of the historian Sallust, who with others had been expelled from the senate in the year 50 B.C., professedly because of his profligate manners, but really because of his devoted attachment to Cæsar's cause. His subsequent life justified both the real and the alleged cause. He proved an oppressive ruler, and his luxurious habits were conspicuous even in that age. In the terse and epigrammatic sentences of his two immortal works were immortalized the merits of Marius and of Cæsar, the vices and errors of their senatorial antagonists.

After some delay in Sardinia, where his presence also was required, Cæsar returned to Rome for the fourth time since the civil war broke out, about the end of May, 46 B.C. At length he had found time to celebrate the triumphs which he had earned since his first consulship, and to devote his attention to those internal reforms, which long years of faction and anarchy had made necessary.

His triumphs were four in number, over Gaul, Egypt, Pontus, and Numidia; for no mention was made of the civil conflicts, which had been most dangerous and most difficult of all. A Roman could not triumph over fellow-citizens; therefore the victories of Ilerda and Pharsalia were not celebrated by public honors; nor would Thapsus have been mentioned had it not been observed that here Juba was among the foes. These triumphs were made more attractive by splendid gladiatorial shows and combats of wild beasts. But what gave much more real splendor was the announcement of a general amnesty for all political offences committed against the party of the dictator. The memory of the Marian massacres and the Syllan proscriptions were still present to many minds. Domitius Ahenobarbus and the chief senatorial leaders had denounced all who took part against the senate, or even those who remained neutral, with the severest penalties. Men could not believe that the dictator's clemency was real; they could not rid themselves of the belief that when all fear of the enemy had ceased he would glut his vengeance by a hecatomb. The certainty that no more blood would flow was so much the more grateful.

After the triumphs all his soldiers were gratified by a magnificent donation; nay, every poor citizen received a present both of grain and money.

The veterans now at length received their rewards in lands, which were either public property or were duly purchased with public money. But no Julian military colonies were planted on lands wrested by force from citizens, to emulate the Cornelian military colonies and maintain a population of turbulent agitators. Here also the example of Sylla, who confiscated private property to reward his troops, was carefully avoided.

After the triumphs every kind of honor was bestowed upon him.

Above all, he was named dictator for the third time, but now it was for a space of ten years. He was also invested with censorial authority for three years; and in virtue of these combined offices he was declared absolute master of the lives and fortunes of all the citizens and subjects of Rome. For several months he remained at Rome busily occupied in measures intended to remedy the evil effects of the long-continued civil discords and to secure order for the future. But in the middle of his work he was compelled to quit Rome by the call of another war. It will be well to dispose of this before we give a brief summary of his great legislative measures.

Spain was the province that required his presence. There the two sons of Pompey, with Labienus and Varus, had rallied the scanty relics of the African army. The province was already in a state of revolt against Cæsar. Q. Cassius—whom he had left as governor—had so irritated all minds, that even the legions rose, mutinied, and expelled the Cæsarian commanders. Bocchus, King of Mauritania, lent aid, and thus the malcontents in Spain were able to present a formidable front. Cæsar arrived in Spain late in September (46 B.C.), after a journey of extraordinary rapidity, and found that young Cn. Pompeius had concentrated his forces near Corduba (Cordova). But an attack of illness compelled the dictator to delay operations, and it was not till the first month of the next year that he was able to take the field. He then began offensive measures with his usual rapidity. He was extremely anxious to force the enemy to a battle, but this they cautiously declined, till several strong towns being taken by storm and others having surrendered, the Pompeians found themselves obliged to retreat toward the coast of the Mediterranean. Here Cæsar found them in a strong position near Munda, a small town about five and twenty miles west of Malaga, and as they offered him battle, he determined on attacking, notwithstanding the difficulties of the ground. Success was for some time doubtful. But Cæsar exerted himself to lead his troops again and again to the desperate conflict, and their dauntless courage at length prevailed. So desperate was it that Cæsar is reported to have said, "On other occasions I have fought for victory, here I fought for life." But the battle of Munda was decisive. More than 30,000 men fell. Among them were Varus and Labienus, whose heads were brought to Cæsar as tokens of their fate. Cn. Pompeius fled to the coast. Here as he was getting on board a small boat he entangled his foot in a rope; and a friend endeavoring to cut away the rope struck the foot instead. The unfortunate young man landed again, hoping to lie hid till his wound was healed. Finding his lurking-place discovered, he limped wearily up a mountain-path, but was soon overtaken and slain. His head also was carried to the conqueror, who ordered it to receive honorable burial. Sext. Pompeius escaped into Northern Spain, whence he reappeared at a later time to vex the peace of the Roman world. Corduba, Hispalis (Seville), and other places garri-

soned by the last desperate relics of the Pompeian party, held out for some time after the battle of Munda. So important did Cæsar consider it to quench the last spark of disaffection in a province which for several years had been under Pompey's government that he stayed in Spain till August, and did not return to Rome till September or October (45 B.C.), having been absent from the capital nearly a year. On this occasion he was less scrupulous than before, for he celebrated a fifth triumph in honor of his successes in Spain, though these were as much won over Roman citizens as his former victories in that same country, or his crowning glory of Pharsalia.

From his last triumph to his death was somewhat more than five months (October, 45 B.C.—March, 44 B.C.): from his quadruple triumph to the Spanish campaign was little more than four months (June—September, 46 B.C.). Into these two brief periods were compressed most of the laws which bear his name, and of which we will now give a brief account. Most of the evils, however, which he endeavored to remedy were of old standing. His long residence at Rome, and busy engagements in all political matters from early youth to the close of his consulship, made him familiar with every sore place, and with all the proposed remedies. His own clear judgment, his habits of rapid decision, and the unlimited power which he held in virtue of the dictatorship, made it easier for him to legislate than for others to advise.

The long wars, and the liberality with which he had rewarded his soldiers and the people at his triumphs, had reduced the sums in the treasury to a low ebb. We may believe that no needs were more pressing than these.

Together with the dictatorship he had been invested with censorial power under the new title of *præfectus morum*. He used this power to institute a careful revision of the list of citizens, principally for the purpose of abridging the list of those who were receiving monthly donations of grain from the treasury. Numbers of foreigners had been irregularly placed on the lists, and so great had been the temptations held out by the pernicious poor-law originally passed by C. Gracchus, and made still worse by Saturninus and Clodius, that he was able to reduce the list of state-paupers resident in or near Rome from 320,000 to about half that number. The treasury felt an immediate and a permanent relief.

But though, for this purpose, Cæsar made severe distinctions between Roman citizens and those subjects of the republic who were not admitted to the franchise, no ruler ever showed himself so much alive to the claims of all classes of her subjects. Other popular leaders had advocated the cause of the Italians, and all free people of the Peninsula had for the last thirty years been made Romans; but except the measure of Pompeius Strabo, by which the free people of Transpadane Gaul—who were almost Italians—had been invested with the Latin rights, no popular statesman had as yet shown any in-

interest in the claims of the provincial subjects of Rome. Sertorius, indeed, had endeavored to raise a Roman government in Spain; but this was forced upon him by the necessity of the case, and was a transference of power from Italians to Spaniards, rather than an incorporation of Spain with Italy. Cæsar was the first acknowledged ruler of the Roman State who extended his views beyond the politics of the city and took a really imperial survey of the vast dominions subject to her sway. Toward those who were at war with Rome he was relentless and illiberal as the sternest Roman of them all; but no one so well as he knew how "to spare the submissive;" hardly any one except himself felt pleasure in so sparing. All the cities of Transpadane Gaul, already Latin, were raised to the Roman franchise. The same high privilege was bestowed on many communities of Transalpine Gaul and Spain. The Gallic legion which he had raised, called *Aulada* from the lark which was the emblem on their arms, was rewarded for its services by the same gift. Medical practitioners and scientific men, of whatever origin, were to be allowed to claim the Roman franchise. After his death a plan was found among his papers for raising the Sicilian communities to the rank of Latin citizens—a design which seems to prove that a truly imperial idea gave character to his whole government.

Nothing proved this more than the unfulfilled projects of the great dictator, which were afterward completed. Among these were the draining of the Pontine marshes, the opening of lakes Lucrinus and Avernus to form a harbor, a complete survey and map of the whole empire—plans afterward executed by Agrippa, the great minister of Augustus. Another and more memorable design was that of a code of laws embodying and organizing the scattered judgments and precedents which at that time regulated the courts. It was several centuries before this great work was accomplished, by which Roman law became the law of civilized Europe.

The liberal tendency of the dictator's mind was shown by the manner in which he supplied the great gaps which the civil war had made in the benches of the senate. Of late years the number of that assembly had been increased from its original three hundred. We find so many as four hundred and fifteen taking part in its votes;* and many of course were absent. But Cæsar raised it to no less than nine hundred, thus probably doubling the largest number that had ever been counted in its ranks. Many of the new senators were fortunate soldiers who had served him well. In raising such men to senatorial rank he followed the example of Sylla. But many of the new nobles were enfranchised citizens of the towns of Cisalpine Gaul. The old citizens were indignant at this invasion of the barbarians. *Pasquinades*, rife in ancient as in modern Rome, abounded. "The Gauls," said one wit, "had exchanged the trows for the toga, and

* *Cicero ad Att. l. 14, 5.*

had followed the conqueror's triumphal car into the senate." "It were a good deed," said another, "if no one would show the new senators the way to the house."

The offices of consul, prætor, and other high magistracies, however, were still conferred on men of Italian birth. The first foreigner who reached the consulship was L. Cornelius Balbus, a Spaniard of Gades, the friend of Cæsar and of Cicero; but this was not till four years after the dictator's death, when the principles of his government were more fully carried out by his successors.

To revive a military population in Italy was not so much the object of Cæsar as that of former leaders of the people. His veterans received comparatively few assignments of land in Italy. Only six small colonies in the neighborhood of Rome were peopled by these men. The principal settlements by which he enriched them were in the provinces. Corinth and Carthage were made military colonies, and rapidly regained somewhat of their ancient splendor and renown.

He endeavored to restore the wasted population of Italy by more peaceful methods than military settlements. The marriage-tie which had become exceedingly lax in these profligate times was encouraged by somewhat singular means. A married matron was allowed a greater latitude of ornament and the use of more costly carriages than the sumptuary laws of Rome permitted to women generally. A married man with three children born in lawful wedlock at Rome, with four born in Italy, with five born in the provinces, enjoyed freedom from certain duties and charges.

The great abuse of slave-labor was difficult to correct. It was attempted to apply remedies familiar to despotic governments in all ages. An ordinance was issued that no citizens between twenty and forty years of age should be absent from Italy for more than three years. And an ancient enactment was revived that on all estates at least one third of the laborers should be freemen. No doubt these measures were of little effect.

Cæsar's great designs for the improvement of the city were shown by several facts. Under his patronage the first public library was opened at Rome by his friend C. Asinius Pollio, famous as a poet, and in later years as the historian of the civil war. For the transaction of public business, he erected the magnificent series of buildings called the Basilica Julia, of which we will say a few words in a later page.

Of all his reforms, that by which his name is best remembered is the reform of the calendar. The Roman year had hitherto consisted of 355 days, with a month of 30 days intercalated every third year, so that the average length of the year was 365 days. If the intercalations had been regularly made, the Romans would have lost a day's reckoning in every period of four years: since the real length of the solar year is about $365 \frac{1}{4}$ days. But the business was so carelessly executed, that the difference between the civil year and the solar year sometimes amounted to several months, and all dates were most uncertain.

Cæsar, himself not unacquainted with astronomy, called in the assistance of the Greek *sosigenes* to rectify the present error, and prevent error for the future. It was determined to make the 1st of January of the Roman year 709 A.U.C. coincide with the 1st of January of the solar year which we call 45 B.C. But it was calculated that this 1st of January of the year 709 A.U.C. would be 67 days in advance of the true time; or, in other words, would concur not with the 1st of January 45 B.C., but with the 22d of October 46 B.C. And therefore two intercalary months, making together 67 days, were inserted between the last day of November and the 1st of December of the year 708. An intercalary month of 23 days* had already been added to February of that year, according to the old method. Therefore, on the whole, the Roman year 708 consisted in all of the prodigious number of 445 days.† It was scoffingly called in the pasquinades “the year of confusion.” More justly should it be called, as Macrobius observes, “the last year of confusion.”

Thus the past error was corrected, and the 1st of January 709 A.U.C. became the same with the 1st of January 45 B.C.

To prevent future errors, the year was extended from 355 to 365 days, each month being lengthened, except February, according to the rule which we still observe. But as the solar year consists of about $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, it is manifest that it was necessary to add one day in every four years, and this was done at the end of February, as at present in our leap year.

Such was the famous Julian Calendar, which, with a slight alteration, continues to date every transaction and every letter of the present day.‡

The constant occupation required for these and other measures of reform, all executed in the space of nine or ten months, necessarily absorbed the chief part of the dictator's day, and prevented the free access which at Rome was usually accorded to suitors and visitors by the consuls and great men. Cæsar himself lamented this. The true reason for his seclusion was not understood, and the fact diminished his popularity. Yet his affability was the same as ever, and a letter of Cicero, in which he describes a visit he received from the great

* Called *Mercedonius*.

† *I.e.*, $355 + 23 + 67 = 445$.

‡ The addition of one day in every four years would be correct if the solar year consisted exactly of $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, or 365 days 6 hours. In fact, it consists of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, so that the Julian year is longer than the true solar year by about 11 minutes. Cæsar's astronomers knew this error, but neglected it. Accordingly in the year 1582 A.D. the beginning of the Julian year was about 13 days behind the true time. Pope Gregory XIII. shortened that year by 10 days, still leaving the year 3 days behind the true time; and to prevent error for the future, ordered the additional day of February to be omitted three times in 400 years. Protestant England refused to adopt this reform till the year 1752 A.D., when 11 days were dropped between the 2d and 14th of September, which gave rise to the vulgar cry,—“Give us back our 11 days.” Russia, through the jealousy of the Greek Church, still keeps the old style, and her reckoning is now 12 days behind that of the rest of Europe.

conqueror in his villa at Puteoli, leaves a pleasing impression of both host and guest. Cicero indeed had fully bowed to circumstances. He spoke in defence of the Pompeian partisans, M. Marcellus and Q. Ligarius, and introduced into his speeches compliments to Cæsar too fulsome to be genuine. In his enforced retirement from public life after the battle of Pharsalia, he composed some of those pleasing dialogues which we still read. Both to him and to every other senatorial chief Cæsar not only showed pardon but favor.

Yet the remnant of the nobles loved him not. And with the people at large he suffered still more, from a belief that he wished to be made king. On his return from Spain, he had been named dictator and imperator for life. His head had been for some time placed on the money of the republic, a regal honor conceded to none before him. Quintilis, the fifth month of the calendar, received from him the name which it still bears. The senate took an oath to guard the safety of his person. He was honored with sacrificial offerings, and other honors, which had hitherto been reserved for the gods. But Cæsar was not satisfied. He was often heard to quote the sentiment of Euripides, that "if any violation of law is excusable, it is excusable for the sake of gaining sovereign power." The craving desire to transmit power to an heir occupied him as it occupied Cromwell and Napoleon; and no title yet conferred upon him was hereditary. It was no doubt to ascertain the popular sentiments that various propositions were made toward an assumption of the style and title of king. His statues in the forum were found crowned with a diadem; but two of the tribunes tore it off, and the mob applauded. On the 26th of January, at the great Latin festival on the Alban Mount, voices in the crowd saluted him as king; but mutterings of discontent reached his ear, and he promptly said; "I am no king, but Cæsar." Yet the tribunes who punished those who were detected in raising the cry were deposed by the dictator's will. The final attempt was made at the Lupercalia on the 15th of February. Antony, in the character of one of the priests of Pan, approached the dictator as he sat presiding in his golden chair, and offered him an embroidered band, such as was worn on the head by oriental sovereigns. The applause which followed was partial, and the dictator put the offered gift aside. Then a burst of genuine cheering greeted him, which waxed louder still when he rejected it a second time. Old traditional feeling was too strong at Rome even for Cæsar's daring temper to brave it. The people would submit to the despotic rule of a dictator, but would not have a king.

Disappointed no doubt he was; and one more attempt was made to invest himself with hereditary title. A large camp had for some time been formed at Apollonia in Illyricum; in it was present a young man, who had long been the declared heir of the dictator. This was C. Octavius, son of his niece Atia, and therefore his grand-nephew. He was born, as we have noted, in the memorable year of Catiline's

conspiracy, and was now in his nineteenth year. From the time that he had assumed the garb of manhood his health had been too delicate for military service. Notwithstanding this, he had ventured to demand a mastership of the horse from his uncle. But he was quietly refused, and sent to take his first lessons in the art of war at Apollonia, where a large and well-equipped army had been assembled. The destination of this powerful force was not publicly announced. But general belief pointed, no doubt rightly, to Parthia; for the death of Crassus was unavenged, and the Roman eagles were still retained as trophies by the barbaric conqueror. This belief was confirmed by the fact of a Sibylline oracle being produced about this time, saying, "that none but a king could conquer Parthia." And soon after a decree was moved in the senate, by which Cæsar was to be enabled, not at Rome, but in the provinces, to assume the style of king. Without the well-known emblems and permanent power of royalty, it was argued, a Roman commander could not expect the submissive homage of orientals. But subsequent events prevented this decree from being carried into effect.

Meanwhile other causes of discontent had been agitating various classes at Rome. Cleopatra appeared at Rome with a boy whom she named Cæsarion and declared to be her son by Cæsar. It was her ambition to be acknowledged as his wife, and to obtain the dictator's inheritance for the boy—a thing hateful even to the degenerate Romans of that day. Then, the more fiery partisans of Cæsar disapproved of his clemency; they did not understand his wish no longer to be the unscrupulous leader of a party, but the impartial ruler of the empire. Many of the more prodigal sort were angry at the regulations he made to secure the provincials from extortion and oppression. Antony himself, who, in consideration of his services, expected the same extravagance of license that had been granted by Sylla to his favorites, was indignant at being obliged to pay its full price for the house of Pompey in the Carinæ, of which he had taken possession. The populace of the city complained—the genuine Romans at seeing so much favor extended to provincials, those of foreign origin because they had been excluded from the corn-bounty. Cæsar no doubt was eager to return to his army, and escape from the increasing difficulties which beset his civil government. But it seemed likely that as soon as he joined the army, he would assume monarchical power, in virtue of the late decree; and this consideration urged on to hasty determination the remains of the old senatorial party, who owed their lives to Cæsar's clemency, who had accepted favors from his bounty, and scrupled not to turn his own gifts to his destruction.

The great difficulty was to find a leader. C. Cassius was a good soldier, but of temper so fickle and uncertain, that few were willing to confide in him. It was upon M. Junius Brutus that all the discontented turned their eyes. This young nephew a man, of Cato, had taken his uncle as an example for his public life. But he was

fonder of platonic speculations than of political action. His habits were cold and reserved, rather those of a student than a statesman. He had reluctantly joined the cause of Pompey, for he could ill forget that it was by Pompey that his father had been put to death in cold blood ; but he yielded to the arguments of Cato, and mastered his private feud by what he considered zeal for the public good. After Pharsalia, he was received by Cæsar with the utmost kindness, and treated by him almost like a son. He seems to have felt this, and lived quietly without harboring any designs against his benefactor. In the present year he had been proclaimed prætor of the city, with the promise of the consulship presently after. But the discontented remnants of the old senatorial party assailed him with constant reproaches. The name of Brutus, dear to all Roman patriots, was made a rebuke to him. "His ancestor expelled the Tarquins ; and could he sit quietly under a new king's rule?" At the foot of the statue of that famous ancestor, or on his own prætorian tribunal, notes were placed, containing phrases such as these : "Thou art not Brutus ; would thou wert." "Brutus, thou sleepest." "Awake, Brutus." Gradually his mind was excited ; and he was brought to think that it was his duty as a patriot to put an end to Cæsar's rule even by taking his life. The most notable of those who arrayed themselves under him was Cassius himself. What was this man's motive is unknown. He had never taken much part in politics ; and the epicurean philosophy which he professed gave him no strong reasons for hating a despotic government. He had of his own accord made submission to the conqueror, and had been received with marked favor. Some personal reason probably actuated his unquiet spirit. More than sixty persons were in the secret. All of whom we know anything were, like Cassius, under obligations to the dictator. P. Servilius Casca was by his grace tribune of the plebs. L. Tillius Cimber was promised the government of Bithynia. Dec. Brutus, one of his old Gallic officers was prætor-elect, and was to be gratified with the rich province of Cisalpine Gaul. C. Trebonius, another of his most trusted officers, had received every favor which the dictator could bestow ; he had just laid down the consulship, and was on the eve of departure for the coveted government of Asia. Q. Ligarius, who had lately accepted a free pardon from the dictator rose from a sick-bed to join the conspirators.

A meeting of the senate was called for the Ides of March, at which Cæsar was to be present. This was the day appointed for the murder. The secret had oozed out. Many persons warned Cæsar that some danger was impending. A Greek soothsayer told him of the very day. On the morning of the Ides his wife arose so disturbed by dreams, that she persuaded him to relinquish his purpose of presiding in the senate, and he sent Antony in his stead.

This change of purpose was reported in the senate after the house was formed. The conspirators were in despair. Dec. Brutus at once went to Cæsar, told him that the fathers were only waiting to confer

upon him the sovereign power which he desired in the provinces, and begged him not to listen to auguries and dreams. Cæsar was persuaded to change his purpose, and was carried forth in his litter. On his way, a slave who had discovered the conspiracy tried to attract the dictator's notice, but was unable to reach him from the crowd. A Greek philosopher, named Artemidorus, succeeded in putting a roll of paper into his hand, containing full information of the conspiracy; but Cæsar, supposing it to be a petition, laid it in the litter by his side for a more convenient season. Meanwhile the conspirators had reason to think that their plot had been discovered. A friend came up to Casca and said, "Ah, Casca, Brutus has told me your secret!" The conspirator started back, but was relieved by the next sentence: "Where will *you* find money for the expenses of the ædileship?" More serious alarm was felt when Popillius Lænas remarked to Brutus and Cassius, "You have my good wishes; but what you do, do quickly"—especially when the same senator stepped up to Cæsar on his entering the house, and began whispering in his ear. So terrified was Cassius, that he thought of stabbing himself instead of Cæsar, till Brutus quietly observed that the gestures of Popillius indicated that he was asking a favor, not revealing a fatal secret. Cæsar took his seat without further delay.

As was agreed, Cimber presented a petition, praying for his brother's recall from banishment; and all the conspirators pressed round the dictator, urging his favorable answer. Displeased at their thronging round him, Cæsar attempted to rise. At that moment, Cimber seized the lappet of his robe and pulled him down; and immediately Casca struck him from the side, but inflicted only a slight wound. Then all drew their daggers and assailed him. Cæsar for a time defended himself with the gown folded over his left arm, and the sharp-pointed stile which he held in his right hand for writing on the wax of his tablets. But when he saw Brutus among the assassins he exclaimed, "You too, Brutus!" and, covering his face with his gown, offered no further resistance. In their eagerness some blows intended for their victim fell upon themselves. But enough reached Cæsar to do the bloody work. Pierced by three-and-twenty wounds, he fell at the base of Pompey's statue, which had been removed after Pharsalia by Antony, but had been restored by the magnanimity of Cæsar to be the witness of his bloody end.

Thus died "the foremost man in all the world," a man who failed in nothing that he attempted. He might, Cicero thought, have been a great orator; his Commentaries remain to prove that he was a great writer. As a general he had few superiors; as a statesman and politician no equal. That which stamps him as a man of true greatness, is the entire absence of vanity and self-conceit from his character. If it were not known that Cæsar was the narrator of his own campaigns, no one could guess that cold and dispassionate narrative to be from his pen. His genial temper and easy, unaffected manners bear testimony to the same point. It is well known indeed

that he paid great attention to his personal appearance—a foible which he shared in common with many great men equally free from other vanity. In youth he was strikingly handsome, and was the welcome lover of many dissolute Roman dames. His hard life and unremitting activity had furrowed his face with lines, and left him with that meagre visage which is made familiar to us from his coins. To the same cause is to be attributed his liability, in later life, to fits of an epileptic nature. But even in these days he was sedulous in arranging his robes, and was pleased to have the privilege of wearing a laurel crown to hide the scantiness of his hair. His morality in domestic life was not better or worse than commonly prevailed in those licentious days. He indulged in profligate amours freely and without scruple. But public opinion reproached him not for this. When it was sought to blacken his character, crimes of a deeper dye were imputed to him ; but they were never proved, and he always indignantly denied them. He seldom, if ever, allowed pleasure to interfere with business, and here his character forms a notable contrast to that of Sylla. In other respects the men were not unlike. Both were men of real genius, and felt their strength without vanity. But Sylla loved pleasure more than power ; Cæsar valued power above all things. As a general, Cæsar was probably no less inferior to Pompey than Sylla to Marius. Yet his successes in war, achieved by a man who, in his forty-ninth year, had hardly seen a camp, add to our conviction of his real genius. Those successes were due not so much to scientific and calculated manœuvres as to rapid audacity of movement and perfect mastery over the wills of men. That he caused the death or captivity of some million of Gauls, to provide treasure and form an army for his political purposes, is shocking to us ; but it was not so to Roman moralists. Any Roman commander with like powers, except, perhaps, Cato, would have acted in like manner. But the clemency with which Cæsar spared the lives of his opponents in the civil war, and the easy indulgence with which he received them into favor, were peculiarly his own. His political career was troubled by no scruples : to gain his end he was utterly careless of the means. But before we judge him severely, we must remember the manner in which the Marian party had been trampled under foot by Sylla and the senate. If, however, the mode in which he rose to power was questionable, the mode in which he exercised it was admirable. By the action of constant civil broils the constitutional system of Rome had given way to anarchy, and there seemed no escape except by submission to the strong domination of one capable man. The only effect of Cæsar's fall was to cause a renewal of bloodshed for another half generation ; and then his work was finished by a far less noble and generous ruler. Those who slew Cæsar were guilty of a great crime, and a still greater blunder.

LIFE OF CROMWELL.

(A.D. 1599-1658.)

THE name of Cromwell up to the present period has been identified with ambition, craftiness, usurpation, ferocity, and tyranny ; we think that his true character is that of a fanatic. History is like the sibyl, and only reveals her secrets to time, leaf by leaf. Hitherto she has not exhibited the real nature and composition of this human enigma. He has been thought a profound politician ; he was only an eminent sectarian. Far-sighted historians of deep research, such as Hume, Lingard, Bossuet, and Voltaire, have all been mistaken in Cromwell. The fault was not theirs, but belonged to the epoch in which they wrote. Authentic documents had not then seen the light, and the portrait of Cromwell had only been painted by his enemies. His memory and his body have been treated with similar infamy ; by the restoration of Charles the Second, by the royalists of both branches, by Catholics and Protestants, by Whigs and Tories, equally interested in degrading the image of the republican Protector.

But error lasts only for a time, while truth endures for ages. Its turn was coming, hastened by an accident.

One of those men of research, who are to history what excavators are to monuments, Thomas Carlyle, a Scotch writer, endowed with the combined qualities of exalted enthusiasm and enduring patience, dissatisfied also with the conventional and superficial portrait hitherto depicted of Cromwell, resolved to search out and restore his true lineaments. The evident contradictions of the historians of his own and other countries who had invariably exhibited him as a fantastic tyrant and a melodramatic hypocrite, induced Mr. Carlyle to think, with justice, that beneath these discordant components there might be found another Cromwell, a being of nature, not of the imagination. Guided by that instinct of truth and logic in which is comprised the genius of erudite discovery, Mr. Carlyle, himself possessing the spirit of a sectary, and delighting in an independent course, undertook to search out and examine all the correspondence buried in the depths of public or private archives, and in which, at the different dates of his domestic, military, and political life, Cromwell,

without thinking that he should thus paint himself, has in fact done so for the study of posterity. Supplied with these treasures of truth and revelation, Mr. Carlyle shut himself up for some years in the solitude of the country, that nothing might distract his thoughts from his work. Then having collected, elassed, studied, commented on, and rearranged these voluminous letters of his hero, and having resuscitated, as if from the tomb, the spirit of the man and the age, he committed to Europe this hitherto unpublished correspondence, saying, with more reason than Jean Jacques Rousseau, "Receive, and read; behold the true Cromwell!" It is from these new and incontestable documents that we now propose to write the life of this dictator.

Cromwell, whom the greater number of historians (echoes of the pamphleteers of his day) state to have been the son of a brewer, or butcher, was in reality born of an ancient family descended from some of the first English nobility. His great-uncle, Thomas Cromwell, created Earl of Essex by Henry the Eighth, and afterward beheaded in one of those ferocious revulsions of character in which that monarch frequently indulged, was one of the most zealous despoilers of Romish churches and monasteries, after Protestantism had been established by his master. The great English dramatist, Shakespeare, has introduced Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, in one of his tragedies. It is to him that Cardinal Wolsey says, when sent to prison and death by the fickle Henry,

"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

This Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was for a brief space Henry the Eighth's minister; he employed one of his nephews, Richard Cromwell, in the persecution of the Catholics, enriching him with the spoils of churches and convents. Richard was the great-grandfather of Oliver the Protector.

His grandfather, known in the country by the name of the "Golden Knight," in allusion to the great riches which were bestowed on his family at the spoliation of the monasteries, was called Henry Cromwell. He lived in Lincolnshire, on the domain of Hinchinbrock, formerly an old convent from which the nuns had been expelled, and which was afterward changed by the Cromwells into a seignorial manor-house. His eldest son, Richard, married a daughter of one of the branches of the house of Stuart, who resided in the same county. This Elizabeth Stuart was the aunt of Oliver Cromwell, who afterward immolated Charles the First. It appears as if destiny delighted thus to mingle in the same veins the blood of the victim and his executioner.

King James the First, when passing through Lincolnshire, on his way to take possession of the English crown, honored the dwelling

of the Cromwells by his presence, on account of his relationship to Elizabeth Stuart, aunt of the future Protector. The child, born in 1599, was then four years old, and in after years, when he himself reigned in the palace of the Stuarts, he might easily remember having seen under his own roof and at the table of his family this king, father of the monarch he had dethroned and beheaded !

It was not long before the family lost its wealth. The eldest of the sons sold for a trifling sum the manor of Hinchinbrook, and retired to a small estate that he possessed in the marshes of Huntingdonshire. His youngest brother, Robert Cromwell, father of the future sovereign of England, brought up his family in poverty on a small adjoining estate upon the banks of the river Ouse, called Ely. The poor, rough, and unyielding nature of this moist country, the unbroken horizon, the muddy river, cloudy sky, miserable trees, scattered cottages, and rude manners of the inhabitants, were well calculated to contract and sadden the disposition of a child. The character of the scenes in which we are brought up impresses itself upon our souls. Great fanatics generally proceed from sad and sterile countries. Mahomet sprang from the scorching valleys of Arabia ; Luther from the frozen mountains of Lower Germany ; Calviu from the inanimate plains of Picardy : Cromwell from the stagnant marshes of the Ouse. As is the place, so is the man. The mind is a mirror before it becomes a home.

Oliver Cromwell, whose history we are writing, was the fifth child of his father, who died before he attained maturity. Sent to the University of Cambridge, a town adjoining his paternal residence, he there received a liberal education, and returned at the age of eighteen, after the death of his father, to be the support of his mother and a second parent to his sisters. He conducted, with sagacity beyond his years, the family estate and establishment, under his mother's eye. At twenty-one he married Elizabeth Bourchier, a young and beautiful heiress of the county, whose portraits show, under the chaste and calm figure of the North, an enthusiastic, religious, and contemplative soul. She was the first and only love of her husband.

Cromwell took up his abode with his wife in the house of his mother and sisters at Huntingdon, and lived there ten years in domestic felicity, occupied with the cares of a confined income, the rural employments of a gentleman farmer who cultivates his own estate, and those religious contemplations of reform which at that period agitated almost to insanity Scotland, England, and Europe.

His family, friends, and neighbors were devotedly attached to the new cause of puritanic Protestantism ; a cause which had always been opposed in England by the remnant of the old conquered church, ever ready to revive. The celebrated patriot Hampden, who was destined to give the signal for a revolution on the throne, by refusing to pay the impost of twenty shillings to the crown, was the young Cromwell's cousin, and a puritan like himself. The family,

revolutionists in religion and politics, mutually encouraged each other in their solitude, by the prevailing passion of the times then concentrated in a small body of faithful adherents. This passion, in the ardent and gloomy disposition of Cromwell almost produced a disease of the imagination. He trembled for his eternal salvation, and dreaded lest he should not sacrifice enough for his faith. He reproached himself for an act of cowardly toleration in permitting Catholic symbols, such as the cross on the summit, and other religious ornaments, left by recent Protestantism, to remain upon the church at Huntingdon. He was impressed with the idea of an early death, and lived under the terror of eternal punishment. Warwick, one of his contemporaries, relates that Cromwell, seized on a particular occasion with a fit of religious melancholy, sent frequently during the night for the physician of the neighboring village, that he might talk to him of his doubts and terrors. He assisted assiduously at the preachings of those itinerant puritan ministers who came to stir up polemical ardor and antipathies. He sought solitude, and meditated upon the sacred texts by the banks of the river which traversed his fields. The disease of the times, the interpretation of the Bible, which had then taken possession of every mind, gave a melancholy turn to his reflections.

He felt within himself an internal inspiration of the religious and political meaning of these holy words. He acknowledged, in common with his puritanic brethren, the individual and enduring revelation shown in the pages and verses of a divine and infallible book, but which, without the Spirit of God, no prompting or explanation can enable us to understand. The puritanism of Cromwell consisted in absolute obedience to the commands of Sacred Writ, and the right of interpreting the Scriptures according to his own conviction—a contradictory but seductive dogma of his sect, which commands on the one hand implicit belief in the divinity of a book, and on the other permits free license to the imagination, to bestow its own meaning on the inspired leaves.

From this belief of the faithful in true and permanent inspiration, there was but one step to the hallucination of prophetic gifts. The devout puritans, and even Cromwell himself, fell naturally into this extreme. Each became at the same time the inspirer and the inspired, the devotee and the prophet. This religion, ever audibly speaking in the soul of the believer, was in fact the religion of diseased imaginations, whose piety increased with their fanaticism. Cromwell, in his retreat, was led away by these miasmas of the day, which became the more powerfully incorporated with his nature from youth, natural energy, and isolation of mind.

He had no diversion for his thoughts in this solitude, beyond the increase of his family, the cultivation of his fields, the multiplying and disposing of his flocks. Like an economical farmer, he frequented fairs that he might there purchase young cattle, which he

fattened and sold at a moderate profit. He disposed of a portion of his paternal estate for 2000 guineas, to enable him to buy one nearer the river, and with more pasture land, close to the little town of St. Ives, a few miles from Huntingdon. He settled there with his already numerous family, consisting of two sons and four daughters, in a small manor-house, buried under the weeping-willows which bordered the meadows, and called "Sleep Hall." He was then thirty-six years old. His correspondence at that time was filled with affection for his family, praises of his wife, satisfaction in his children, domestic details, and the solicitude of his soul for those missionary puritans whose preaching he encouraged, and whose zeal he promoted by voluntary contributions. His exemplary life, careful management of his household, his assiduous and intelligent attention to all the local interests of the county, gained for him that rural popularity which points out an unobtrusive man as worthy of the esteem and confidence of the people, and their proper representative in the legislative councils of the country. Cromwell, who felt that he possessed no natural eloquence, and whose ambition at that time went no further than his own domestic felicity, moderate fortune, and limited estate, solicited not the suffrages of the electors of Huntingdon and St. Ives; but in the cause of religion, which was all-powerful with him, he thought himself bound in conscience to accept them. He was elected, on the 17th of March, 1627, a member of parliament for his county. His public career commenced with those political storms which consigned a king to the scaffold and raised a country gentleman to the throne.

To understand well the conduct of Cromwell in that position in which, without his own connivance, destiny had placed him, let us examine the state of England at the period when he entered, unknown and silently, upon the scene.

Henry the Eighth, the Caligula of Britain, in a fit of anger against the Church of Rome, changed the religion of his kingdom. This was the greatest act of absolute authority ever exercised by one man over an entire nation. The caprice of a king became the conscience of the people, and temporal authority subjugated their souls. The old Catholicism, repudiated by the sovereign, was abandoned to indiscriminate pillage and derision, with its dogmas, hierarchy, clergy, monks, monasteries, ecclesiastical possessions, territorial fiefs, hoarded riches, and temples of worship. The Roman Catholic faith became a crime in the kingdom, and its name a scandal and reproach to its followers. National apostasy was as sudden and overwhelming as a clap of thunder: the Catholic nation had disappeared beneath the English nation. Henry the Eighth and his councillors, nevertheless, wished to preserve the ancient religion of the state, so far as it was favorable to the interests of the king, useful to the clergy, and delusive for the people. In other words, the king was to possess supreme authority as head of the Church, over the souls of his subjects; eccle-

siastical dignities, honors, and riches were to be secured to the bishops ; the liturgy and ceremonial pomp to the people. Selecting a politic medium between the Church of Rome and the church of Luther, England constituted her own. This church, rebellious against Rome, whom she imitated while opposing her, submitted to Luther, whom she restrained while she encouraged his tenets. It was a civil rather than a religious arrangement, which cared for the bodies before the souls of the community, and gave an appearance more of show than reality to the formal piety of the nation.

The people, proud of having thrown off the Romish yoke, and disliking the ancient supremacy which had so long bent and governed the island ; recoiling in horror from the name of the *Papacy*, a word in which was summed up all that was superstitious and all that related to foreign domination, readily attached themselves to the new church. They beheld in her the emblem of their independence, a palladium against Rome, and the pledge of their nationality. Every king since Henry the Eighth, whatever may have been his personal creed, has been obliged to protect and defend the worship of the Church of England. An avowal of the Roman Catholic faith would be his signal of abdication. The people would not trust their civil liberties to the care of a prince who professed spiritual dependence on the Church of Rome.

The right of liberty of conscience had naturally followed this change in the minds of Englishmen. Having revolted, at the command of their sovereign, against the ancient and sacred authority of the Romish Church, it was absurd to think that the conscience of the nation would submit without a murmur to the unity of the new institution, the foundations of which had been planted before their eyes in debauchery and blood, by the English tyrant, too recently for them to believe in its divine origin. Every conscience wished to profit by its liberty, and different sects sprang up from this religious anarchy ; they were as innumerable as the ideas of man delivered up to his own fancies, and fervent in proportion to their novelty. To describe them would exceed our limits. The most widely-extended were the puritans, who may be called the Jansenists of the Reformation ; an extreme sect of Protestants, logical, practical, and republican. Once entered into the region of liberal and individual creeds, they saw no reason why they should temporize with what they called the superstitious idolatries, abominations, symbols, ceremonies, and infatuations of the Romish Church. They admitted only the authority of the Bible and the supremacy of Sacred Writ, of which they would receive no explanation or application but that which was communicated to them from the *Spirit* ; in other words, from the arbitrary inspiration of their own thoughts. They carried their oracle within their own bosoms, and perpetually consulted it. In order to invest it with more power, they held religious meetings and established conventicles and churches, where each, as the Spirit moved

him, spoke ; and the incoherent ravings of the faithful passed as the word of God.

Such was the sect which, from the time of Henry the Eighth, struggled at the same time against the power of the Anglican Church and the remains of the proscribed Romanism.

Three reigns had been disturbed by religious dissections—that of Mary, the Catholic daughter of Henry the Eighth, who had favored the return of her subjects to their original faith, and whose memory the puritans abhorred as that of a papistical Jezebel ; that of Elizabeth, the Protestant daughter of the same king by another wife, who persecuted the Catholics, sacrificed Mary Stuart, and ordained recantation, imprisonment, and even death to those who refused to sign at least once in six months their profession of the reformed creed ; and, finally, that of James the First, son of Mary Stuart, who had been educated in the Protestant faith by the Scotch puritans. This prince succeeded to the English throne, by right of inheritance from the house of Tudor, upon the death of Elizabeth ; a mild, philosophical, and indulgent monarch, who wished to tolerate both faiths and make the rival sects live peaceably together, although they trembled with ill-suppressed animosity at this imposed truce.

Charles the First, his son, succeeded to the throne in his twenty-sixth year. He was endowed by nature, character, and education with all the qualities necessary for the government of a powerful and enlightened nation in ordinary times. He was handsome, brave, faithful, eloquent, honest and true to the dictates of his conscience ; ambitious of the love of his people, solicitous for the welfare of his country, incapable of violating the laws or liberty of his subjects, and only desirous of preserving to his successors that unlimited and ill-defined exercise of the royal prerogative which the constitution, in practice rather than in true essence, affected to bestow upon its kings.

Upon ascending the throne, Charles found and retained in the office of prime minister, out of respect to the memory of his father, his former favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, a man of no merit, whose personal beauty, graceful manners, and overbearing pride were his sole recommendations ; and who furnishes a remarkable instance of the caprice of fortune and the foolish partiality of a weak king, which could transform him into a powerful noble, while it failed to render him an able statesman. He was more qualified to fill the place of favorite than minister. Buckingham, having repaid with ingratitude the kindness of the father, against whom he secretly excited a parliamentary cabal, endeavored to continue his habitual sway under the new reign of the son. The diffidence of Charles allowed Buckingham for several years to agitate England and embroil the state. By turns, according to the dictates of his own interests, he caused his new master to increase or lessen that relationship between the crown and parliament, beyond or below the limits which

right or tradition attributed to these two powers. He created thus a spirit of resistance and encroachment on the part of the parliament, in opposition to the spirit of enterprise and preponderance, on that of the royal authority. Buckingham affected the absolute power of Cardinal Richelieu, without possessing either his character or genius. The poniard of a fanatic who stabbed him at Portsmouth, in revenge for an act of private injustice which had deprived him of his rank in the army, at length delivered Charles from this presumptuous favorite.

From this time the King of England, like Louis the Fourteenth of France, resolved to govern without a prime minister. But the unfortunate Charles had neither a Richelieu to put down opposition by force nor a Mazarin to silence it by bribery. Besides, at the moment when Louis the Fourteenth ascended the throne, the civil wars which had so long agitated France were just concluded, and those of England were about to commence. We cannot, therefore, reasonably attribute to the personal insufficiency of Charles those misfortunes which emanated from the times rather than from his own character.

In a few years the struggles between the young king and his parliament, struggles augmented by religious more than political factions, threw England, Scotland, and Ireland into a general ferment, which formed a prelude to the long civil wars and calamities of the state. The parliament, frequently dissolved from impatience at these revolts, and always reassembled from the necessity of further grants, became the heart and active popular centre of the different parties opposed to the king. All England ranged herself behind her orators. The king was looked upon as the common enemy of every religious sect, of public liberty, and the foe of each ambitious malcontent who expected to appropriate a fragment of the crown by the total subversion of the royal authority. Charles the First energetically struggled for some time, first with one ministry then with another. The spirit of opposition was so universal that all who ventured into the royal council became instantly objects of suspicion, incompetence, and discredit, in the estimation of the public.

A bolder and more able minister than any of his predecessors, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, a man who had acquired a high reputation with the opposition party by his eloquence, and whose fame had pointed him out to the notice of the king, devoted his popularity and talents to the service of his sovereign.

Strafford appeared for a time, by the force of persuasion, wisdom, and intrepid firmness, to support the tottering throne, but the parliament denounced, and the king, who loved was unable to defend him. Strafford, threatened with capital punishment, more for actual services than for imaginary crimes, was summoned by the parliament, after a long captivity, to appear before a commission of judges composed of his enemies. The king could only obtain the favor of

being present in a grated gallery, at the trial of his minister. He was struck to the heart by the blows levelled through the hatred of the parliament against his friend. Never did an arraigned prisoner reply with greater majesty of innocence than did Strafford in his last defence before his accusers and his king. Neither Athens nor Rome record any incident of more tragic sublimity in their united annals.

"Unable to find in my conduct," said Strafford to his judges, "anything to which might be applied the name or punishment of treason, my enemies have invented, in defiance of all law, a chain of constructive and accumulative evidence, by which my actions, although innocent and laudable when taken separately, viewed in this collected light, become treasonable. It is hard to be questioned on a law which cannot be shown. Where hath this fire lain hid so many hundreds of years, without smoke to discover it till it thus bursts forth to consume me and my children? It is better to be without laws altogether than to persuade ourselves that we have laws by which to regulate our conduct, and to find that they consist only in the enmity and arbitrary will of our accusers. If a man sails upon the Thames in a boat, and splits himself upon an anchor, and no buoy be floating to discover it, he who owneth the anchor shall make satisfaction; but if a buoy be set there, every one passeth it at his own peril. Now where is the mark, where the tokens upon this crime, to declare it to be high treason? It has remained hidden under the water; no human prudence or innocence could preserve me from the ruin with which it menaces me.

"For two hundred and forty years, every species of treason has been defined, and during that long space of time I am the first, I am the only exception for whom the definition has been enlarged, that I may be enveloped in its meshes. My Lords, we have lived happily within the limits of our own land; we have lived gloriously beyond them, in the eyes of the whole world. Let us be satisfied with what our fathers have left us; let not ambition tempt us to desire that we may become more acquainted than they were with these destructive and perfidious arts of inculpating innocence. In this manner, my Lords, you will act wisely, you will provide for your own safety and the safety of your descendants, while you secure that of the whole kingdom. If you throw into the fire these sanguinary and mysterious selections of constructive treason, as the first Christians consumed their books of dangerous art, and confine yourselves to the simple meaning of the statute in its vigor, who shall say that you have done wrong? Where will be your crime, and how, in abstaining from error, can you incur punishment. Beware of awakening these sleeping lions for your own destruction. Add not to my other afflictions that which I shall esteem the heaviest of all—that for my sins as a man, and not for my offences as a minister, I should be the unfortunate means of introducing such a precedent, such an example of a proceeding so opposed to the laws and liberties of my country.

“My Lords, I have troubled you longer than I should have done were it not for the interest of these dear pledges a saint in heaven hath left me.” [Here he stopped, letting fall some tears, and then resumed:] “What I forfeit myself is nothing, but that my indiscretion should extend to my posterity, woundeth me to the very soul. You will pardon my infirmity, something I should have added, but am not able, therefore let it pass. And now, my Lords, for myself, I have been, by the blessing of Almighty God, taught that the afflictions of this present life are not to be compared to the eternal weight of glory which shall be revealed hereafter. And so, my Lords, even so, with all tranquillity of mind, I freely submit myself to your judgment; and whether that judgment be for life or death—‘Te Deum Laudamus!’” Sentence of death was the reply to this eloquence and virtue.

The warrant was illegal without the signature of the king; to sign it was to be false to conviction, gratitude, friendship, and dignity; to refuse to do so would be to defy the parliament and people, and draw down upon the throne itself the thunderbolt of popular indignation, which the death of the minister would for a time divert. Charles tried by every means of delay to avoid the shame or danger; he appeared more as a suppliant than as a king before the parliament, and besought them to spare him this punishment. Urged by the queen, who disliked Strafford, and whose heart could not hesitate for an instant between the death of Charles or his minister, the king acknowledged that he did not think Strafford quite innocent of some irregularities and misuse of the public money, and added, that if the parliament would confine the sentence to the crime of embezzlement, he would give his sanction conscientiously to the punishment; but for high treason, his own internal conviction and honor forbade his confirming calumny and iniquity by signing the death-warrant of Strafford.

The parliament was inflexible; the queen wept; England was in a ferment. Charles, although ready to yield, still hesitated. The Queen Henrietta, of France, daughter of Henry the Fourth, a beautiful and accomplished princess, for whom until his death the king preserved the fidelity of a husband and the passion of a lover, presented herself before him in mourning, accompanied by her little children. She besought him on her knees to yield to the vengeance of the people, which he could not resist without turning upon the innocent pledges of their love, that death which he was endeavoring vainly to avert from a condemned head. “Choose,” said she, “between your own life, mine, these dear children’s, and the life of this minister so hateful to the nation.”

Charles, struck with horror at the idea of sacrificing his beloved wife and infant children, the hopes of the monarchy, replied that he cared not for his own life, for he would willingly give it to save his minister; but to endanger Henrietta and her children was beyond

his strength and desire. He, however, still delayed to sign the warrant. Strafford, yielding probably to the secret solicitations of the queen, wrote a letter himself to his unhappy master, to ease the conscience and affection of the king as being the cause of his death.

"Sire," said he in this letter—a sublime effort of that virtue which triumphed over the natural love of life that he might lessen the remorseful feelings of his murderers—"Sire, hesitate not to sacrifice me to the malignity of the times, and to public vengeance which thirsts for my life. My voluntary consent to the signature of my own death warrant which they require of you will acquit you before God more than the opinion of the whole world. There is no injustice in consenting to that which the condemned desires and himself demands."

"Since Heaven has granted me sufficient grace to enable me to forgive my enemies with a tranquillity and resignation which impart an indescribable contentment to my soul, now about to change its dwelling-place, I can, Sire, willingly and joyfully resign this earthly life, filled with a just sense of gratitude for all those favors with which your Majesty has blessed me."

This letter overcame the last scruples of the king; he thought that the consent of the victim legalized his murder, and that God would pardon him as the condemned had done. He accepted the sacrifice of the life offered him in exchange for the lives of his wife and children, perhaps for his own, and the safety of the monarchy. Love for his family, the hope of averting civil war, and of bringing back the parliament to a sense of reason and justice from gratitude for this sacrifice, completely blinded his eyes. He thought to lessen the horror and ingratitude of the act by appointing a commission of three members of his council, and delegating to them the power of signing the parliamentary death-warrant against Strafford. The commissioners ratified the sentence, and the king shut himself up to weep, and avoid the light of that morning which was to witness the fall of his faithful and innocent servant. He thought that by obliterating this day from his life he would also expunge it from the memory of heaven and man. He passed the whole time in darkness, in prayers for the dying and in tears; but the sun rose to commemorate the injustice of the monarch, the treachery of the friend, and the greatness of soul of the victim.

"I have sinned against my conscience," wrote the king several years after to the queen, when reproaching himself for that signature drawn from him by the love he bore his wife and children. "It warned me at the time, I was seized with remorse at the instant when I signed this base and criminal concession."

"God grant," cried the archbishop, his ecclesiastical adviser, on seeing him throw down his pen after signing the nomination of the commissioners; "God grant that your Majesty's conscience may not reproach you for this act."

"Ah! Strafford is happier than I am," replied the prince, concealing his eyes with his hands. "Tell him that, did it not concern the safety of the kingdom, I would willingly give my life for his!"

The king still flattered himself that the House of Commons, satisfied with his humiliation and deference to their will, would spare the life of his friend and grant a commutation of the punishment. He did not know these men, who were more implacable than tyrants—for factious are governed by the mind, not the heart, and are inaccessible to emotions of sympathy. Men vote unanimously with their party, from fear of each other, for measures which, when taken singly, they would abhor to think of. Man in a mass is no longer man—he becomes an element. To move this deaf and cruel element of the House of Commons, Charles used every effort to flatter the pride and touch the feeling of these tribunes of the people. He wrote a most pathetic letter, bedewed with his tears, and sent it to the parliament, to render it more irresistible, by the hand of a child, his son, the Prince of Wales, whose beauty, tender age, and innocence ought to have made refusal impossible from subjects petitioned by such a suppliant.

The king in this letter laid bare his whole heart before the Commons, displayed his wounded feelings, described the agony he felt in sacrificing his kingly honor and his personal regard for the wishes of his subjects. He enlarged upon the great satisfaction he had at length given to the Commons, and only demanded in return for such submission the perpetual imprisonment, instead of the death, of his former minister. But at the end, as if he himself doubted the success of his petition, he conjured them in a postscript at least to defer until the Saturday following the execution of the condemned, that he might have time to prepare for death.

All remained deaf to the voice of the father and the intercession of the child. The parliament accorded neither a commutation of the punishment nor an additional hour of life to the sentenced criminal. Their popularity forced them to act before the people with the same inexorable promptness that they exacted from the king. The beautiful Countess of Carlisle, a kind of English Cleopatra, of whom Strafford in the season of his greatness had been the favored lover, used every effort with the parliament to obtain the life of the man whose love had been her pride. The fascinating countess failed to soften their hearts.

As if it were the fate of Strafford to suffer at the same time the loss of both love and friendship, this versatile beauty, more attached to the power than to the persons of her admirers, transferred her affections quickly from Strafford to Pym, and became the mistress of the murderer, who succeeded to the victim.

"Pym," says the English history so closely examined by M. Chasles, "was an ambitious man who acted fanaticism without conviction. *Homo ex luto et argilla Epicurea factus*," according to the

energetic phrase of Haeket, "A man moulded from the mud and clay of sensuality." Such men are often seen in popular or in monarchial factions; servants and flatterers of their sect, who in their turn satisfy their followers by relieving the satiety of voluptuousness with the taste of blood.

Strafford was prepared for every extremity after being abandoned by the two beings he had most loved and served on earth. Nevertheless, when it was announced to him that the king had signed the death-warrant, nature triumphed over resignation, and a reproach escaped him in his grief. "*Nolite fidere principibus et filiis hominum*," cried he, raising his hands in astonishment toward the vaulted ceiling of his prison, "*quia non est salus in illis*."

"Put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man, for in them is no salvation."

He requested to be allowed a short interview with the Archbishop of London, Laud, imprisoned in the Tower on a similar charge with himself. Laud was a truly pious prelate, with a mind superior to the age in which he lived. This interview, in which the two royalists hoped to fortify each other for life or death, was refused. "Well," said Strafford to the governor of the Tower, "at least tell the archbishop to place himself to-morrow at his window at the hour when I pass to the scaffold, that I may bid him a last farewell."

The next day it was pressed upon Strafford to ask for a carriage to convey him to the place of execution, fearing that the fury of the people would anticipate the executioner and tear from his hands the victim, denounced by Pym and the orators of the House of Commons as the public enemy. "No," replied Strafford, "I know how to look death and the people in the face; whether I die by the hand of the executioner or by the fury of the populace, if it should so please them, matters little to me."

In passing under the archbishop's window in the prison-yard, Strafford recollected his request of the previous night, and raised his eyes toward the iron bars, which prevented him from seeing Laud distinctly. He could only perceive the thin and trembling hands of the old man stretched out between the bars, trying to bless him as he passed on to death.

Strafford knelt in the dust, and bent his head. "My lord," said he to the archbishop, "let me have your prayers and benediction."

The heart of the old man sank at the sound of his voice and emotion, and he fainted in the arms of his jailers while uttering a parting prayer.

"Farewell, my lord," cried Strafford, "may God protect your innocence." He then walked forward with a firm step, although suffering from the effects of illness and debility, at the head of the soldiers who appeared to follow rather than to escort him.

According to the humane custom of England and Rome, which permits the condemned, whoever he may be, to go to the scaffold sur

rounded by his relations and friends, Strafford's brother accompanied him, weeping. "Brother," said he, "why do you grieve thus; do you see anything in my life or death which can cause you to feel any shame? Do I tremble like a criminal, or boast like an atheist? Come, be firm, and think only that this is my third marriage, and that you are my bridesman. This block," pointing to that upon which he was about to lay his head, "will be my pillow, and I shall repose there well, without pain, grief, or fear."

Having ascended the scaffold with his brother and friends, he knelt for a moment as if to salute the place of sacrifice; he soon arose, and looking around upon the innumerable and silent multitude, which covered the hill and Tower of London, the place of execution, he raised his voice in the same audible and firm tone which he was accustomed to use in the House of Commons, that theatre of his majestic eloquence.

"People," said he, "who are assembled here to see me die, bear witness that I desire for this kingdom all the prosperity that God can bestow. Living, I have done my utmost to secure the happiness of England; dying, it is still my most ardent wish; but I beseech each one of those who now hear me to lay his hand upon his heart and examine seriously if the commencement of a salutary reform ought to be written in characters of blood. Ponder this well upon your return home. God grant that not a drop of mine may be required at your hands. I fear, however, that you cannot advance by such a fatal path."

After Strafford had spoken these words of anxious warning to his country, he again knelt and prayed, with all the signs of humble and devout fervor, for upward of a quarter of an hour. The revolutionary fanaticism of the English, at least, did not interrupt the last moments of the dying man; but Strafford, hearing a dull murmur either of pity or impatience in the crowd, rose, and addressing those who immediately surrounded him, said, "All will soon be over. One blow will render my wife a widow, my dear children orphans, and deprive my servants of their master. God be with them and you!"

"Thanks to the internal strength that God has given me," added he, while removing his upper garment and tucking up his hair that nothing might interfere with the stroke of the axe upon his neck, "I take this off with as tranquil a spirit as I have ever felt when taking it off at night upon retiring to rest."

He then made a sign to the executioner to approach, pardoned him for the blood he was about to shed, and laid his head upon the block, looking up and praying to heaven. His head rolled at the feet of his friends. "God save the king!" cried the executioner, holding it up to exhibit it to the people.

The populace, silent and orderly until this instant, uttered a cry of joy, vengeance, and congratulation, which demonstrated the frenzy of the times. They rejoiced like madmen at the fall of their

greatest citizen, and rushed through the streets of London to order public illuminations.

The king, during this, shut himself up in his palace, praying to God to forgive him his consent to a murder forced from his weakness. The ecclesiastic who had accompanied Strafford to the scaffold was the only person admitted into Charles's apartment, that he might give an account of the last moments of his minister. "Nothing could exceed," said the clergyman to the king, "the calmness and majesty of his end. I have witnessed many deaths, but never have I beheld a purer or more resigned soul return to Him who gave it." At these words the king turned away his head and wept.

Repentance for his yielding, and a presentiment of the inutility of this concession to purchase the welfare and peace of the kingdom, were mingled with agonizing grief in his soul. He saw clearly that the same blow which he had permitted to fall upon his friend and servant would sooner or later recoil upon himself, and that the execution of Strafford was only a rehearsal of his own. With subdued spirit, but awakened conscience, Charles no longer defended himself with sophistry from the feelings of remorse. He ceased to excuse himself inwardly, politically, or before God; but blamed himself with the same severity that subsequent historians have bestowed on this act of weakness. He deeply lamented his fault, and vowed that it should be the first and last deed by which he would sanction the iniquity of his enemies; and he derived from the bitterness of his regret, strength to live, to fight, and die, for his own rights, for the rights of the crown, and for the rights of his last adherents.

The parliament saw only in the death of Strafford a victory over the royal power and the heart of the king. The conflicts between the crown and the House of Commons recommenced instantly, upon other pretences and demands. The king in vain selected his ministers from the bosom of the parliament; he was unable to discover another Strafford—nature had not made a duplicate. Charles could only choose between faithful mediocrity or implacable enmity; and again his enemies, summoned by the king to his council that he might place the government in their hands, refused to attend. The spirit of faction was so irresistible and irreconcilable against the crown that the popular members of parliament felt themselves more powerful as the heads of their parties in the House of Commons than they could become as ministers of a suspected and condemned sovereign. The puritan party in the Commons held Charles the First of England as isolated as the Girondins afterward held Louis the Sixteenth of France, in 1791; eager for government, yet refusing to be ministers, that they might have the right of attacking the royal power, offered to them in vain, or only consenting to accept that they might betray it; from adulation giving it into the hands of the people, or from complicity surrendering it into those of the republicans.

Such was the relative positions of the king and the parliament during the first years when Cromwell sat as a member of the House of Commons.

Parliamentary disputes had no interest for Cromwell, and purely political agitations affected him but little. He was not naturally factious, but had become a sectarian. Religious motives induced him to aid the triumph of the puritan party ; not a desire to triumph over the crown itself, but over the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches which the crown was suspected of favoring. All other motives were strangers to his austere nature. His feelings, cold in all that related not to religion, his just but ill-understood mind, his abrupt elocution, without imagery or clearness, his ambition bounded by the success of his co-religionists, and actuated by no prospect of personal advantage beyond the salvation of his soul, and the service of his cause, made him abstain from taking a part in any of the debates. A silent member for many sessions, he was only remarkable in the House of Commons for his abnegation of all personal importance, for his disdain of popular applause, and the fervor of his zeal to preserve liberty of conscience to his brethren in the faith.

There was certainly nothing either in Cromwell's personal appearance or genius to excite the attention of an assembly occupied by the eloquence of Strafford and Pym. His face was ordinary, combining the features of a peasant, a soldier, and a priest. There might be seen the vulgarity of the rustic, the resolution of the warrior, and the fervor of the man of prayer ; but not one of these characteristics predominated sufficiently to announce a brilliant orator or to convey the presage of a future ruler.

He was of middle height, square-chested, stout-limbed, with a heavy and unequal gait, a broad, prominent forehead, blue eyes, a large nose, dividing his face unequally, somewhat inclining to the left, and red at the tip, like the noses attributed to those addicted to drink ; but which in Cromwell indicated only the asperity of his blood heated by fanaticism. His lips were wide, thick, and clumsily formed, indicating neither quick intelligence, delicacy of sentiment, nor the fluency of speech indispensable to persuasive eloquence. His face was more round than oval, his chin was solid and prominent, a good foundation for the rest of his features. His likenesses, as executed either in painting or sculpture, by the most renowned Italian artists, at the order of their courts, represent only a vulgar, commonplace individual, if they were not ennobled by the name of Cromwell. In studying them attentively, it becomes impossible for the most decided partiality to discover either the traces or organs of genius. We acknowledge there a man elevated by the choice of his party and the combination of circumstances rather than one great by nature. We might even conclude from the close inspection of this countenance that a loftier and more developed intellect would have interfered with his exalted destiny ; for if Cromwell

had been endowed with higher qualities of mind he would have been less of a sectarian, and had he been so, his party would not have been exactly personified in a chief who participated in all its passions and credulities. The greatness of a popular character is less according to the ratio of his genius than the sympathy he shows with the prejudices and even the absurdities of his times. Fanatics do not select the cleverest, but the most fanatical leaders ; as was evidenced in the choice of Robespierre by the French Jacobins, and in that of Cromwell by the English Puritans.

The only traces of the presence of Cromwell in the House of Commons for ten years, which the parliamentary annals retain, are a few words spoken by him, at long intervals, in defence of his brethren, the puritanic missionaries, and in attack of the dominant Anglican church and the Roman Catholics, who were again struggling for supremacy. It might be seen, from the attention paid by his colleagues to the sentences uttered with such religious fervor by the representative of Huntingdon, that this gentleman farmer, as restrained in speech as in his desire of popularity, was treated in the House with that consideration which is always shown in deliberative assemblies to those men who are modest, sensible, silent, and careless of approbation, but faithful to their cause.

A justice of the peace for his county, Cromwell returned after each session or dissolution of parliament to fortify himself in the religious opinions of his puritan neighbors, by interviews with the missionaries of his faith, by sermons, meditations, and prayers, the sole variations from his agricultural pursuits.

The gentleness, piety, and fervor of his wife, devoted like himself to domestic cares, country pursuits, the education of her sons, and affection for her daughters, banished from his soul every other ambition than that of spiritual progress in virtue and the advancement of his faith in the consciences of men.

In the whole of his confidential correspondence during these long years of domestic seclusion there is not one word which shows that he entertained any other passion than that of his creed, or any ambition distinct from heavenly aspirations. What advantage could it have been to this man thus to conceal that hypocrisy which historians have described as the foundation and master spring of his character ? When the face is unknown to all, of what use is the mask ? No ! Cromwell could not dissemble so long to his wife, his sister, his daughters, and his God. History has only presented him in disguise, because his life and actions were distinctly revealed.

Let us give a few extracts from the familiar letters which throw some light upon this obscure period of his life :

“ My very dear good friend,” wrote he from St. Ives, Jan. 11th, 1635, to one of his confidants in pious labors ; “ to build material temples and hospitals for the bodily comfort, and assembling

gether of the faithful, is doubtless a good work ; but those who build up spiritual temples, and afford nourishment to the souls of their brethren, my friend, are the truly pious men. Such a work have you performed in establishing a pulpit, and appointing Doctor Welis to fill it ; an able and religious man, whose superior I have never seen. I am convinced that since his arrival here, the Lord has done much among us. I trust that He who has inspired you to lay this foundation will also inspire you to uphold and finish it.

“ Raise your hearts to Him. You who live in London, a city celebrated for its great luminaries of the Gospel, know that to stop the salary of the preacher is to cause the pulpit to fall. For who will go to war at his own expense ? I beseech you then, by the bowels of Jesus Christ, put this affair into a good train ; pay this worthy minister, and the souls of God’s children will bless you, as I shall bless you myself.

“ I remain, ever your affectionate

“ Friend in the Lord,

“ OLIVER CROMWELL.”

It was not alone by words, but by contributions from his small fortune, the produce of hard and ungrateful agricultural labor, that Cromwell sustained the cause of his faith. We read, three years after the date of the above lines, in a confidential letter written to Mr. Hand, one of his own sect :

“ I wish you to remit forty shillings” (then a considerable sum) “ to a poor farmer who is struggling to bring up an increasing family, to remunerate the doctor for his cure of this man Benson. If our friends, when we come to settle accounts, do not agree to this disposal of the money, keep this note, and I will repay you out of my private purse.

“ Your friend,

“ OLIVER CROMWELL.”

“ I live,” wrote he, several years after, but always in the same spirit of compunction, to his cousin, the wife of the Attorney-General St. John ; “ I live in *Kedar*, a name which signifies *shadow* and *darkness* ; nevertheless the Lord will not desert me, and will finally conduct me to his chosen place of repose, his tabernacle. My heart rests upon this hope with my brethren of the first-born ; and if I can show forth the glory of the Lord, either by action or endurance, I shall be greatly consoled. Truly no creature has more reason to devote himself to the cause of God than I have ; I have received so many chosen graces that I feel I can never make a sufficient return for all these gifts. That the Lord may be pleased to accept me for the sake of his Son, Jesus Christ, and that he may give us grace to walk in the light, for it is light indeed. I cannot say that he has alto-

gether hid his face from me, for he has permitted me to see the light at least in him, and even a single ray shed upon this dark path is most refreshing. Blessed be his name that shines even in such a dark place as my soul. Alas ! you know what my life has been. I loved darkness ; I lived in it ; I hated the light ; I was the chief of sinners : nevertheless God has had mercy on me. Praise him for me, pray for me, that he who has commenced such a change in my soul may finish it for Jesus Christ's sake. The Lord be with you, is the prayer of

“ Your affectionate cousin,

“ OLIVER CROMWELL.”

All that we find written by the hand of Cromwell during this long examination of his life from the age of twenty to forty, bears the same stamp of mysticism, sincerity, and excitement. A profound melancholy, enlivened sometimes by momentary flashes of active faith, formed the basis of his character. This melancholy was increased by the monotony of his rural occupations and by the sombre sky and situation of the district in which fortune had placed him.

His house, still shown to travellers in the low country which surrounds the little hamlet of St. Ives, bears the appearance of a deserted cloister. The shadows of the trees, planted like hedges on the borders of his fields in the marshes, intercept all extent of view from the windows. A lowering and misty sky weighs as heavily on the imagination as on the roofs of houses. Tradition still points out an oratory, supported by broken arches, built of brick by the devout puritan behind his house, adjoining the family sitting-room, where Cromwell assembled the peasants of the neighborhood to listen to the Word of God from the mouths of the missionaries, and where he often prayed and preached himself, when the spirit moved him. Long and deep lines of old trees, the habitations of ill-omened crows, bound the view on all sides. These trees hide even the course of the river Ouse, whose black waters, confined between muddy banks, look like the refuse from a manufactory or mill. Above them appears only the smoke of the wood fires of the little town of St. Ives, which continually taints the sky in this sombre valley. Such a spot is calculated either to confine the minds of its inhabitants to the vulgar ideas of traffic, industry, or grazing, or to cause them to raise their thoughts above the earth in the ecstasy of pious contemplation.

It was there, nevertheless, that Cromwell and his young wife, who modelled her own character upon the simplicity and piety of her husband's, brought up in poverty and seclusion their seven children. They sought not the world—the world sought them.

It may be seen from all that has been discovered relating to the life of Cromwell at that period, how much the report of the religious controversies in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the political

pamphlets which increased with the passion of the public, occupied his solitude, and with what avidity he perused them; but his attention was entirely directed to the portions of those writings which were confined to scriptural arguments.

The immortal name of the great poet Milton, the English Dante, appeared for the first time as the author of one of these republican pamphlets.

Milton had just returned from Italy, where, amid the ruins of ancient Rome, he had become impressed with the grandeur of her former liberty and the melancholy spectacle of her modern corruption. Rome drove him back to independent thought in matters of belief. Milton, like Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël in 1814, has given immortality to the fleeting passions of the times.

Independence in religious faith gave rise to the desire of equal independence in affairs of government. The one necessarily followed the other, for how could free opinions in faith be maintained in the servitude which prevented the expression of feelings and the practice of a creed? The strong yearning of Cromwell to profess and propagate the doctrines of his belief inclined him to republican opinions.

Hampden, his relative, then at the height of popularity from resistance to the royal prerogative, wishing to strengthen the republican party by the accession of a man as conscientious and irreproachable in conduct as Cromwell, procured his return to parliament as member for Cambridge, where Hampden exercised predominant influence.

This new election of Cromwell by a more important county did not distract his thoughts from the sole aim of his life. "Send me," wrote he to his friend Willingham in London, "the Scottish arguments for the maintenance of uniformity in religion as expressed in their proclamations. I wish to read them before we enter upon the debate, which will soon commence in the House of Commons."

Popular interest was for the moment mixed up with the cause of religion. Cromwell, without doubt, embraced this from attachment to his sect and the love of justice, and also to bring the people over to the side of the republicans and independents, by that support which the popular cause found in the adherents of this party against the encroachments of the crown. He contested the right of inclosing the common lands, by adding them to the fiefs which the kings of England had formerly accorded to their favorites; and this right the people with justice denied. "Cromwell," said the prime minister in his memoirs, "who I never heard open his mouth in the house, has been elected member of a parliamentary committee, charged with addressing the ministers upon this subject. Cromwell argued against me in the discussion. He reproached me with intimidating the witnesses, and spoke in such a gross and indecent manner, his action was so rough and his attitude so insolent, that I was forced to adjourn the committee. Cromwell will never forgive me."

The popularity acquired by Cromwell and his party from their advocacy of this cause encouraged him to increase it by the defence of those bitter writers against the crown and church, whose pamphlets were delivered by the king and the bishops from time to time, to be burned by the hands of the executioner. He presented a petition to the parliament from one of these martyrs. Indignation and his wounded conscience caused him for the first time to open his lips.

"It was in November, 1640," says a royalist spectator* in his memoirs, "that I, who was also a member, and vain enough to think myself a model of elegance and nobility, for we young courtiers pride ourselves on our attire, beheld on entering the house a person speaking. I knew him not; he was dressed in the most ordinary manner, in a plain cloth suit which appeared to have been cut by some village tailor. His linen too was coarse and soiled. I recollect also observing a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat-band; his stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable; and his eloquence full of fervor, for the subject-matter would not bear much of reason, it being in behalf of a libeller in the hands of the executioner. I must avow that the attention bestowed by the assembly on the discourse of this gentleman has much diminished my respect for the House of Commons."

All means of resistance and concession on the part of Charles toward his parliament being exhausted, the presentiment of an inevitable civil war weighed upon every breast. They prepared for it more or less openly on both sides.

Cromwell profited by one of those calms which precede great political tempests, to return home to console his wife and mother, and to embrace his children at St. Ives before he entered upon the struggle. He animated the people of his neighborhood by his religious ardor, and converted sectarians into soldiers. He spent all his household and agricultural savings in sending arms to Cambridge. He ventured even to take possession, as a member of parliament, of the castle there; and to defray the expenses of the militia he confiscated the Royal University plate which had been deposited in the castle treasury. This militia regiment recognized him as their colonel in right of his membership; and as he was one of the most resolute of citizens, he also, by the sole appeal to the feelings which they possessed in common, raised the militia in the country between Cambridge and Huntingdon, intercepted the royalists who were about to join the king, and everywhere disarmed the partisans of the crown.

"I shall not harm you," replied he at this troubled time, to a neighboring gentleman who remonstrated against the invasion of

* Sir Philip Warwick.—Tr.

their homes, "for, on the contrary, I wish to save the country from being more torn to pieces. Behave with integrity and fear nothing; but if you should act badly, then you must forgive the rigor which my duty toward the people will force me to exercise."

He did not even spare the manor-house of his uncle, Cromwell of Hinchinbrook, a ruined royalist gentleman who lived in an old keep in the marshes. "The present age is one of contention," wrote he to another gentleman. "The worst of these struggles in my mind are those which originate in differences of opinion. To injure men personally, either by the destruction of their houses or possessions, cannot be a good remedy against this evil. Let us protect the legitimate rights of the people."

Associations for the defence of independence and religion against the church and crown, were formed all over England, but were not long before they dissolved from the want of an active chief and united minds.

There only remained of these associations the seven western counties, of which Cromwell was the arm and soul. His fame spread over the country, and began to designate him a future chief of the religious war. They called him, in the puritanical assemblies, the Maccabeus of God's Church. "Continue," wrote Cromwell, however, to a clergyman of the Church of England, "to read the Scriptures to the people, and to preach in your cathedral as you have been accustomed to do, and even a *little more* frequently."

Thus Cromwell, who had risen to fight for liberty of faith for himself and his friends, protected that of others. "You dismiss from your troop an anabaptist officer," thus he wrote to one of his lieutenants, "and in this you are certainly badly advised. I cannot understand how a deplorable unbeliever, known for his irreligion, swearing, and debauchery, can appear to you more worthy of confidence than he who shuns all these sins. Be tolerant toward those who hold a faith different from your own. The state, sir, in choosing her servants, thinks not of their opinions, but of their actions and fidelity."

It may be seen from this that the first acts of Cromwell, precursors to him of civil war and future empire, were imbued with that spirit of government which drew partisans to his cause instead of delivering up victims to those who had already espoused it.

The association of the seven counties, submitting thus willingly to the influence of such an active patriot and zealous religionist, was the stepping-stone of Cromwell's ensuing popularity. It soon became the lever with which the Long Parliament raised and sustained the civil war.

We have seen that from day to day this war had become inevitable. Scotland, more fanatical even than England through her puritan chiefs, men of ardent faith and sanguinary dispositions, gave the first signal of hostilities. This kingdom, although retaining inde-

pendent laws and a local parliament, still formed a part of Charles's dominions. The spirit of revolt, concealed as in England under that of independence and opposition, caused a Scottish army to advance into the English territory, on the pretence of defending, in conjunction with the puritans and parliament of London, the rights of the two nations, which were menaced by the crown. Emboldened by this support, the opposition orators in the English legislative assembly, and the zealous puritans, placed no bounds to their audacity and encroachments on the royal prerogative. Even the least infatuated of the professors of the new faith, such as Pym, Hampden, and Vane, assumed the appearance of extreme partisans. They became, in the eyes of the republicans, the Catos, Brutuses and Cassiuses of England, while in the opinion of the puritans they were consecrated as martyrs. The suspicious susceptibility of the party was outraged at beholding several Catholic priests, who had been brought from France by Queen Henrietta as her spiritual advisers, residing at the court, and exercising in London the ceremonial duties of their creed. They affected to see a terrible conspiracy against Protestantism in this harmless fidelity of a young and charming queen to the impressions of her conscience, and the religious rites to which she had been accustomed from her youth. They accused the king of weakness, or of being an accomplice with the wife he adored.

Charles, in the spirit of peace, yielded to all these exigencies. He was called upon to sanction a bill authorizing the parliament to re-assemble of itself, in case an interval of three years should elapse without the royal convocation.

Until then the annual or triennial meeting of parliament had been more a custom than a privilege of English liberty. Charles, in consenting, acknowledged this representative sovereignty as superior to his own. The parliament, whose ambition was increased by all these concessions on the part of the monarch, established, still with his consent, the permanence of their control and power through a committee which was always to sit in London during the interval between the sessions. They also appointed another, to attend the king in the journey which he undertook to conciliate the Scotch.

At length they even carried their audacity and usurpation to the length of demanding the appointment of a protector of the kingdom—a kind of national tribune or parliamentary viceroy raised in opposition to the king himself. It was this title, thought of even since that time in the delirium of party spirit, that was naturally bestowed upon Cromwell when the civil war had made him the ruler of his country. He did not, as has been imagined, invent it for his own use; he found it already created by the factions which dethroned the king.

During the absence of the king in Scotland, Ireland, left to herself by the recall of the troops who had maintained peace there in Charles's name, became agitated even to revolt against the royal authority. The Irish Parliament also followed in its turbulence and

encroachments the example of the English legislative assembly. Ireland, divided into two classes and two religions, who had ever been violently opposed to each other, agreed for once unanimously to throw off the yoke of the crown.

The Catholics and the old Irish of the distant provinces were the first to break the league. They took advantage of the feebleness of the royal authority that sought to control them, and perpetrated a more sanguinary massacre than that of the Sicilian Vespers, by slaughtering indiscriminately all the English colonists who had for centuries resided in the same villages, and who, by the ties of friendship, relationship, and marriage, had long been amalgamated with the original inhabitants.

The massacres of St. Bartholomew and of the days of September, the Roman proscriptions under Marius, or those of France during the reign of terror, fell below the cruel atrocities committed by the Irish in these counties; atrocities which cast a stain upon their character and sully the annals of their country.

The chiefs of this conspiracy in the province of Ulster even shuddered themselves at the ferocity of the revengeful, fanatical, and inexorable people they had let loose. The feasts by which they commemorated their victory, gained by assassination, consisted of more slow and cruel tortures than the imaginations of cannibals ever conceived. They prolonged the martyrdom and sufferings of both sexes, that they might the longer revel in this infernal pastime. They caused blood to fall drop by drop, and life to ebb by lengthened gasps, that their revengeful fury might be the more indulged. The murders spread by degrees over every district of Ireland, except Dublin, where a feeble body of royal troops preserved the peace. The corpses of more than one hundred thousand victims, men, women, children, the infirm and aged, strewed the thresholds of their habitations, and the fields that they had cultivated in common with their destroyers. The flames in which their villages were enveloped were extinguished only in their blood. All who escaped by flight the fury of their assassins, carrying their infants in their arms to the summits of the mountains, perished of inanition and cold in the snows of winter. Ireland appeared to open, to become the tomb of half the sons she had brought forth.

We cannot read, even in the most impartial histories, the accounts of this enduring national crime without a feeling of execration toward its instigators and executioners. We can then understand the misfortunes inflicted by Heaven upon this devoted country. Tyranny can never be justified, but a nation which has such cruelties to expiate ought not to accense its oppressors of harsh treatment without at the same time recalling the memory of its own delinquencies. The misfortunes of a people do not always proceed from the crimes of their conquerors; they are more frequently the punishment of their own. These evils are the most irremediable, for they sweep away with them independence and compassion.

The parliament accused the king as the author of these calamities : the king with more justice reproached the parliament as the cause of his inability to check them. The republican party gained fresh strength in the country from this obstinate and fruitless struggle between the king and the parliamentarians, which allowed the kingdom to be torn to pieces and their co-religionists to be murdered by the Catholics. The leaders easily persuaded the parliament to issue, under the form of a remonstrance, an appeal to the people of great Britain, which was in fact a sanguinary accusation against the royal government. They therein set forth, in one catalogue of crime, all the mistakes and misfortunes of the present reign. They accused the king of every offence committed by both parties, and accumulated upon his head even the blood of the English murdered in Ireland by the Catholics. They therefore concluded, or tacitly resolved, that henceforth there was no safety for England but in the restriction of the royal power and the unlimited increase of the privileges of parliament. The king, driven to the utmost limits of concession, replied to this charge in a touching but feeble attempt at justification. The insolence of several members of the House of Commons, which burst forth in evident violation of his dignity and royal prerogative, left him no choice between the shameful abandonment of his title as king or an energetic vindication of his rights. He went down himself to the house, to cause the arrest of those members who were guilty of high treason, and called upon the president to point them out.

"Sire," replied he, kneeling, "in the place that I occupy I have only eyes to see and a tongue to speak according to the will of the house I serve. I therefore humbly crave your Majesty's pardon for venturing to disobey you."

Charles, humiliated, retired with his guards, and repaired to Guild hall to request the city council not to harbor these guilty men. The people only replied to him on his return with cries of "Long live the Parliament." The inhabitants of London armed themselves at the scriptural call, "To your tents, O Israel!" and passed proudly in review by land and water under the windows of Whitehall, where the king resided. The king, powerless, menaced and insulted by these outbursts, retired to the palace of Hampton Court, a solitary country residence, but fortified and imposing, situated at some little distance from London.

The queen, alarmed for her husband and children, besought the king to appease the people by submission. All was in vain. The parliament, which since the retreat of the king had become the idol and safeguard of the nation, was beset with inflammatory petitions. Under the pretext of protecting the people against the return of the royal army, they took upon themselves the military authority, and appointed the generals of the troops and governors of the fortified places. Charles, who retained only a few partisans and followers at

Hampton Court, was resolved to declare war, but before adopting this last resource he conducted the queen to the seaside and persuaded her to embark for the Continent, that she, at least, who was dearest to him on earth, might be secure from misfortune and the evil pressure of the times.

The separation was heart-rending, as if they had a presentiment of an eternal farewell. The unfortunate monarch adored the companion of his youth, and looked upon her as superior to all other women. He could not suffer her to share his humiliations and reverses, and desired to shield her as much as possible from the catastrophe which he foresaw would inevitably arrive.

Henrietta was carried fainting on board the vessel, and only recovered to utter reproaches to the waves which bore her from the English shores, and prayers to heaven for the safety of her beloved partner.

The king, agonized at the loss of his consort, but strengthened in courage by her departure, left Hampton Court and established himself in his most loyal city of York, surrounded by an attached people and devoted army. He took his children with him.

The parliament, representing this act as a declaration of public danger, raised an army to oppose that of the king, and gave the command to the Earl of Essex. The people rose at the voice of the Commons, and each town contributed numerous volunteers to swell the ranks of the republicans.

Charles, greater in adversity than when on the throne, found in a decided course that resolution and light which had often failed him in the ambiguous struggles with a parliament which he knew not either how to combat or subdue. The nobility and citizens, less impressed than the lower orders by the doctrines of the puritans, and less open to the seductions of the parliamentary tribunes, for the most part espoused the party of the king. They were designated *Cavaliers*. London and the large cities, hotbeds of agitation and popular opinion, devoted themselves to the parliament.

The Earl of Essex, an able but temporizing general, and more experienced in regular war than civil commotion, advanced at the head of fifteen thousand men against the king, whose camp contained only ten thousand.

The first encounter (doubtful in its result) between the two armies, proved only the personal valor of the king. He fought more like a soldier than a monarch, at the head of the foremost squadrons. Five thousand slain on both sides covered the field of battle. London trembled, but recovered confidence on learning that the king was too much weakened by the conflict to advance against the capital.

This first engagement, called the battle of Edge-Hill, though glorious for the arms of Charles, decided nothing. The almost universal fanaticism of the nation augmented incessantly the forces of the parliament. The nobility and soldiers of the regular troops alone re-

cruited the ranks of the king. The royal cause was defended only by an army ; the cause of the rebels was upheld by the nation. A protracted war would exhaust the one while it strengthened the other. " Let our enemies fight for their ancient honor," exclaimed the republican Hampden, in the House of Commons ; " we combat for our religion."

The French ambassador at Charles the First's court, notwithstanding his partiality for the royal cause, wrote thus to Cardinal Mazarin : " I am astonished to behold how little care the king takes of his life ; untiring, laborious, patient under reverses, from morning till night he marches with the infantry, oftener on horseback than in a carriage. The soldiers appear to understand all the wants and distresses of their sovereign ; they content themselves cheerfully with the little he can do for them, and without pay advance boldly against troops better equipped and better armed than themselves. I observe all this with my own eyes. This prince, in whom misfortune reveals a dauntless hero, shows himself the most brave and judicious of monarchs, and endures with fortitude these terrible vicissitudes of politics and war. He delivers all orders himself, even to the most minute, and signs no paper without the most scrupulous examination. Often he alights from his horse and marches on foot at the head of the army. He desires peace, but as he sees that peace has been unanimously rejected, he is compelled to have recourse to war. I think he will gain advantages at first, but his resources are too limited to allow of his maintaining them long."

The king had not even bread to give his soldiers, who demanded nothing from him but food. The history of these four years of unequal and erratic warfare resembles more the romantic life of an adventurer than the majestic struggle of a king against rebels, in the midst of his armies and people. " At one time," says the faithful follower who preserved a journal of this momentous period, " we sleep in the palace of a bishop, at another in the hut of a wood-cutter. To-day the king dines in the open air, to-morrow he has not even a crust of bread to eat. On Sunday, at Worcester, we had no dinner ; it was a dreadful day ; we marched without tasting food from six in the morning until midnight. Another day we travelled for a long time on foot in the mountains, and the king tasted nothing but two small apples. We could often procure no food until two in the morning. We lay down with no shelter over us before the castle of Donnington." Again the same chronicler says, " The king slept in his chariot on Bockonnok heath ; he had not dined. The next day he breakfasted with a poor widow on the borders of a forest."

The fortitude displayed by the king in struggling with his misfortunes, and his patient submission to the same privations and dangers, bound the soldiers to him by a feeling of personal attachment. They only desert kings who desert themselves. He resembled Henry

Quatre, fighting for his kingdom with the same courage, but with unequal fortune. The sight of this constancy and resignation induced even some of his enemies in the countries they passed through to join the royal cause. One of them named Roswell deserted the parliamentary army, and joined the inferior forces of the king. Being taken prisoner by the republicans, they interrogated him as to his motives for this defection. "I passed," replied Roswell, "along a road which bordered the heath, where King Charles, surrounded only by a few faithful subjects, was seated, dividing a morsel of bread with his followers. I approached from curiosity, and was so struck by the gravity, sweetness, patience, and majesty of this prince, that the impression dwelt in my breast and induced me to devote myself to his cause."

Charles concealed his feelings from his soldiers and attendants, lest he should display in the king the more permissible weakness of the man. One day, when he beheld Lord Litchfield, one of his most faithful and intrepid companions in arms, fall at his feet, struck mortally by a cannon-ball, he continued to give his orders and to fight with an appearance of insensibility which deceived everybody. After having secured the retreat and saved the army by taking the command of the rear guard, he ordered the troops to encamp, and then shut himself up in his tent to consider the operations of the morrow. He spent the night alone, writing, but his servants, on entering his tent at daybreak, perceived from his still moist eyes that a portion of the time at least had been occupied in weeping for Litchfield.

While Cromwell, his antagonist, who then fought against the king under Essex, spoke and acted with such mystical excitement that, according to the writers of the day, many looked upon this enthusiasm of religion as the effect of inebriety, Charles, as became a man who was grappling with misfortune, exhibited his recovered majesty by imperturbable serenity. "Never," wrote one of his generals, "have I beheld him exalted by success or depressed by reverses. The equality of his soul appears to defy fortune, and to rise superior to circumstances."

"He often," says another writer, "rode the whole night, and at break of day galloped up to the summit of some hill that he might examine the position or movements of the parliamentary army."

"Gentlemen," said he one day to a small group of cavaliers who followed him, "it is morning; you had better separate, you have beds and families. It is time you should seek repose. I have neither house nor home; a fresh horse awaits me, and he and I must march incessantly by day and night. If God has made me suffer sufficient evils to try my patience, he has also given me patience to support these inflictions."

"Thus," said a poet of the age, "did he struggle for the maintenance of his rights; he rowed on without a haven of refuge in

view. War increased the greatness of this king, not for the throne out for posterity."

Our limits will not permit us to follow all the various changes of fortune that occurred during this four years' war between the king and his people; the longest, the most dramatic, and the most diversified of all civil contests. Cromwell, who at the beginning commanded a regiment of volunteer cavalry in Essex's army, raised among his Huntingdon confederates, grew rapidly in the opinion of the whole camp, from the religious enthusiasm by which he was animated, and which he communicated to the soldiers. Less a warrior than an apostle, he sought martyrdom upon the field of battle rather than victory. Neither success, reverses, promotion, nor renown, diverted him from the one absorbing passion of his soul during this holy war.

The Earl of Essex, Lord Fairfax, Waller, Hampden, and Falkland, fought, yielded, or died, some for their prince, and others for their country and their faith; Cromwell alone never sustained a defeat. Elevated by the parliament to the rank of general, he strengthened his own division by weeding and purifying it. He cared little for numbers, provided his ranks were filled with fanatics. By sanctifying thus the cause, end, and motives of the war, he raised his soldiers above common humanity, and prepared them to perform impossibilities. The historians of both sides agree in allowing that this religious enthusiasm inspired by Cromwell in the minds of his troops transformed a body of factionaries into an army of saints. Victory invariably attended his encounters with the king's forces. On examining and comparing his correspondence, as we have already done, at the various dates of his military life, we find that this piety of Cromwell was not an assumed but a real enthusiasm. His letters show the true feelings of the man in the leader of his party; and the more convincingly as they are nearly all addressed to his wife, sisters, daughters, and most intimate friends. Let us look over them, for each of these letters is another stroke of the pencil to complete the true portrait of this characteristic hero of the times.

First, we must give a description of his troops.

"The puritan soldiers of Cromwell are armed with all kinds of weapons, clothed in all colors, and sometimes in rags. Pikes, halberds, and long straight swords are ranged side by side with pistols and muskets. Often he causes his troops to halt that he may preach to them, and frequently they sing psalms while performing their exercise. The captains are heard to cry, '*Present, fire! in the name of the Lord!*' After calling over the muster-roll, the officers read a portion of the New or Old Testament. Their colors are covered with symbolical paintings and verses from the Scriptures. They march to the Psalms of David, while the royalists advance singing loose bacchanalian songs."

The license of the nobility and cavaliers composing the king's regular troops could not prevail, notwithstanding their bravery.

against these martyrs for their faith. The warriors who believe themselves the soldiers of God must sooner or later gain the victory over those who are only the servants of man. Cromwell was the first to feel this conviction, and predicted the fulfilment, after the first battles, in a letter to his wife.

"Our soldiers," wrote he the day after an engagement, "were in a state of exhaustion and lassitude such as I have never before beheld, but it pleased God to turn the balance in favor of this handful of men. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, we rushed horse against horse, and fought with sword and pistol for a considerable time. We obliged the enemy to retreat, and pursued them. I put their commander (the young Lord Cavendish, twenty-three years of age, and the flower of the court and army) to flight as far as the borders of a marsh, where his cavalry fell into the mire, and my lieutenant killed the young nobleman himself by a sword-thrust in his short ribs. We owe this day's victory more to God than to any human power. May he still be with us, in what remains to do!"

He bestowed his fortune as well as his energies upon the cause which he considered sacred. "I declare," he wrote in the second year to his cousin St. John, "that the war in Ireland and England has already cost me 1200*l.*; this is the reason why I can no longer with my private purse assist the public treasury. I have bestowed on the cause my fortune and my faith. I put my trust in God, and for his name I would willingly lose my life. My companions, soldiers, and family would all do the same. My troops are daily augmented by men that you would esteem if you knew them—all true and exemplary believers." These soldiers were called "*Ironsides*," in allusion to their imperturbable confidence in God.

"My soldiers do not make an idol of me," said he in another letter to the president of the parliament; "I can say truly that it is not upon me but upon you that their eyes are fixed, ready to fight and die for your cause. They are attached to their faith, not to their leader. We seek only the glory of the Most High. The Lord is our strength; pray for us, and ask our friends to do so also."

"They say that we are factious," said he some days after to a friend, "and that we seek to propagate our religious opinions by force, a proceeding that we detest and abhor. I declare that I could not reconcile myself to this war if I did not believe that it was to secure the maintenance of our lawful rights, and in this just quarrel I hope to prove myself honest, sincere, and upright."

"Excuse me if I am troublesome; but I write rarely, and this letter affords me an opportunity, in the midst of the calumnies by which we are misrepresented, of pouring my feelings into the bosom of a friend."

He relates next to his colleague, Fairfax, an encounter that took place between his troops and an assembly of *Clubmen*, a neutral but armed party, whose patriotic feelings induced them to unite and

throw themselves between the parliamentarians and royalists, that they might save their country from the calamities which stained it with blood.

"Having assured them," wrote Cromwell, "that we were only desirous of peace, and that we firmly intended to put a stop to all violence and pillage, I sent back their deputies, charging them to transmit my message to their employers. They fired on my troops, where upon I charged theirs, and we made several hundred prisoners. Although they had treated some captives of our party with cruelty, I looked upon them as idiots, and set them at liberty."

There had long ceased to be any communication between the two extreme parties that divided the kingdom. The royalists refused to temporize with a parliament that fought against its king. The parliamentarians had become republican upon logical principles, having originally been factious from anger. The biblical texts against kings, commented upon by the puritans in town and country, made the people and the army all republicans; and thus republican doctrines thenceforth became a part of the religion of the people. Cromwell, naturally indifferent to controversies purely political, could not assure the triumph of his own faith without associating it with the popular government. The established Church of England and the monarchy were one, in the person of Charles and every other sovereign of his race. The only safeguard of the puritans was republicanism. The clear sense of Cromwell made him decide upon dethroning the house of Stuart and establishing the *Reign of God*.

His conviction soon rendered him insensible to all spirit of pacification. He marched from victory to victory, and, although he did not yet assume the actual title of Lord-General-in-Chief of the parliamentary army, he possessed all the authority of the office which public opinion could bestow upon him. The parliament was only victorious where he fought, and he ascribed to God the praise and glory of his successes. "Sir," wrote he, after the taking of Worcester and Bristol, "this is a fresh favor conferred on us by Heaven. You see that God does not cease to protect us. I again repeat, the Lord be praised for this, for it is his work."

All his dispatches and military notes show the same confidence in the divine intervention. "Whoever peruses the account of the battle of Worcester," said he in concluding his narrative of this event, "must see that there has been no other hand in it but that of God. He must be an atheist," added he with enthusiasm, "who is not convinced of this. Remember our soldiers in your prayers. It is their joy and recompense to think that they have been instrumental to the glory of God and the salvation of their country. He has deigned to make use of them, and those who are employed in this great work know that faith and prayer alone have enabled them to gain these towns. Presbyterians, puritans, independents, all are inspired with the same spirit of faith and prayer, asking the same

things, and obtaining them from on high. All are agreed in this. What a pity it is that they are not equally unanimous in politics ! In spiritual things we employ toward our brethren no other constraint than that of reason. As to other matters, God has placed the sword in the hands of the parliament to the terror of those who do evil. Should any one try to wrest this weapon from them, I trust they may be confounded. God preserve it in your hands."

In the interval between the campaigns, Cromwell had married two of his daughters ; the youngest and dearest was united to the republican Ireton. She was called Bridget. Her enlightened intellect and fervent piety made her the habitual confidant of all her father's religious feelings. We may trace in some scraps of his letters to this young female the constant preoccupation of his mind.

"I do not write to your husband, because he replies by a thousand letters to every one that I address to him. This makes him sit up too late ; besides, I have many other things to attend to at present.

"Your sister Claypole (his eldest daughter) is laboring under troubled thoughts. She sees her own vanity and the evils of her carnal spirit, and seeks the only thing which will give her peace. Seek also, and you will gain the first place next to those who have found it. Every faithful and humble soul who struggles to gain such peace will assuredly find it in the end. Happy are those who seek ; thrice happy are those who find ! Who has ever experienced the grace of God without desiring to feel the fulness of its joy ? My dear love, pray fervently that neither your husband nor anything in the world may lessen your love for Christ. I trust that your husband may be to you an encouragement to love him more and serve him better. What you ought to love in him is the image of Christ that he bears in his person. Behold that, prefer that, and love all else only for the sake of that. Farewell ; I pray for you and him ; pray for me."

Is this the style of a crafty, hypocritical politician, who would not even unmask himself before his favorite daughter ? and whose most familiar family confidences are to be considered unworthy tricks to deceive a world, not likely to read them during his lifetime ?

This mysticism was not confined to the general, but imbued the hearts of the whole army. "While we were digging the mine under the castle"—thus he writes at a later period from Scotland—"Mr. Stapleton preached, and the soldiers who listened expressed their compunction by tears and groans."

"This is a glorious day," said he after the victory of Preston ; "God grant that England may prove worthy of and grateful for his mercies." And after another defeat of the royalists, in a letter to his cousin St. John, he says, as if he were overcome with gratitude : "I cannot speak ; I can say nothing but that the Lord my God is a great and glorious God, and he alone deserves by turns our fear and confidence. We ought always to feel that he is present, and that he will never fail his people. Let all that breathe praise the Lord. Remem-

ber me to my dear father, Henry Vane ' (his parliamentary colleague, who was inflamed by the same religious and republican zeal); "may God protect us both. Let us not care for the light in which men regard our actions; for whether they think well or ill of them is according to the will of God; and we, as the benefactors of future ages, shall enjoy our reward and repose in another world; a world that will endure forever. Care not for the morrow, or for anything else. The Scriptures are my great support. Read Isaiah, chapter viii. verses 11, 14. Read the entire chapter."

"One of my poor soldiers died at Preston. On the eve of the battle he was ill, and near his last moments; he besought his wife, who was cooking in his room, to bring him a handful of herbs. She did so, and holding the green vegetable in his hand, he asked her if it would wither now that it was cut. 'Yes, certainly,' replied the poor woman. 'Well, remember then,' said the dying man, 'that such will be the fate of the king's army;' and he expired with this prophecy on his lips."

Cromwell called the civil war an appeal to God. He defended the parliament against those who reproached them for having carried the revolt too far, and asserted that they had been actuated by religious motives alone. He endeavored to rouse his friends from their hesitation and dislike of war, by impressing them with the sanctity of their mission. This Mahomet of the North was endowed, under adverse circumstances, with the same unfailing resignation as the Mahomet of the East. The character of martyr became him as readily as that of victor. He had made himself the popular idol at the conclusion of these years of conflict, but never was he for an instant intoxicated by vainglory. "You see this crowd," said he in a low voice to his friend Vane, on the day of his triumphant entry into London; "there would have been a much greater assemblage to see me hanged!"

His heart was on earth; his glory above. Nobody could govern the people better; and in governing he did not think he had the right to despise them, for the lowest are God's creatures. He merely desired to rule that he might serve them. He cared not for permanent empire; he had no desire to found a dynasty. He was nothing more than an interregnum. God removed him when he had achieved his work and established his faith by assuring the right of liberty of conscience to the people.

In the mean time the bravery of the king and the fidelity of his partisans prolonged the struggle with varied success.

The queen, impatient again to behold her husband and children, had returned to England with reinforcements from Holland and France. The admiral who commanded the parliamentary fleet, not having been able to prevent the disembarkation of the queen, approached the coast on which she had landed, and fired during the whole night at the cottage which served as an asylum for the heroic Henrietta. She was obliged to escape half clothed from the ruins of

the hut, and seek shelter behind a hill from the artillery of her own subjects. She at length joined the king, to whom love imparted fresh courage.

In a battle with equal forces at Marston Moor, Charles commanded in person against the army led by Cromwell.* Fifty thousand men, children of the same soil, dyed their native land with blood! The king, who, during the early part of the day, was victorious, in the evening being abandoned by his principal generals and a portion of his troops, was forced to retire into the North.

During the retreat he ventured to attack the Earl of Essex, generalissimo of the parliament, who, being surprised and vanquished, embarked and returned to London without his army.

The parliament, after the example of the Romans, thanked their general for not having despaired of his country, and appointed him to the command of fresh levies. Essex, reinforced by Cromwell and the Earl of Manchester, routed the king at Newbury; but, though victorious, he became weary of the dissensions which existed in the army, and was replaced by Fairfax, a model of patriotism and a hero in battle, yet incapable of directing war on a grand scale. The modesty of Fairfax induced him to ask for Cromwell as his lieutenant and adviser. These two chiefs united deprived the king of all hopes of reconquering England, and scarcely left him the choice of a field of battle. Fairfax, Cromwell, and Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, attacked and vanquished the royal forces at Naseby. The remnants of Charles's last supporters were successively destroyed by Fairfax and Cromwell.

While England was thus gliding rapidly from the grasp of the king, a young hero, the Earl of Montrose, raised by a chivalric combination the royalist cause in Scotland, and gained a battle against the puritans of that kingdom. Montrose's brave mountaineers, more qualified, like our own Vendéans, for dashing exploits than regular campaigns, having dispersed after the victory to visit their families, he was attacked by the puritans during their absence, and lost in one day all that he had gained in many gallant actions. He was obliged to take refuge in the mountains, and hide himself from his enemies under various disguises; but the remarkable beauty of his features betrayed him; he was recognized, taken prisoner, and ignominiously executed. His death was as sublime as his enterprise had been heroic. He died a martyr of fidelity to his king, as while living he had been his firmest friend.

Charles, who now only retained about his person a handful of cavaliers, wrote to his wife that as he could no longer fight as a king he wished to die like a soldier. He once more compelled the queen, his only object of anxiety, to embark for the Continent, and

* This is a mistake. Charles was not present at Marston Moor, and Fairfax, not Cromwell, commanded in chief on the side of the parliament.—TR.

succeeded in conducting the wreck of his army to Oxford. He left that place in the night, by a secret portal, accompanied only by three gentlemen, and reached without being recognized the summit of Harrow-on-the-Hill, from whence he for a long time contemplated his capital, deliberating whether he should enter the city and throw himself upon the mercy of the parliament, or embarrass them by his presence. Then changing his mind, he, with a slender hope, proceeded to join the Scottish army, acting in alliance with his enemies, but which had not, as yet, like the English, totally abjured their fidelity to the crown.

The generals of the Scottish forces, astonished at his arrival, and not daring at first to deceive his confidence, received him with the honors due to their sovereign, and appointed him a guard, intended more to watch than to defend him. These outward distinctions ill concealed the fact of his captivity. Negotiations were again opened between Charles and the parliament. The conditions proposed by the latter actually involved the abdication of the throne, and anticipated the constitution of 1791, imposed by the legislative assembly and the Jacobins upon Louis the Sixteenth. The king refused to agree to them.

During these negotiations, the Scottish army in the most base and treacherous manner sold the liberty of the prince who had trusted to their honor, and consented to deliver him up to the parliament for the sum of three millions sterling ;* a Jewish traffic which, from that day to this, has been an enduring stigma on the name of Scotland.

The Scottish parliament at first refused to ratify the bargain, but the popular and fanatical party of their own clergymen compelled them to do so. Charles the First was playing at chess in his room at the moment when they brought the dispatch which deprived him of the last illusion he had indulged in with regard to his fate. He had become from habitual adversity so resigned, and possessed such command over himself, that he continued his game with undiminished attention, and without even a change of color, so that the spectators began to doubt if it were really the order for his arrest that he had perused.

Delivered up that evening by the Scotch to the parliamentary commissioners, he traversed as a captive, but without insult, and even amid tokens of respect and the tears of the people, the counties which separated Scotland from Holmby, the place chosen as his prison. He there endured a confinement often rigorous even to brutality. The parliament and army, who were already at variance, disputed the possession of the prisoner. Cromwell, who had excited in the troops a fanaticism equal to his own, and who feared lest the parliament, now master of the king's person, should enter into a compromise with royalty fatal to the interests of the republic, the only guarantee

* M. de Lamartine has mistaken the sum, which did not exceed £500,000.—TR.

in his opinion for the security of the puritan faith—without the knowledge of Fairfax, his immediate commander, sent one of his officers at the head of five hundred chosen men to carry off the king. Charles, who foresaw a worse fate at the hands of the soldiers than of the people, vainly attempted to resist the emissary and orders of Cromwell. At length he yielded, and reluctantly submitted to his new jailers. He was then conducted to the army, in the close vicinity of Cambridge.

The parliament, indignant at this assumptive authority on the part of the army, demanded that the king should be delivered up to them. The army, already accustomed to place itself above the civil power, declared rebelliously against the parliament and Fairfax, in favor of Cromwell, whom they placed at their head, and marched upon London, forcing their generals to accompany them. The parliament, intimidated, stopped their advance at the gates of the capital, by conceding all their demands.

From that day, the parliament became as much subjugated by the army as the king had formerly been controlled by the parliament, and sank into the mere tool of Cromwell. He himself purged the legislative assembly of those members who had shown the greatest opposition to the troops. Cromwell and Fairfax treated the king with more consideration than the parliamentary commissioners had shown. They permitted him to see his wife and younger children, who until then had been retained in London. Cromwell, himself a father, being present at the interview between Charles and his family, shed tears of emotion. At that moment the man triumphed over the sectarian. Up to that time he believed that his cause required only the dethronement, not the sacrifice of the king. He showed toward his captive all the respect and compassion compatible with his safe custody. He always spoke with the tenderest admiration of Charles's personal virtues, and the amiable light in which he shone forth as a husband and a parent.

Charles, touched by this respect, and holding even in prison a shadow of his court, said to Cromwell and his officers, "You are driven back to me by necessity, you cannot do without me; you will never succeed in satisfying the nation for the loss of the sovereign authority." The king now looked for better things from the army than from the parliament. A royal residence was appointed for him, the palace of Hampton Court; and he there became, although a prisoner, the centre and arbitrator of the negotiations between the principal factions, who each wished to strengthen themselves with his name by associating him to their cause.

The three leading parties were the army, the parliament, and the Scotch. Cromwell and his son-in-law, Ireton, were confident in their personal influence over the king; an accident undeceived them. The king, having written a private letter to his wife, charged one of his confidential servants to conceal this letter in his horse's saddle,

and convey it to Dover, where the fishing-boats served to transmit his correspondence to the Continent. Cromwell and Ireton, who had some suspicion of the nature of this missive, resolved to ascertain by personal examination the private sentiments of the king. Informed of the departure of the messenger, and of the manner in which he had concealed the letter, they mounted their horses and rode that night to Windsor, which place they reached some hours before the emissary of the king.

"We alighted at the inn, and drank beer for a portion of the night," said Cromwell subsequently, "until our spy came to announce that the king's messenger had arrived. We rose, advanced with drawn swords toward the man, and told him we had an order to search all who entered or quitted the inn. We left him in the street, and carried his saddle into the room where we had been drinking, and having opened it we took from thence the letter, and then returned the saddle to the messenger without his suspecting that it had been despoiled. He departed, imagining that he had preserved the secret. After he was gone we read the king's letter to his wife. He told her that each faction was anxious that he should join them, but he thought he ought to conclude with the Scotch in preference to any other. We returned to the camp, and seeing that our cause had nothing to expect from the king, from that moment we resolved on his destruction."

The guard was doubled, but the king eluded their vigilance. Followed only by Berkley and Ashburnham, his two confidential friends, he crossed Windsor forest by night, and hastened toward the sea-shore, where the vessel appointed to await him was not to be seen. He then sought a safe and independent asylum in the Isle of Wight, the strong castle of which, commanded by an officer he believed devoted to his service, promised him security. He expected from thence to treat freely with his people, but he found too late that he was a prisoner in the castle, where he had supposed himself master.

Charles passed the winter in negotiations with the commissioners appointed by the parliament. During these vain discussions, Cromwell, Ireton, and the most fanatical of the officers, uneasy at delay, assembled at Windsor in secret council, and after having in their enthusiasm implored with prayers and tears that they might be endowed with spiritual light, they took the resolution of proclaiming the republic, of bringing the king to trial, and of sacrificing him to the welfare of the nation. "There will be no peace," cried they, "for the people, no security for the saints, so long as this prince, even within the walls of a prison, is made the instrument of factious treaties, the secret hope of the ambitious, and an object of pity to the nation."

Implacable religion inspired the fanatics, fear impelled the base, ambition excited the daring, and the individual passion of each ap-

peared in the eyes of all as the announced decree of heaven. The consummation was decided on without a dissentient voice. From this day forth, the crime, already accomplished in the anticipation of Cromwell, visibly appears to disorder his mind, to deprive his religion of its innocence, his words of their sincerity, his actions of their piety, and to associate fatally in all his conduct the craftiness of ambition and the cruelty of the executioner with the superstitious bigotry of the sectarian. His soul is no longer clear ; it becomes obscure and enigmatical for the world as well as for himself ; he wavers between the fanatic and the assassin ; just punishment of a criminal resolution, which assumes that the interest of a cause conveys the right of life and death over the victim, and employs murder as the means of producing the triumph of virtue.

At the same moment when the conspirators of Windsor decreed the arrest of Charles, he himself pronounced his own sentence, in breaking off the rigorous negotiations with the parliament, and in refusing to affix his signature to the degradation of the royal authority. From that time forward his captivity was no longer disguised under the outward semblance of honor and respect. Shut up in the keep of a strong castle, and deprived of all communication with his friends, he had no society during a long winter but that of an old domestic who lit his fire and brought in his food. Throughout this protracted and painful solitude, with a menacing fate present to his imagination, and the waves of the ocean bursting on his ears, he fortified his mind, naturally courageous though tender, by the aid of religion, and prepared for the death with which all parties combined to threaten him. His life constituted a pledge which each faction was afraid to leave in the hands of their opponents. None of them hated the man, but all were equally anxious to get rid of the monarch. His death, like that of the proscribed victims of Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, at Rome, became a mutual sacrifice, reciprocally demanded by opposing ambition or baseness.

Another faction still more radical, that of the *Levellers*, the religious communists of the day, had already begun to spread among the troops of Cromwell. Armed, after his example, with texts from the Old and New Testament, interpreted by them as ordaining a perfect equality of all classes, and an impartial division of the gifts bestowed by heaven on man, this sect, which Cromwell had, without his own knowledge, excited, he energetically and promptly suppressed in the blood of several of his own soldiers. In proportion as he approached supreme authority, and exercised uncontrolled command, the religionist gave way to the politician. In his soul the spirit of sectarianism disappeared under the desire of rule. He relegated to heaven all sublimated theories, saintly in their essence, but utterly inapplicable to human institutions. His clear natural sense impressed on him the necessity of power and the sacredness of personal property, the two leading instincts of public and domestic government. He re

paired to London, purified the parliament, through the agency of Colonel Pride, of those members who were opposed to him, and proclaimed the republic, under the title of an assembly or convention of the people.

The army and the parliament, instigated by the puritans and republicans, determined on the king's trial. Cromwell appeared to hesitate before the enormity of the outrage. From his place in the House he spoke more in the tone of an inspired enthusiast than a rational politician, and appeared to surrender his consent under the influence of a supernatural impression. "If any one," said he, with an extravagant emotion which approached insanity, "had voluntarily proposed to me to judge and punish the king, I should have looked upon him as a prodigy of treason; but since Providence and necessity have imposed this burden on us, I pray heaven to bless your deliberations, although I am not prepared to advise you in this weighty matter. Shall I confess to you," added he, in a tone and attitude of inward humiliation, "that when a short time since I offered up a prayer for the preservation of his Majesty, I felt my tongue cleave to my palate? I took this extraordinary sensation as an unfavorable answer from heaven, rejecting my humble entreaty." This expression recalled the "*Alca jacta est*" of Cæsar, when he pushed his horse into the Rubicon. But the Rubicon of Cromwell was the blood of an innocent man and a sovereign shed by the crime and ingratitude of his people.

The parliament, carried away by the animosity and vehemence of the common excitement, decreed the trial. Colonel Harrison, the son of a butcher, brutal in manners and sanguinary in disposition, was sent to conduct the king from the Isle of Wight, as a victim for the shambles. Charles, passing through Windsor, under the shadow of the royal castle of his ancestors, heard a voice, choked with tears, which addressed him through the bars of a dungeon: "My master! my beloved master! is it really you that I behold again, and in this condition?" The words proceeded from one of his old servants, Hamilton, a prisoner, and, like himself, designed for the scaffold. The king recognized him, and replied, "Yes, it is I, and this is what I have always wished to suffer for my friends." The savage Harrison would not permit any further conversation, but forced the king to accelerate his pace. Hamilton followed him with his eyes, his gestures, and his speech.

A high court of justice, nominally composed of 333 members, but of which seventy alone assumed their places, awaited the arrival of the monarch in London. He was lodged in his own palace of Whitehall, now for the occasion converted into a prison.

It was difficult to recognize the noble countenance of the captive, still stamped with its usual characteristics of grace, majesty, and serenity. During his solitary confinement in the castle of Carisbrook he had allowed his beard to grow, and the gloomy shade of his dun-

geon appeared to give an unnatural pallor to his complexion. He was habited in mourning, as if in anticipation of death. He had abandoned all hopes on earth : his looks and thoughts were now centred solely on eternity. No victim was ever more thoroughly prepared to submit to human injustice. The judges assembled in the vast Gothic hall of Westminster, the palace of the Commons. At the first calling over of the list of members destined to compose the tribunal, when the name of Fairfax was pronounced without response, a voice from the crowd of spectators cried out, " He has too much sense to be here." When the act of accusation against the king was read, in the name of *the people of England*, the same voice again replied, " Not one tenth of them !" The officer commanding the guard ordered the soldiers to fire upon the gallery from whence these rebellious words proceeded, when it was discovered that they had been uttered by Lady Fairfax, the wife of the lord-general. This lady, originally induced to adopt the cause of the parliament, from party spirit and attachment to the opinions of her husband, now trembled with him at the consequences of their own act, and redeemed, by a courageous expression of indignation and pity, the mischief they had promoted by leading the sufferer to the feet of his judges.

The king listened to this avowal of repentance, and forgave Fairfax in his heart for the victories which he had tempered with mercy, and the success he had used with moderation. The act of accusation was read to him, drawn up after the customary formula, in which the words traitor, murderer, and public enemy, were, as usual, freely applied by the conquering to the vanquished party. He listened to them unmoved, with the calm superiority of innocence. Determined not to degrade the inviolable majesty of kings, of which he conceived himself the depository and responsible representative, he replied that he would never stoop to justify himself before a self-elected tribunal of his own subjects, a tribunal which the religion as well as the laws of England equally forbade him to acknowledge. " I shall leave to God," said he, in conclusion, " the care of my defence, lest by answering I should acknowledge in you an authority which has no better foundation than that of robbers and pirates, and thus draw on my memory the reproach of posterity, that I had myself betrayed the constitution of the country, instead of selecting the most estimable and enviable fate of a martyr."

The president, Bradshaw, repelled this noble recusancy of the king as an act of blasphemy ; his words, in which personal hatred superseded dignity and justice, mingled the bitterness of a revolted subject with the calmness of an impartial judge. The soldiers, with whom Cromwell had surrounded the hall, imitated the example of Bradshaw, and heaped insults upon their former sovereign, now their prisoner. As he passed through their ranks on his return to Whitehall, he was assailed with cries of " Death !" on every side, and

Some even spat in his face. Charles, without irritation, or feeling himself degraded by these intemperate ebullitions, raised his eyes to heaven in pious resignation, and bethought him of the patience of the sacred founder of the faith he professed, under similar outrages. "Poor wretches!" exclaimed he to those who accompanied him, "they would do the same to-morrow to their own officers, for the trifling remuneration of sixpence." The unsteady temper of the army, alternately the tool of all parties, had struck his mind forcibly since the revolution, and inspired him with pity rather than with anger.

A single veteran protested against the base venality of his comrades. As he saw the discrowned monarch pass before him, he fell on his knees, and with a loud voice called for the blessing of heaven on that royal and unhonored head. The officers indignantly struck him with their swords, and punished his prayer and compassion as a double crime. Charles turned his head aside, and uttered mildly, "Truly, the punishment was too heavy for the offence." The populace overawed by the soldiers, remained immovable spectators of the trial, and confined themselves to expressing by a mournful silence their repugnance at being compelled to submit to this national tragedy.

It was expected by many that the army, having obtained the sentence of their sovereign, would spare England the disgrace of the punishment. The king himself had no longer hope in man. The republicans were determiued not to acknowledge the rights of his children to the crown, which might be construed into a superstitious weakness in favor of monarchy. Cromwell, however, did not conceal from himself the certainty of a restoration, after a temporary eclipse. He knew the dispositions of men too well to suppose that he could found a dynasty of his own blood. He had ever too much religious disinterestedness to desire that selfish glory. The transitory nature of earthly grandeur disappeared in his eyes, when compared with futurity. His eternal safety was, at the bottom, the leading point of his ambition; but he was desirous that the republic, cemented by the blood of the king, and thus protected from monarchical enterprises, should last at least until religious liberty was too solidly founded in the three kingdoms for either the Romish or Anglican church ever again to interfere with the unshackled freedom of conscience. Everything in the confidential letters and private conversations of Cromwell with his family at this epoch proves that he had no other object in surrendering Charles the First to the scaffold. An utter disregard of selfish motives at this momentous crisis of his life hid from him the ferocity and iniquity of the act, and enabled him, when once his inspiration was examined and obeyed, to assume that calmness of demeanor and imperturbable serenity of countenance which historians have described as cruelty, but which, in fact, was only fanaticism.

This singular tranquillity, which M. Villemain has eloquently designated *the gayety of crime*, signified itself by the most repulsive words and questions during the last days of the trial. The military sectarian appears to have entirely replaced the man of human sympathies in Cromwell: a tender husband to his wife, a father affectionate even to weakness to his own children, he spared neither the husband nor the father nor the children in the victim he offered up to heaven, as if he had been a leader under the old law, commanded by an implacable prophet of the Bible to sacrifice a king, the enemy of his people. From the records of those scriptural times he had impressed his heart with their ferocity. He grasped the knife of the executioner with a hand as obedient as that which had hitherto wielded the sword. The punishment of Charles the First was less an English than a Jewish murder. Cromwell with difficulty granted the respite of three days which Charles demanded after his sentence was pronounced, to prepare for death, and to administer his last consolation to his absent wife, and children who were with him. He deluded, by miserable and ironical subterfuges, the pity and indecision of the other generals less hardened than himself, and who earnestly represented to him the enormity, the uselessness, and the barbarism of the execution. He equally evaded the remonstrances of the foreign ambassadors, who offered to purchase the life of Charles by large subsidies to England and an enormous tribute to himself. He pitilessly set aside the intercession of his near relative, Colonel Sir John Cromwell. He answered all by the oracle and inspiration repeatedly consulted in his prayers, and to which he declared, in spite of tears and entreaties, that there was but one answer—*Death!* Another of his relations, Colonel Ingoldsby, entered the hall accidentally while the officers were signing the sentence of the parliament, and refused to set his name to an act that his conscience disapproved. Cromwell rose from his seat, and clasping Ingoldsby in his arms, as if the death-warrant of the king was a camp frolic, carried him to the table, and guiding the pen in his hand, forced him to sign, with a laugh and a joke. When all had affixed their names, Cromwell, as if unable to contain his joy, snatched the pen from the fingers of the last, dipped it anew in the ink, and smeared the face of his next neighbor, either thinking or not thinking that in that ink he beheld the blood of his king.

Never before had there been exhibited such a striking contrast between the murderer and his victim—the fanatic and the man of genuine piety. While Cromwell sported thus, with the sword in his hand, the three days of respite accorded to the king by the *decorum* of political justice: unveiled to the world all that the heart of a monarch, a man, a husband, a father, and a Christian could contain, of heroism, manly tenderness, resignation, immortal hope, and holy reliance.

These last hours were entirely employed, minute by minute, by

Charles, in living to the last with the superhuman self-possession of a sage whose whole existence had been an apprenticeship to death, or of a man who saw before him the certainty of a protracted life. His resigned conversations, his pious exercises, his severe scrutiny, without indulgence or weakness, of his own conscience, his examination of his past conduct, his remorse for having sacrificed Strafford, to smooth a difficulty in his reign which became more insurmountable toward the end ; his royal and patriotic anxieties respecting the fate of the kingdom, which he left to all the hazards of a gloomy future ; finally, the revived feelings of love for a young, beautiful, and adored wife, and the agonizing thoughts of a father for the children of tender age still in England in the hands of his inveterate enemies—all these conflicting emotions filled those funereal days and nights with worldly cares, with tears of anguish, with recommendations of his soul to heaven, and, above all, with an earnest of eternal peace ; that peace from above, which descends through the vaulted roof of the dungeon and nestles in the heart of the just and innocent. Of all modern historical sufferings, including those of Louis the Sixteenth in the Temple, the end of Charles the First bears the most striking resemblance to the end of an ancient philosopher. Royalty and religion add to both something even more august and divine than we can discover in any of the earlier examples. The throne and the scaffold appear to be divided by a more immeasurable abyss than the narrow interval which separates ordinary life and death. The greater the portion of earthly grandeur and happiness we are called upon to abandon, so much more sublime is the philosophy which can renounce it with a tranquil smile. But although the virtue of the two monarchs is equal, that of Charles is the most brilliant ; for Charles the First was a hero, while Louis the Sixteenth was only a saint. In Charles there was the courage of a great man, while in Louis there was only the resignation of an exemplary martyr.

Nature nevertheless (and herein consists the pathetic sublimity of his last hours, for nothing is truly beautiful which departs from nature) combated without subduing his firmness, when it became necessary to take leave of his beloved children. These were the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, scarcely old enough to weep for the parent they were about to lose. Their mother had rescued the others, including the Prince of Wales, from the power of parliament. She kept them in France, to preserve the succession and revenge their father. Her daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, was endowed with reason and maturity of feeling beyond her age. The vicissitudes, the flights, the imprisonments, the domestic woes of the family, to which she had been accustomed from her cradle, had strengthened her intellect by misfortune, and given her a precocity superior to her years. Her father delighted to recognize in her the grace and sensibility of her absent mother, whom she replaced in the last confidence of the dying husband. He consoled himself with the

idea that she would retain the vivid impression of his farewell thoughts, and transmit them still glowing with tenderness to his beloved partner. "Tell her," said he to his young daughter, "that throughout the whole course of our union I have never, even in imagination, violated the fidelity I pledged to her, more from choice than duty, and that my love will only expire with the minutes which terminate my existence. I shall end by loving her here below, to recommence my affection again through all eternity."

Then taking the little Duke of Gloucester, who was only five years old, upon his knees, and desiring to impress upon the mind of the infant, by a tragical image, the counsel which through him he addressed to all the family, "My child," said he, "they are going to cut off thy father's head!" The boy gazed with anxious and astonished looks upon the countenance of the speaker. "Yes," continued the king, seeking to fix the terrible remembrance by repetition, "they will cut of my head, and perhaps make thee king! But pay attention to my words; thou must not be made a king by them while thy elder brothers, Charles and James, are living. They will cut off their heads also, if they can lay hands on them, and will end by cutting off thine. I therefore command thee never to be made a king by them."

The child, who was impressed with the mournful scene and solemn warning, appeared suddenly struck by a light and a sense of obedience beyond his age. "No," he replied, "I will not consent—they shall never make me a king. I will be torn to pieces first!" Charles, in this infantine heroism, recognized a voice from heaven, which assured him that his posterity would be true to themselves in seeking to restore the throne after his decease. He shed tears of joy as he surrendered back the Duke of Gloucester to the arms of the jailers.

From his chamber in the palace of Whitehall he could distinctly hear the noise of the workmen, who were hastily employed night and day in erecting the timber work of the scaffold on which he was to suffer. These preparations, which multiplied while they anticipated the keen sensations of his approaching death, neither disturbed his sleep nor interrupted his conversations.* On the morning of his execution he rose before the dawn. He called Herbert, the only attendant allowed to wait upon him, and instructed him to bestow more than ordinary care on his apparel, *befitting such a great and happy solemnity, as he designated it—the close of his earthly troubles and the commencement of his eternal happiness.* He passed some time in private prayer with the Bishop of London, the venerable and eloquent Juxon, a man worthy by his virtue to comprehend, console, and em

* M. de Lamartine appears to have followed Hume in this account; but it is certain that King Charles slept at St. James' Palace on the night that preceded his execution, and walked through the Park, attended by the guards, to the Banqueting House at Whitehall, where the scaffold was erected.

ulate his death. Already they communicated with heaven. The officers of Cromwell interrupted them to announce that the hour of execution had struck, and that the scaffold waited for the victim. It was fixed against the palace, facing the great square of Whitehall, and was reached by passing through a gallery on the same floor. Charles walked with a slow and steady step, which sought not to hasten the last moment, as if, by an involuntary emotion of human weakness, the victim desired to anticipate the hour appointed by heaven. A dense mass of Cromwell's troops surrounded the place of execution. The inhabitants of London, and strangers from the neighboring districts, crowded the open space in front, the roofs of the houses, the trees, and the balconies on every side, from which it was possible to obtain a glimpse of the proceedings. Some came to see, others to rejoice, but by far the greater portion to shudder and weep. Cromwell, knowing well the general impression of horror which the death of the king would convey to the minds of the people, and which they looked upon as a species of deicide, was determined to prevent the favorable effect his last words might produce, and removed the crowd of citizens beyond the reach of a human voice. Colonel Tomlinson, selected especially to guard the prisoner and conduct him to the block, was overcome by the consistent spectacle of intrepidity, resignation, and majesty which the royal victim exhibited. The jailer had been converted into the friend and consoler of his captive. The other officers had also experienced the softening of hatred and involuntary respect for innocence which Providence often reserves for the condemned as the last adieu of earth, and a tardy acknowledgment of human justice. Surrounded by this cortege of relenting enemies or weeping friends, Charles, standing erect, and more a king than ever, on the steps of his eternal throne, assumed the privilege awarded in England to every sentenced criminal, of speaking the last words in his own cause.

After having clearly demonstrated that he only performed his duty in appealing to arms when the parliament had first resorted to that alternative, and that he was called upon to defend in the royal prerogative a fundamental principle of the constitution, for which he was responsible to his successors, to his people, and to God himself, he acknowledged, with true Christian humility, that although innocent before the law of the crimes for which he was about to suffer, his conscience told him that he had been guilty of many faults and weaknesses, for which he accepted without a murmur his present death as a meet and salutary expiation. "I basely ratified," said he, in allusion to the fate of Strafford, "an unjust sentence, and the similar injustice I am now to undergo is a seasonable retribution for the punishment I inflicted on an innocent man. I hold none among you responsible for the death to which I am condemned by divine decree, and which works its ends by human instruments. I lay not my blood on you or on my people, and demand no other

compensation for my punishment than the return of peace, and a revival of the fidelity which the kingdom owes to my children."

At these words every eye was suffused with tears. He concluded by bidding adieu to those who had been his subjects, and by a last solemn invocation to the only Judge to whom he was now responsible. Sighs alone were heard during the intervals which marked these last outpourings of his heart. He spoke, and was silent. Bishop Juxon, who attended him to the last moment, as he approached the block, said to him, "Sire, there is but one step more, a sharp and short one! Remember that in another second you will ascend from earth to heaven, and that there you will find in an infinite and inexhaustible joy the reward of your sacrifice, and a crown that shall never pass away."

"My friend," replied Charles, interrupting him with perfect composure, "I go from a corruptible crown to an incorruptible one, and which, as you say, I feel convinced I shall possess forever without trouble or anxiety."

He was proceeding to speak further, when, perceiving one of the assistants stumble against the weapon of the executioner, which lay by the side of the block, and who by blunting the edge might increase the sensation of the blow, "Touch not the axe!" he exclaimed in a loud voice, and with an expression of anger. He then prayed again for a few moments, in a low tone, and approaching Bishop Juxon to embrace him for the last time, while pressing his hand with fervor, uttered in a solemn tone the single word, "*Remember!*" This enigmatical expression, which afterward received many mysterious and forced interpretations, was simply a repetition of what he had already instructed Juxon to convey to his children when they grew up, and became kings—to forgive their enemies. Juxon bowed without speaking, which indicated implicit obedience to his royal master's wishes. The king knelt down, and calmly inclined his head upon the block. Two men in masks laid hold of Charles respectfully, and arranged him in a suitable position. One of them then raised the axe, and severed his head at a single blow. The other lifted it up, still streaming with blood, and exhibiting it to the people, cried out, "Behold the head of a traitor!"

A general murmur of disapprobation arose simultaneously from that vast crowd when they heard those words, which seemed to surpass the outrage of the execution itself. The tears of the nation protested against the ferocious butchery of the army. England felt as if she had laid upon herself the crime and future punishment of paricide. Cromwell was all-powerful, but detested. In him, the murderer was thenceforward associated with the politician and the hero. Liberty could no longer voluntarily bend under the iron rule of a man who had thus abused his authority and reputation. He ceased to govern except by the influence of the army, whose complicity he had purchased, who obeyed without reasoning, and who

had no conscience beyond their pay. He reached the dictatorship through the avenues of crime. The parliament had already become too subservient to the army, and too much estranged from the popular feeling of England, to offer any opposition to the views of Cromwell. To obtain a protector they were forced to accept a master; they had voted for the suppression of the monarchy, but not for the establishment of slavery. The royal children embarrassed them. It was debated whether or not the Princess Elizabeth should be apprenticed to a buttonmaker in the city, but this, the beloved daughter of her father, more susceptible of grief than her young brother, died of the shock occasioned by the king's execution. The Duke of Gloucester was permitted to join his mother in France.

A terrible book, the posthumous work and justification of Charles the First, entitled *Eikon Basilike*, came forth like a subterranean voice from the tomb which had scarcely closed over the king, and excited the conscience of England even to delirium. It was the appeal of memory and virtue to posterity. This book, spreading with rapidity among the people and throughout Europe, commenced a second trial, an eternal process between kings and their judges. Cromwell, intimidated by the universal murmur which this publication excited against him, sought among his partisans a living voice sufficiently potent to counterbalance that of the dead.

He found Milton, the most epic of poets, and the only candidate for immortality among the republicans of England. Milton had just returned from Italy; there he had imbibed, with the dust of many a Brutus and Cassius, the miasmas of political assassination, justified, according to his notions, by individual tyranny. He had contracted, in his literary commerce with the great popular celebrities of history, the noble passion of republican liberty. He saw in Charles the First a tyrant, in Cromwell a liberator. He thought to serve the oppressed cause of the people by combating the dogmas of the inviolability of the persons and lives of kings; but in this particular instance he was base enough to plead the cause of the murderer against the victim. His book on regicide paralyzed the world. These are questions to be probed with the sword, and never with the pen. Whenever the death of one by the hands of many forms the basis of a polemical principle, that death is an act of cowardice, if not of criminality; and a just and generous mind abstains from defending it, either in mercy or from conviction. Milton's book, rewarded by the gratitude of Cromwell, and by the place of secretary to the new council of state under the republican government, is a stain of blood on the pure page of his reputation. It became effaced in his old age, when blind, indigent, and proscribed, like Homer, he celebrated, after his example, in a divine poem, the early innocence of man, the revolt of the infernal powers, the factions of the heavenly agents, and the triumph of eternal justice over the spirit of evil.

Cromwell, compelled to support tyranny by imposing silence, or-

dered his parliament to interdict the liberty of the press. He trembled for a moment before the popular faction of the Levellers, who wished to erect on evangelical equality the anti-social consequence of a community of lands and goods. For the second time he discovered that every dictator who abandoned public and domestic rights to these wild dreams, subversive of proprietorship and hereditary rights (the only conditions on which human institutions can subsist), would soon become a chief of banditti, and not the head of a government. His strong sense showed him the impossibility of reasoning with such extreme doctrines, and the necessity of utterly extirpating their advocates. "There can be no middle course here," exclaimed he to the parliament and the leaders of the army; "we must reduce this party to dust, or must submit to be scattered into dust by them." The Levellers vanished at the word, as they disappeared some years later before the insurrection of London under Charles the Second, and as the impossible will ever give way before the really practicable.

But all the opposing factions, whether in the parliament or the army, agreed in calling upon Cromwell to reduce rebellions and anarchical Ireland. He set out in regal state, in a carriage drawn by six horses, escorted by a squadron of guards and attended by the parliament and council of state, who accompanied him as far as Brentford. The Marquis of Ormond, who commanded the forces of the royalists, was defeated near Dublin. Cromwell converted his victories into massacres, and pacified Ireland through a deluge of blood. Recalled to London, after nine months of combats and executions, by the commotions in Scotland, he left Ireland to the care of his son-in-law and lieutenant, Ireton.

The royalist cause sprang up anew under his feet from its subverted foundations. The Prince of Wales, the eldest son of Charles the First, and now king by the execution of his father, but abandoned and shamefully banished from France by the complaisance of Cardinal Mazarin for Cromwell, had taken refuge in Holland, and afterward in the little island of Jersey, to watch the favorable moment for re-entering England through the avenue of Scotland. The Scotch parliament, composed of fanatical Presbyterians, as hostile to the independent faith of Cromwell as to the papacy itself, treated for the throne with the Prince of Wales. They only required of him, in acknowledgment of his restoration in Scotland, the recognition of their national Church. This Church was a species of biblical mysticism, savage, and calling itself inspired, founded on the ruins of the Romish faith by a prophet named John Knox, with the sword in his hand, excommunication on his lips, and superstition in his heart—the true religion of civil war, replacing one intolerance by another, and adding to the natural ferocity of the people the most ridiculous assumption of extreme sanctity. Scotland at that time resembled a Hebrew tribe, governed by a leader assuming divine inspiration, interpreted through his disciples and priests. It was the theocracy of

madness, and the practice was worthy of the dogma. An honest superstition in some, a sombre hypocrisy in others, impressed on the manners, the government, and the army itself, an austerity and remorseless piety which gave to this insurrection against Catholicism the silence, the terrors, and the flaming piles of the Spanish Inquisition. The Prince of Wales, young, handsome, thoughtless, voluptuous, and unbelieving—a true English Alcibiades—condemned to govern a nation of bigoted and cruel sectarists, hesitated to accept a throne which he could only keep by feigning the hypocrisy and fanaticism of his parliament, or by rashly repudiating the yoke of the clergy.

But at the same moment when the parliament offered him the crown on these debasing conditions, another promised it to him as the price of glorious and daring achievements. This was the young Montrose, one of those lofty spirits cut short in the flower of their career, equally belonging by nature to antiquity and chivalry, and alternately compared, by the historians of the time, to the demigods of romance and the heroes of Plutarch.

Montrose was a Scottish nobleman of high rank and opulent possessions. After having combated at the head of the royal army for Charles the First until his chances were extinguished, he had fled for refuge to the Continent. His name, his cause, his youth, his personal beauty, the graces of his conversation, and the report of his character, had obtained for him at the different courts of Germany a reception which encouraged his hopes of restoring the legitimate monarchy in his own country. He detested and despised the ultra-puritans as the leprosy of the land. He was adored by the Highland clans, a rural and warlike class, somewhat resembling the Vendéans of France, who acknowledged only their sword and their king. Montrose, having levied at his own expense five hundred German auxiliaries, to serve as a nucleus for the army that he expected the sound of his steps would raise for Charles the Second in the mountains, landed in Scotland, and fought like an adventurer and a hero, at the head of the first groups of his partisans he could collect together. But being surrounded by the army of the Scottish parliament, before he could assemble the insurgent clans he was conquered, wounded, imprisoned in irons, and carried in triumph to Edinburgh, to serve as a mockery and a victim to the clergy and the government. His forehead bare and cicatrized by wounds, his garments stained with his own blood, an iron collar encircling his neck, chains fastened round his arms and attached on each side to the stock of the wheel of a cart in which he was placed, the executioner on horseback in front of the vehicle—in this manner he entered the capital of Scotland, while the members of the parliament and the ministers of the Church alternately howled forth psalms and overwhelmed him with execrations. The people wept at the sad spectacle, but concealed their tears, lest pity should be construed into blasphemy by

the Presbyterians of Knox. The clergy, on the following Sunday, preached against this compassionate weakness, and declared that a hardening of the heart was the chosen token of the elect. Montrose defended himself with eloquence, to vindicate his honor, not to preserve his life. His discourse was worthy of the most eloquent advocates of Rome or Athens. It was answered by a prompt and ignominious execution.

The Presbyterian ministers, under the pretext of praying for his salvation, after having demanded his blood, came to insult him in his dungeon by their derisive charity. "Have pity, O Lord!" cried they aloud, "on this unbeliever, this wicked persecutor, this traitor, who is about to pass from the scaffold of his earthly punishment to the eternal condemnation reserved for his impieties."

They announced that the sentence condemned him "to be hung on a gibbet thirty feet high, where he was to be exposed during three hours; that his head would then be cut off and nailed to the gates of his prison, and that his arms and legs, severed from his body, would be distributed to the four principal cities of the kingdom." "I only wish," replied Montrose, "that I had limbs enough to be dispersed through every city in Europe, to bear testimony in the cause for which I have fought and am content to die."

Delivered from the presence of his religious persecutors, Montrose, who had cultivated poetry as the relaxation of his mind, composed some verses, inspired by love and death, in which he perpetrated, in language that will endure forever, his last farewell to all he had valued on earth. The poet in these parting lines is worthy of the hero. On the following day he underwent his punishment with the constancy of a martyr. His head and limbs were exposed, according to the sentence, in the four leading cities of Scotland. Charles the Second, on learning at Jersey the defeat and death of his friend, with the triumph of the parliament, hesitated no longer to accept the crown from the ensanguined hands of the Scotch Presbyterians, henceforward without competitors in Edinburgh. He disembarked in Scotland, in the midst of the army which came to meet him. The first sight that greeted his eyes was a fragment of the body of his devoted partisan Montrose, nailed to the gate of the city.

It is easy to imagine what must have been the reign of this young sovereign; enslaved by a parliament; watched by the clergy; domineered over by the generals of the army; a prisoner rather than a king among his superstitious subjects; obliged to feign, in order to conciliate them, a fanatical austerity which he laughed at in his heart; persecuted even in his palace by the exhortations of Presbyterian prophets, who spied into his inmost thoughts and construed the lightness of youth into public enormities. One morning he escaped from them by flight, preferring liberty to a throne held on such conditions. He was overtaken and carried back to Edinburgh; the necessity of his name induced them to grant him a small addition of authority

He was permitted to fight at the head of the army, destined to invade England, at the instigation of the royalists of the north. Cromwell marched against him and entered Scotland. The Prince of Wales, escaping, with 14,000 Scotchmen, from the ill-combined manœuvres of his opponent, penetrated boldly through the rear of his army and advanced into the heart of the kingdom. He obtained possession of Worcester, and there rallied round him his supporters from every quarter. Cromwell, surprised but indefatigable, allowed him no time to collect reinforcements. He fell upon Worcester with 40,000 men, fought in the streets of the town, inundated them with blood, and utterly dispersed the army of the Prince of Wales. The Prince himself, after performing prodigies of valor, worthy of his rank and pretensions, escaped under cover of the darkness, attended only by a handful of devoted cavaliers. After having traversed twenty leagues in a single night, they abandoned their horses and dispersed themselves in the woods.

Attended only by the Earl of Derby, an English nobleman who had brought him succors from the Isle of Man, Charles sought refuge with a farmer named Penderell, assumed the garb and implements of a woodcutter, and worked with the four sons of the farmer, to deceive the search of Cromwell's troopers, scattered through the fields and forests in pursuit. Sleeping on a bed of straw, and furnished with coarse barley-bread in the cottage of Penderell, he was even compelled, by the domiciliary visits of the puritans, to quit that humble abode and conceal himself for several nights within the branches of a large tree, called ever after the *Royal Oak*, the thickly spreading leaves of which concealed him from the soldiers posted below.

A royalist colonel named Lane sheltered him afterward at Bentley, and assisted him to reach the port of Bristol, where he hoped to embark for the Continent. The feet of the young king were so blistered by walking that he was obliged to pass on horseback through the districts traversed by the dragoons of the enemy. The second daughter of Colonel Lane conducted him in the disguise of a peasant to the house of her sister, Mrs. Morton, in the vicinity of Bristol. Arriving at her sister's abode, she intrusted to no one the name of the young countryman who attended her; she merely asked for an apartment and a bed for him, saying that he was suffering from a fever, and recommended him to the special care of the servants. One of them entered the room to bring him refreshments. The noble and majestic countenance of the prince shone forth under his humble vestments, and carried conviction to the eyes of the domestic. He fell on his knees before the couch of Charles, saluted him as his master, and uttered aloud the prayer in common use among the royalists for the preservation of the king. Charles in vain endeavored to deceive him; he was forced to acknowledge his identity, and to enjoin silence.

From thence, not being able to find a vessel on the coast, he was

conveyed to the residence of a widow named Windham, who had lost her husband and three eldest sons in the cause of Charles the First, and with unshaken devotion now offered her two surviving ones to the successor of the decapitated monarch. She received Charles, not as a fugitive but as a king. "When my husband lay on his death-bed," said she, "he called to him our five sons, and thus addressed them: 'My children, we have hitherto enjoyed calm and peaceful days under our three last sovereigns; but I warn you that I see clouds and tempests gathering over the kingdom. I perceive factions springing up in every quarter, which menace the repose of our beloved country. Listen to me well: whatever turn events may take, be ever true to your lawful sovereign; obey him, and remain loyal to the crown! Yes,' added he with vehemence, 'I charge you *to stand by the crown, even though it should hang upon a bush!*' These last words engraved their duty on the hearts of my children," continued the mother, "and those who are still spared to me are yours, as their dead brothers were given to your father."

All the royalists of the neighborhood were acquainted with and guarded the secret of the residence of Charles at the house of the Windhams. The seal of fidelity was upon the lips as upon the hearts of the entire country. This secret, so long and miraculously kept, was only in danger of being betrayed at the moment when the young king, still disguised, was flying toward the coast to place the seas between his head and the sword of Cromwell. His horse having loosened a shoe, a farrier to whom he applied to fasten it, with the quick intelligence of his trade, examined the iron, and said, in a low and suspicious tone, "These shoes were never forged in this country, but in the north of England." But the smith proved as discreet and faithful as the servant. Charles, remounting his horse without discovery, galloped toward the beach, where a skiff was waiting for him. The Continent a second time protected him from the pursuit of Cromwell.

The royalists conquered, the king beheaded, the Levellers suppressed, Ireland slaughtered, Scotland reduced to subjection, the nobility cajoled, the parliament tamed, religious factions deadened or extinguished by liberty of conscience, the maritime war against Holland teeming with naval triumphs, the resignation of his command by Fairfax through disgust and repentance, the subserviency of Monk, left by Cromwell in Edinburgh to keep the Scotch in order—the voluntary, servile, and crouching submission of the other military leaders, eager to rally round success—all these coinciding events, all these crimes, all these acts of cringing baseness, all these accumulated successes, which never fail to attend the steps of the favorites of fortune during her smiles, left nothing for Cromwell to desire, if the undisputed possession of England had been his only object. But all who study his character with impartiality will perceive that he had yet another—the possession of heaven. His future salvation occu

pled his thoughts beyond earthly empire. He was never more a theologian than when he was an uncontrolled dictator. Instead of announcing his sovereignty under a special title, he allowed his friends to proclaim the republic. He was content to hold the sword and dictate the word. His decrees were oracles ; he sought only to be the *great inspired* prophet of his country. His correspondence at this epoch attests the humble thoughts of a father of a Christian family, who neither desires nor foresees a throne as the inheritance of his children.

"Mount your father's little farm-horse, and ride not in luxurious carriages," he writes to his daughter-in-law, Dorothy. He married his eldest son, Richard, to the daughter of one of his friends, of middle station and limited fortune, and on his espousals gave him more debts than property. To this friend, the father-in-law of his son, he writes thus : "I intrust Richard to you ; I pray you give him sage counsel ; I fear lest he should suffer himself to be led away by the vain pleasures of the world. Induce him to study ; study is good, particularly when directed to things eternal, which are more profitable than the idle enjoyments of this life. Such thoughts will fit him for the public service to which men are destined."

"Be not discouraged," he says to Lord Wharton, another of his own sect ; "you are offended because at the elections the people often choose their representatives perversely, rejecting profitable members and returning unfruitful ones. It has been so for nine years, and behold, nevertheless, what God has done with these evil instruments in that time. Judge not the manner of his proceedings !"

"With you, in consequence of these murmurings of the spirit," continues Cromwell, "there is trouble, pain, embarrassment, and doubt ; with me, confidence, certainty, light, satisfaction ! Yes, complete internal satisfaction ! Oh, weakness of human hearts !" concluded he, hastily, as his thoughts flowed ; "false promises of the world ! shortcoming ideas which flatter mortal vanity ! How much better is it to be the follower of the Lord, in the heaviest work ! In this holy duty, how difficult do we find it to rise above the weakness of our nature to the elevation of the service which God requires from us ! How soon we sink under discouragement when the flesh prevails over the spirit !"

The pomp and enthusiasm which greeted him on his return from the double conquest of Ireland and Scotland dazzled not his constancy. "You see that crowd, you hear those shouts," he whispered in the ear of a friend who attended in the procession ; "both would be still greater if I were on my way to the gallows." A light from above impressed on his clear judgment the emptiness of worldly popularity.

His private letters to his son Richard are full of that piety and domestic affection which we should never expect in a man whose feet were bathed in the blood of his king, of Ireland, of Scotland, of

England ; but whose heart was calm in the serenity of a false conscience, while his head was encreased by a glory of mysticism which he persuaded himself was sincere.

“ Your letters please and affect me,” he wrote to Richard Cromwell, addressing him by the infantine diminutive of Dick ; “ I love words which flow naturally from the heart, without study or research. I believe that the special goodness of heaven has placed you in the family where you now reside. Be happy and grateful for this ; and carefully discharge all the duties you owe them, for the glory of God. Seek the Lord continually, and his divine presence ; make this the object of your life, and give it your whole strength. The knowledge of God dwells not in books and theological definitions ; it comes from within ; it transforms the spirit by a divine action independent of ourselves. To know God is to partake his divine nature, in him, and through him ! How little are the Holy Scriptures known among us ! May my feeble prayers fortify your intentions. Endeavor to understand the republic I have established, and the foundations on which it rests. I have suffered much in giving myself up to others. Your wife’s father, my intimate associate, Mayor, will assist you with much information on this point. You will, perhaps, think that it is unnecessary for me to enjoin you to love your dear wife. May the Lord instruct you to cherish her with worldly affection, or you will never feel for her a saintly regard. When the bed and the love are pure, such an union is justly compared to that of the Lord with the lowly members of his Church. Give my regards to your wife ; tell her that I love her with my whole heart, and I rejoice in the favors which heaven has poured upon her. I earnestly pray that she may be fruitful in every season : and you, Dick, may the Lord bless you with many blessings !

“ Your affectionate father,

“ OLIVER CROMWELL.”

The same devotion to heavenly matters, mixed with uneasiness respecting the affairs of this world, is revealed in every line of his private letters to his early friends. What cause had he to dissemble with his children and his intimates ? What a strange hypocrisy must that have been which never dropped the mask for a single moment throughout his life, even in the most familiar intercourse with his family, and in his last hours, when he lay upon the bed of death !

“ I am very anxious to learn how the little fellow goes on” (the child of Richard and Dorothy), he writes to the father-in-law of his son, his former gossip and friend ; “ I could readily scold both father and mother for their negligence toward me. I know that Richard is idle, but I had a better opinion of Dorothy. I fear her husband

spoils her ; tell them so for me. If Dorothy is again in the family way, I forgive her, but not otherwise. May the Lord bless her ! I hope you give good advice to my son Richard ; he is at a dangerous period of life, and this world is full of vanity. How good it is to approach the Lord early ! We should never lose sight of this. I hope you continue to remember our ancient friendship. You see how I am occupied ; I require your pity. I know what I suffer in my own heart. An exalted situation, a high employment in the world, are not worth seeking for. I should have no inward consolation in my labors, if my hope and rest were not in the presence of the Lord. I have never desired this earthly grandeur ! Truly, the Lord himself has called me to it. In this conviction alone I trust that he will bestow upon his poor worm, his feeble servant, the force to do his will, and reach the end for which he was created. To this effect I demand your prayers. Remember me to the love of my dear sister, to my son, to our daughter Dorothy, and to my cousin Anna.

“ I am always your affectionate brother,
“ OLIVER.”

The same expressions, rendered still more tender by the holy union of a long life, are continually repeated with emotion in his correspondence with his wife. The following letter bears the superscription, “ For my beloved wife, Elizabeth Cromwell.” “ You seeld me in your letters, because by my silence I appear to forget you and our children. Truly, it is I who ought to complain, for I love you too much. Thou art dearer to me than all the world ; let that suffice ! The Lord has shown us an extreme mercy. I have been miraculously sustained within. Notwithstanding that I strive, I grow old, and feel the infirmities of advancing years rapidly pressing on me. May God grant that my propensities to sin may diminish in the same proportion with my physical powers. Pray for me that I may receive this grace.”

He confirms the strong, he fortifies the doubtful, he instructs the weak in faith, with a burning fever of conviction, which shows how sincerely he was himself convinced. He perceives that his zeal sometimes carries him to extravagant expressions. “ Pardon me,” he writes, when at the apogee of his power, to a friend who had kept aloof from him in consequence of his military severities in Ireland and Scotland ; “ sometimes this harshness with which you reproach me has been productive of good ; although not easily made evident, it is inspired by charity and zeal ! I beseech you to recognize in me a man sincere in the Lord.” “ O Lord !” he concludes, “ I beseech thee, turn not thy face and thy mercy from my eyes ! Adieu.”

On another occasion he addressed his wife as follows : “ I cannot suffer this courier to depart without a word for you, although, in truth, I have little to write, but I do so for the sake of writing to my well-beloved wife, whose image is always at the bottom of my heart

May the Lord multiply his blessings upon you. The great and only good that your soul can desire is that the Lord should spread over you the light of his strength, which is of more value than life itself. May his blessing light on your instructions and example to our dear children. Pray for your attached Oliver."

His son-in-law, Fleetwood, one of the lieutenants he had left in command in Scotland with Monk, shared equally in these effusions, at once affectionate and theological. After expressing his grief at being necessarily separated by business from that portion of his family, he says, in writing to him, "Embrace your beloved wife for me, and caution her to take care (in her piety) of nourishing a servile heart. Servility produces fear, the opposite of love. Poor Biddy! I know that is her weak point. Love reasons very differently. What a father we possess in and through the Saviour! He designates himself the merciful, the patient, the bestower of all grace, the pardoner of all faults and transgressions! Truly the love of God is sublime! Remember me to my son Henry; I pray incessantly that he may increase and fortify himself in the love of the Lord. Remember me to all the officers."

Everything succeeded with Cromwell, and he attributed all the glory and prosperity of the republic to heaven. There is no evidence, either public or private, which betrays any desire on his part to establish his fortune and power by a change in his title of general, or in the voluntary submission of the parliament, the army, and the people. History, which ultimately knows and reveals everything, has discovered nothing in Cromwell at this epoch but an extreme repugnance against elevating himself to a higher position. It is evident from his own expressions that he sought God in his will, and the oracle of God in events. Neither were sufficiently explained to him. Equally ready to descend or rise, he waited for the command or the inspiration. Both came from the natural instability of the people and the ambitious impatience of the army.

The long parliament of five years' duration, christened, by one of those contemptuous designations which mark popular disgust, *The Rump*, a term suggested by its apparently interminable sessions upon the benches of Westminster, had thoroughly wearied out the people of England. The long harangues of the puritans, the bigoted discourses of the saints, the personal unpopularity of the demagogues, the anti-social absurdities of the Levellers, the murder of an innocent and heroic monarch, which penetrated the conscience of the nation with remorse, the imposts and slaughters of the civil war; finally, the heaviness of that anonymous tyranny which the people endured more impatiently than the autocracy of a glorious name—all these combined objections fell back in accumulated odium and ridicule on the parliament.

Cromwell had had the art, or rather the good fortune, to act while

the parliament talked, to strengthen himself as they became weak, to leave on them the responsibility of crime, and to attribute to himself the advantages of victory. The parliament, unconscious of weakness, began to writhe under a master. Five or six influential republicans thought to compass the fall of Cromwell. Sir Henry Vane, their principal orator, disputed altogether the intervention of military authority. His speech was received with significant applause, which sounded like a menace to the army. The principal leaders present in London, foreseeing the danger, united together, and petitioned Cromwell to insist on the dissolution of this corrupted senate. Cromwell, who has been accused of suggesting the petition to the army, had no participation in the act. It is never necessary to suggest ambition to generals, or despotism to soldiers. The petition was too plain to be mistaken. The strife between the army and the parliament was hastening to the issue. The victory of either would equally sweep away Cromwell, if he persisted in remaining neuter. "Take care; stop this in time, or it will prove a very serious affair," whispered in a low voice Bulstrode, one of his most intimate friends, while the officers were haranguing on their petition. Cromwell hesitated to decide, and confined himself to thanking their orator for the zeal demonstrated by the army in the public safety. Night and reflection suggested to him the course he should pursue. He attempted to bring about an accommodation between the army and the parliament, in a conference held in his presence. The parliament filled up the full measure of their demands by requiring a permanent committee, chosen from the present members, who should ratify or invalidate, at their own pleasure, all future elections.

"This is too much!" exclaimed Cromwell, at last, and still undecided, when he was informed of this unqualified proposal. It was on the 29th of April, early in the morning; he was walking up and down his room, dressed in black, with gray stockings. He came forth in this simple costume, crying out to all he encountered, "This is unjust! It is dishonest! It is not even the commonest honesty." As he passed by he ordered an officer of his guards to repair with three hundred soldiers to Westminster and take possession of all the avenues to the palace. He entered himself, and sat down in his usual place, apparently listening for some time in silence to the debates. The republican orators and members were at that moment speaking in favor of the bill, which was to assure the perpetuity of their power, by giving them arbitrary control over all future elections. The bill was going to be put to the question, when Cromwell, as if he had waited the moment to strike the whole body at the crisis of their iniquitous tyranny, raised his head, hitherto reclined between his hands, and made a sign to Harrison, his most fanatical follower, to come and sit close to him. Harrison obeyed the signal. Cromwell remained silent for another quarter of an hour, and then, as if suddenly yielding, in his own despite, to an internal impulse, which

conquered all hesitation in his soul, exclaimed to Harrison, "The moment has arrived! I feel it!" He rose, advanced toward the president, laid his hat upon the table, and prepared to speak amid the profound silence and consternation of his colleagues. According to his ordinary custom, his slow phraseology, obscure, embarrassed, incoherent, full of circumlocution and parentheses, rambling from one point to another, and loaded with repetitions, rendered his train of thought and reasoning almost unintelligible. He began by such a warm eulogium on the services which the parliament had rendered to the cause of liberty and free conscience, and to the country in general, that the members who had proposed the bill expected that he was going to side with them in its favor. Murmurs of encouragement and satisfaction arose from the republican party as he paused on an emphatic period; when suddenly, as if long-suppressed anger had at last mastered his thoughts, and inflamed the words upon his lips, he resumed, and looking with a stern and contemptuous air on the fifty-seven members who on that day composed the entire parliament, passed at once by rapid transition from flattery to insult. He enumerated all the cringing baseness and insolence of that corrupt body, alternately practised for revolt or servitude, and fulminated against them, in the name of God and the people, a sentence of condemnation.

At these unexpected invectives, for which his complimentary exordium had so little prepared them, the members rose in a burst of indignation. The president, worthy of his office by his courage, commanded him to be silent. Wentworth, one of the most illustrious and influential of the extreme party by his personal character, demanded that he should be called to order. "This language," said he, "is as extraordinary as criminal in the mouth of a man who yesterday possessed our entire confidence, whom we have honored with the highest functions of the republic! of a man who—" Cromwell would not suffer him to conclude. "Go to! go to!" exclaimed he in a voice of thunder, "we have had enough of words like these. It is time to put an end to all this, and to silence these babblers!" Then, advancing to the middle of the hall, and placing his hat on his head with a gesture of defiance, he stamped upon the floor, and cried aloud, "You are no longer a parliament! You shall not sit here a single hour longer! Make room for better men than yourselves!" At these words, Harrison, instructed by a glance from the general, disappeared, and returned in a moment after at the head of thirty soldiers, veterans of the long civil wars, who surrounded Cromwell with their naked weapons. These men, hired by the parliament, hesitated not at the command of their leader to turn their arms against those who had placed them in their hands, and furnished another example, following the *Rubicon* of Cæsar, to prove the incompatibility of freedom with standing armies. "Miserable wretches!" resumed Cromwell, as if violence without insult was insufficient for his anger, "you call

yourselves a parliament ! You !—no, you are nothing but a mass of tipplers and libertines ! Thou," he continued, pointing with his finger to the most notorious profligates in the assembly, as they passed him in their endeavors to escape from the hall, "thou art a drunkard ! Thou art an adulterer ! And thou art a hireling, paid for thy speeches ! You are all scandalous sinners, who bring shame on the gospel ! And you fancied yourselves a fitting parliament for God's people ! No, no, begone ! let me hear no more of you ! The Lord rejects you !"

During these apostrophes, the members, forced by the soldiers, were driven or dragged from the hall. Cromwell returned toward the table, and lifting with a contemptuous air the silver mace, the venerated symbol of parliamentary sovereignty, showed it to Harrison, and said, "What shall we do with this bauble ? Take it away." One of the soldiers stepped forward and obeyed him. Cromwell turned round and saw behind him Lenthall, the speaker of the House of Commons, who, faithful to his delegated duty, retained his place and refused to surrender up right to force. "Descend from that seat," cried aloud the Dictator. "I shall not abandon the post the parliament has confided to me," replied Lenthall, "until I am compelled by violence." At these words Harrison rushed forward, dragged him from his chair, and thrust him into the midst of the soldiers.

Cromwell carried away the keys of Westminster Hall in his pocket. "I do not hear a dog bark in the city," he wrote to a friend a few days afterward. The long parliament, so powerful to destroy, proved itself impotent to re-establish. The civil war excited by this very parliament had produced the never-failing consequences ; it had substituted the army for the people, and had created a dictatorship in the place of a government. It had extinguished right and inaugurated force. A single man had taken the place of the country.

This individual was Cromwell. Men always gain credit from the force of events and the power of circumstances. Results which are often the effect of chance are supposed to be achieved by long concerted ambition, slow premeditation, and wily combinations. Everything unites in this instance to show, on the contrary, that the outrage of Cromwell against the Commons was unpremeditated, that he was urged on to it by the influence of passing occurrences, by the people and the army, and that he was decided at the last moment by that internal feeling which Socrates called his demon, Cæsar his counsellor, Mahomet his angel Gabriel, and Cromwell his inspiration—that divinity of great instincts which strikes conviction to the mind and sounds the hour in the ear. The laborious efforts made by Cromwell to reconcile on the preceding evening the parliament and the army ; the new parliament that he convoked on the following day, and to which he transferred all legislative authority, without even reserving to himself the right of sanctioning the laws ; and

finally a political conversation which took place some days before with closed doors between him and his leading advisers in these matters—all appeared to attest that this thunderclap emanated spontaneously from an accumulation of clouds.

Cromwell and his council occupied themselves at this debate in seeking out, amid the wrecks of the destroyed monarchy, the elements of a parliamentary constitution. The members present were Cromwell, Harrison, his disciple; Desborough, Cromwell's brother-in-law; Oliver Cromwell, his cousin; Whitelocke, his friend; Widdrington, an eminent orator and statesman of the Commons; the speaker of the House, Lenthall, and several other officers or members, enlightened republicans.

"It is proposed," said Harrison, "to consider together, in concert with the general, how we should organize a government."

"The great question is, in fact," said Whitelocke, "whether we shall constitute absolute republicanism or a republic combined with some of the elements of monarchy?"

"Just so," said Cromwell; "shall we then establish a complete republic, or one qualified by some monarchical principles and monarchical authority? And in the latter case, in whose hands shall we place the power thus borrowed from the crown?"

Widdrington argued for a mixed government, which should combine republican liberty and monarchical authority, and that the latter should be placed in the hands of its natural possessor, one of the sons of the decapitated king. Widdrington, who was a flatterer, and of a gentle disposition, would not have made such a proposal before Cromwell if he could have divined that the dictator possessed an insatiable ambition in himself, which would never allow him to pardon this suggestion.

"It is a delicate question," said Fleetwood, without compromising himself further.

The lord chancellor, St. John, declared that in his opinion, unless they desired to undermine all the old laws and customs of the nation, a large portion of monarchical power would be necessary in any government that they might establish.

"There would, in fact, be a strange overturning of all things," said the speaker, "if in our government there were not something of the monarchical character."

Desborough, Cromwell's relative and a colonel in the army, declared that he saw no reason why England should not govern itself on republican principles, after the example of so many other ancient and modern nations.

Colonel Whalley pronounced with his military colleague in favor of pure republicanism. "The eldest son of our king is in arms against us," said he, "his second son is equally our enemy, and yet you deliberate."

"But the king's third son, the Duke of Gloucester, is in our

nands," rejoined Widdrington; "he is too young to have raised his hand against us, or to have been infected by the principles of our enemies."

"The two eldest sons can be summoned to attend the parliament upon an appointed day, and debate with them upon the conditions of a free monarchical government," said Whitelocke, without fearing to offend Cromwell.

Cromwell, hitherto silent and unmoved, now spoke in his turn. "That would be a difficult negotiation," said he; "nevertheless I do not think it would be impossible, provided our rights as Englishmen as well as Christians are secured; and I am convinced that a liberal constitution, with a strong dose of monarchical principles in it, would be the salvation of England and religion."

Still they arrived at no conclusion. Cromwell appeared to lean toward the republic consolidated by monarchical authority, confided to one of the king's sons; a government which would have assured to himself the long guardianship of a child, and to the country the peaceable transmission of national power and liberty.

A council, entirely selected by him from his partisans and most fanatical friends assembled, and constituted a republican form of government under a protector.

One individual alone possessed all the executive power for life; this was Cromwell: and one elected body retained all the legislative authority; this was the parliament. Such was in its simplicity the whole mechanism of the English constitution—an actual dictator, with a more acceptable and specious name, which disguised servitude under the appearance of confidence, and power under that of equality.

All the prerogatives of royalty devolved upon Cromwell, even that of dissolving parliament and of appointing a new election in case of a conflict between the two powers. He had, moreover, the almost dynastic privilege of naming his successor. He had sons; what, therefore, was wanting to his actual royalty but the crown? Cromwell sufficiently showed by the ten years of his absolute government that he was far from desiring it. Though he felt himself *the elect of God*, chosen by inspiration to govern his people, he by no means felt that the same inspiration extended to his family. He took only from the nation that which he believed he received from heaven—the responsibility of governing for life—trusting the rest to other divine inspirations which would raise up successors equally inspired with himself.

In studying attentively his conduct, we find his entire secret revealed in his politics. It was then more difficult for him to elude the title of king than to accept it. The parliament would gladly have placed him on the throne to fortify themselves against the army; the army almost forced it upon him to deliver themselves from the parliament. In Cromwell's speeches before the newly-elected house, we find the truth of all his self-denial. Far from desiring a higher title, he even

tried to release himself from that of protector, which he had been forced to accept.

"The members of the council, of the Commons, and of the army who have debated," said he, "in my absence upon this constitution, did not communicate their plan to me until it had been deliberately and ripely considered by them. I opposed repeated delays and refusals to their proposals. They showed me plainly that if I did not change the present government all would be involved in confusion, ruin, and civil war; I was, therefore, obliged to consent, in spite of my great repugnance, to assume a new title. All went well. I wished for no more; I was satisfied with my position. I possessed arbitrary power in the general command of the national army; and I venture to say, with the approbation of both army and people. I believe, in all sincerity, that I should have been more acceptable to them if I had remained as I was, and had declined this title of protector. I call upon the members of this assembly, the officers of the army, and the people, to bear witness to my resistance, even to the point of doing violence to my own feelings. Let them speak; let them proclaim this. It has not been done in a corner, but in open day, and applauded by a large majority of the nation. I do not wish to be believed on my own word, to be my own witness; let the people of England be my testimonies! However, I swear to uphold this constitution, and consent to be dragged upon a hurdle from my tomb, and buried in infamy, if I suffer it to be violated. We are lost in disputes carried on in the name of *the liberty of England!* This liberty God alone can give to us. Henceforward none are privileged before God or man. The plenitude of legislative power belongs to us. I am bound to obey you if you do not listen to my remonstrances; I shall first remark upon your laws, and then I must submit."

He kept his word faithfully; he only reserved his inspiration as his sole prerogative; and as often as he saw the spirit of resistance, of faction, or of languor in his Houses of Commons, he did not hesitate to dissolve them as he had dissolved their predecessor, the long parliament.

The confined space that the nature of this work imposes on the historian obliges us to pass over some of the less important acts of his administration. This interregnum added more strength and prosperity to England than the nation had ever experienced under her most illustrious monarchs. Factions had recognized the authority of the leader of factions. Nothing is more compliant or more servile than subjugated parties. As they are generally endowed with more insolence than strength, and more passion than patriotism, when the passion is exhausted within them factions resemble balloons, which appear to occupy a large space in the heavens, and are confounded with the stars when they ascend in their inflation, but when the gas evaporates they fall collapsed to the ground, and a child may hold them in its hand. True patriotism and the real spirit of liberty were

not annihilated even by the ten years' eclipse of parliamentary factions.

The English nation, proud of having so long banished kings without being lowered in the eyes of Europe, and without internal divisions, only recalled their monarchs upon the understanding that those prerogatives and dignities of the people were secured which made England a true representative republic, with a royal and hereditary protector, the crowning glory of this free government. The idea was borrowed from Cromwell himself, as we have seen in his conference with his friends. He ruled as a patriot, who only thought of the greatness and power of his country, and not as a king, who would have been reduced to temporize with different parties or courts for the interests of his kingdom. He had, moreover, through the supreme power of the republic, the strength to accomplish that which was beyond the power of kings. Republics bring an increase of vigor to the nation. This increase multiplies the energy of the government by the collected energy of the people. They do not even find that impossible which has palsied the resolution of twenty monarchies. Anonymous and irresponsible, they accomplish by the hands of all, revolutions, changes, and enterprises, such as no single royalty could ever venture to dream of.

It was thus that Cromwell had conquered a king, subjugated an aristocracy, put an end to religious war, crushed the Levellers, repressed the parliament, established liberty of conscience, disciplined the army, formed the navy, triumphed by sea over Holland, Spain, and the Genoese, conquered Jamaica and those colonies since become empires in the New World; obtained possession of Dunkirk, counterbalanced the power of France and obliged the ministers of the youthful Louis the Fourteenth to make concessions and alliances with him; and finally, by his lieutenants or in person, annexed Ireland and Scotland to England so irrevocably that he accomplished the union of the British empire by this federation of three discordant kingdoms, whose struggles, alliances, skirmishes, and quarrels contained the germ of eternal weakness, and threatened destruction to the whole fabric. The revolution lent him its aid to put down despotism on the one hand and factions on the other, and to accomplish a complete nationality.

All this was accomplished in ten years, under the name of a dictator; but in reality by the power of the republic, which, to effect these great works, had become concentrated, incarnated, and disciplined in his single person. This might have occurred in France in 1790, if the French Revolution had selected a dictator for life from one of the great revolutionists animated by fanaticism, such as Mirabeau, Lafayette, or Danton, instead of confiding to a soldier the task of forming a new empire upon the old foundations.

A domestic misfortune struck Cromwell to the heart at this exalted epoch of his life; and we are astonished to behold the man moved to

tears who had witnessed with dry eyes the unfortunate Charles the First torn from his children's arms to perish on the scaffold. He lost his mother at the advanced age of ninety-four. This was the Elizabeth Stuart, a descendant of that race of kings which her son had dethroned. She was sincerely religious, mother of a numerous family, the source of their piety and the nurse of their virtues; she inspired them with a lively passion for the liberty of conscience, which their sect upheld, and enjoyed, in the full possession of her faculties, the mortal fame, but above all the heavenly glory, of the greatest of her sons, the Maccabæus of her faith. Cromwell, in all his greatness, respected and regarded his mother as the root of his heart, his belief, and his destiny.

"The Lord Protector's mother" (wrote at this date, 1654, the private secretary of Cromwell, Thurloe), "died last night, nearly a century old. At the moment when she was about to expire she summoned her son to her bedside, and extending her hands to bless him, said, 'May the splendor of the Lord's countenance continually shine upon you, my son. May he sustain you in adversity, and render your strength equal to the great things which the Most Mighty has charged you to accomplish, to the glory of his holy name and the welfare of his people. My dear son,' added she, dwelling on that name in which she gloried even in her dying moments; 'my dear son, I leave my spirit and my heart with you; farewell! farewell:' and she fell back," continued Thurloe, "uttering her last sigh." Cromwell burst into tears, like a man who had lost a portion of the light which illuminated his darkness. His mother, who loved him as a son, and respected him as the chosen instrument of God, lived with him at the palace of Whitehall, but in a retired and unadorned apartment, "not wishing," as she said, "to appropriate to herself and her other children that splendor which the Lord had conferred upon him alone;" but which resembled only the furniture of an hotel, to which she did not desire to attach her heart or to rely upon it for the future subsistence of her family. Anxious cares disturbed her days and nights in this regal palace, and she regretted her simple country farm in the principality of Wales.

The hatred of the royalists, the jealousy of the republicans, the anger of the Levellers, the sombre fanaticism of the Presbyterians, the vengeance of the Irish and Scotch, the plots of the parliament, always present to her mind, showed her the poniard or the pistol of the assassin aimed incessantly at the heart of her son. Although she had formerly been courageous, she could not latterly bear the report of firearms in the court without shuddering and running to Cromwell's apartments, to assure herself of his safety. Cromwell caused his mother to be buried with the funeral obsequies of a queen, more as a proof of his filial piety than of his ostentation. She was interred in the midst of royal and illustrious dust, under the porch of Westminster Abbey, the St. Denis of British dynasties and departed heroism.

Cromwell had himself thought for some years that he should perish by assassination. He wore a cuirass under his clothes, and carried defensive arms within reach of his hand. He never slept long in the same room in the palace, continually changing his bed-chamber to mislead domestic treason and military plots. A despot, he suffered the punishment of tyranny. The unseen weight of the hatred which he had accumulated weighed upon his imagination and disturbed his sleep. The least murmuring in the army appeared to him like the presage of a rebellion against his power. Sometimes he punished, sometimes he caressed those of his lieutenants whom he suspected would revolt. He encouraged Warwick, flattered Fairfax, subdued Ireton with much difficulty reconciled the republican Fleetwood, who had married one of his daughters, also a republican and as strongly opposed to the dictator as her husband ; he banished Monk ; he trembled before the intriguing spirit and popularity of Lambert, a general who one moment sought to join the royalists, the next the republicans, and, finally, the malcontents of the army. He feared to wound or alienate the military section by dealing harshly with this ambitious soldier. He compensated for the command he took from him by a pocketful of money, which secured his obedience through the powerful bonds of corruption. But parties were too much divided in England to combine in a mortal conspiracy against the dictator, as in the case of the Roman senate against Cæsar. The one was a check and spy upon the other. Cromwell was permitted to live because none felt certain that they should profit by his death. Nevertheless he was conscious of his unpopularity ; his modest ambition and his ten speeches to the different parliaments during the interregnum attest the efforts, sometimes humiliating, to which he descended to obtain pardon for having seized the supreme power. We should be incapable of understanding the man if we were not acquainted with his style. The soul speaks in the tongue. We comprehend a few sentences in this deluge of phraseology. The meaning seems confounded in a mass of verbiage, alternately cringing and imperious. We see throughout, the farmer promoted to the throne and the sectarian converting the tribune into a pulpit to preach to his congregations after he has subdued them. "What had become," said he, in his first speech to the united representatives of the three kingdoms after the dissolution of the long parliament ; "what had become, before your time, of those fundamental privileges of England, liberty of conscience and liberty of citizenship ? Two possessions, for which it is as honorable and just to contend as for any of the benefits which God has vouchsafed to us on earth. Formerly the Bible could not be printed without the permission of a magistrate ! Was not that placing the free faith of the people at the mercy of the legislative authority ? Was it not denying civil and religious liberty to this nation, who have received those unalienable rights with their blood ? Who now shall dare to

impose such restrictions on the public conscience?" He fulminated, more in the tone of a prophet than a statesman, against the "fifth monarchy men," a religious and political sect who announced the immediate reign of Christ upon earth, returning in person to govern his chosen people. It was even asserted that he had already appeared in the flesh, in the person of a young adventurer, who had caused himself to be worshipped under the sacred name of Jesus. Then suddenly he passed without preparation to his joy at seeing before him a parliament freely elected. "Yes," declared he, with warm satisfaction, "I see before me a free parliament! Let us now discuss a little the state of public affairs." He then proceeded to detail the progress and success of his operations in Holland, France, Spain, and Portugal. Finally, he dismissed them with a paternal air, declaring that he should pray for them, and enjoining every man to return quickly to his own abode, and reflect on the excellent management of public affairs, which he was going to submit for their consideration.

In the following speech he dwells bitterly on the heavy yoke which the public safety imposes on him, so contrary to his own desire. "I declare to you," he said, "in the candor of my soul, that I love not the post in which I am placed. I have said this already in my previous interviews with you. Yes, I have said to you I have but one desire, namely, to enjoy the same liberty with others, to retire into private life, to be relieved from my charge. I have demanded this again and again! And let God judge between me and my fellow-men if I have uttered falsehood in saying so! Many here can attest that I lie not! But if I speak falsely in telling you what you are slow to believe, if I utter a lie or act the hypocrite, may heavenly wrath condemn me! Let men without charity, who judge of others by themselves, say and think what they please, I repeat to you that I utter the truth. But alas! I cannot obtain what I so ardently desire, what my soul yearns to accomplish! Others have decided that I could not abandon my post without a crime—I am, however, unworthy of this power which you force me to retain in my hands; I am a miserable sinner!" He then rambled into an incoherent digression on the state of affairs. "At last," he concluded, "we have been raised up for the welfare of this nation! We enjoy peace at home and peace abroad!"

His fourth speech comprises a vehement reproach against this same parliament, which he said had suffered itself to become corrupted by the old factions, and which he suddenly dissolved, after having balanced for two hours between caresses and maledictions, according to the suggestions of the spirit which soothed and the words which crushed.

The fifth, delivered before the new parliament, is a rambling jumble of incoherency, which lasted for four hours; at this distance of time it is totally incomprehensible, and finishes by the recitation of

a psalm. "I confess," says Cromwell, "that I have been diffuse; I know that I have tired you; but one word more: Yesterday I read a psalm, which it will not be out of place to introduce. It is the sixty-sixth, and truly a most instructive and applicable one in our particular circumstances. I call upon you to peruse it at leisure—it commences thus: 'Lord, thou wert merciful to man; thou hast redeemed us from the captivity of Jacob; thou hast remitted all our sins.' " He then recited the entire psalm to his auditory, and closing his Bible, added, "Verily, I desire that this psalm may be engraved on our hearts more legibly than it is printed in this book, and that we may all cry with David, 'It is thou, Lord, alone, who hast done this!' " Let us to the work, my friends, with courage!" continued he, addressing the whole house, "and if we do so we shall joyfully sing this additional psalm: 'In the name of the Lord, our enemies shall be confounded.' No! we shall fear neither the pope nor the Spaniards, nor the devil himself! No! we shall not tremble, even though the plains should be lifted above the mountains, and the mountains should be precipitated into the ocean! God is with us!—I have finished! I have finished!" he exclaimed at last; "I have said all that I had to say to you. Get you gone together, and in peace to your own dwellings!"

These speeches, of which we have given only a few textual lines, lasted for hours; it is very difficult to follow their meaning. In the same voice we recognize Tiberius, Mahomet, a soldier, a tyrant, a patriot, a priest, and a madman. We perceive the laborious inspiration of a triple soul, which seeks its own idea in the dark, finds it, loses it, finds it again, and keeps its auditors floating to satiety, between terror, weariness, and compassion. When the language of tyranny is no longer brief, like the stroke of its will, it becomes ridiculous. It resembles the letters from Caprea to the Roman senate, or the appeals of Bonaparte vanquished to the French legislative body in 1813. The absolutism which seeks to make itself understood, or to enter into explanations with venal senates or enslaved citizens, becomes embarrassed in its own sophisms, mounts into the clouds or creeps into nothingness. Silence is the sole eloquence of tyranny, because it admits of no reply.

Never did these peculiar characteristics of Cromwell's oratory display themselves more than in his answers to the parliament, which thrice offered him the crown in 1658. The first time it was merely a deputation, who came to apprise him, in his own private apartment, of the intended proposal. The answer and the interview are equally familiar to us. He desires not the title of king, because his political inspiration told him that instead of increasing his actual strength it would tend to destroy it. On the other hand, he dared not reject the offer with too peremptory a refusal, because his generals, more ambitious than himself, would insist on his acceptance of the throne, to compromise beyond recall his greatness and that of his family,

with their own fortunes. He dreaded lest in discontent for his denial, they might offer the sovereignty to some other leader in the army, more daring and less scrupulous than himself. His embarrassment may be construed in his words. It took him eight days and a thousand circumlocutions before he could explain himself.

"Gentlemen," replied he, on the first day, to the confidential deputation of the parliament, "I have passed the greater part of my life in fire (if I may so speak), and surrounded by commotions; but all that has happened to me since I have meddled with public affairs for the general good, if it could be gathered into a single heap and placed before me in one view, would fail to strike me with the terror and respect for God's will which I undergo at the thought of this thing you now mention, and this title you offer me! But I have drawn confidence and tranquillity in every crisis of my past life, from the conviction that the heaviest burdens I have borne have been imposed upon me by His hand without my own participation. Often have I felt that I should have given way under these weighty loads if it had not entered into the views, the plans, and the great bounty of the Lord to assist me in sustaining them. If then I should suffer myself to deliver you an answer on this matter, so suddenly and unexpectedly brought under my consideration, without feeling that this answer is suggested to my heart and lips by Him who has ever been my oracle and guide, I should therein exhibit to you a slender evidence of my wisdom. To accept or refuse your offer in one word, from desires or feelings of personal interest, would savor too much of the flesh and of human appetite. To elevate myself to this height by motives of ambition or vainglory would be to bring down a curse upon myself, upon my family, and upon the whole empire. Better would it be that I had never been born. Leave me then to seek counsel at my leisure, of God and my own conscience; and I hope neither the declamations of a light and thoughtless people, nor the selfish wishes of those who expect to become great in my greatness, may influence my decision, of which I shall communicate to you the result with as little delay as possible."

Three hours afterward, the parliamentary committee returned to press for his answer. It was in many respects confused and unintelligible. We can fancy that we behold the embarrassed motion of Cæsar when he pushed aside the crown offered to him by Antony and the soldiers, in the circus. There was, as yet, no decision. After four days of urgent and repeated entreaty on the part of the parliament, of polite but significant delays on that of the protector, Cromwell finally explained himself in a deluge of words:

"Royalty," said he, "is composed of two matters, the title of king and the functions of monarchy. These functions are so united by the very roots to an old form of legislation that all our laws would fall to nothing did we not retain in their appliance a portion of the kingly power. But as to the title of king, this distinction im-

plies not only a supreme authority, but, I may venture to say, an authority partaking of the divine! I have assumed the place I now occupy to drive away the dangers which threatened my country, and to prevent their recurrence. I shall not quibble between the titles of king or protector, for I am prepared to continue in your service, as either of these, or even as a simple *constable*, if you so will it, the lowest officer in the land. For, in truth, I have often said to myself that I am, in fact, nothing more than a constable, maintaining the order and peace of the parish! I am therefore of opinion that it is unnecessary for you to offer or for me to accept the title of king, seeing that any other will equally answer the purpose!"

Then, with a frank confession, too humble not to be sincere, "Alow me," he added, "to lay open my heart here, aloud, and in your presence. At the moment when I was called to this great work, and preferred by God to so many others more worthy than myself, what was I? Nothing more than a simple captain of dragoons in a regiment of militia. My commanding officer was a dear friend who possessed a noble nature, and whose memory I know you cherish as warmly as I do myself. This was Mr. Hampden. The first time I found myself under fire with him I saw that our troops, newly levied, without discipline, and composed of men who loved not God, were beaten in every encounter. With the permission of Mr. Hampden I introduced among them a new spirit, a spirit of zeal and piety; I taught them to fear God. From that day forward they were invariably victorious. To him be all the glory!"

"It has ever been thus, it will ever continue to be thus, gentlemen, with the government. Zeal and piety will preserve us without a king! Understand me well; I would willingly consent to become a victim for the salvation of all; but I do not think—no, truly, I do not believe that it is necessary this victim should bear the title of a king!"

Alas! he had unfortunately thought otherwise in the case of Charles the First. The blood of that monarch rose up too late and protested against his words. He had in him chosen an innocent victim, not for the people, but for the army!

Remorse began to weigh upon him. It has been said that to appease or encourage these sensations, while the debates in parliament held the crown, as it were, suspended over his head, he descended into the vaults of Whitehall, where the body of the decapitated Charles the First had been temporarily placed. Did he go to seek in this spectacle an oracle to solve his doubts, or a lesson to regulate his ambition? Did he go to implore from the dead a pardon for the murder he had permitted, or forgiveness for the throne and life of which he had deprived him? We cannot say; all that is certain is that he raised the lid of the coffin which inclosed the embalmed body and head of the executed monarch; that he caused all witnesses to absent themselves, and that he remained for a long time

alone, silently looking on the deceased—an interview of stoical firmness if not of repentance; a solemn hour of reflection, from which he must have returned hardened or shaken. His attendants observed an unwonted paleness on his features and a melancholy compression of his lips. Painting has often revived this strange scene. Some have recognized in it the triumph of ambition over its victim; we should prefer to recognize the agony of the remorseful murderer.

His private correspondence at this time expresses the weariness of aspirations which have sounded the depths of human grandeur, and which see nothing but emptiness in a destiny so apparently full. They breathe also a softening of the heart, which slackens the severity of government. "Truly," says he, in a letter to Fleetwood, his son-in-law, and deputy in Scotland, "truly, my dear Charles, I have more than ever need of the help and prayers of my Christian friends. Each party wishes me to adopt their own views. The spirit of gentleness which I feel within me at present pleases none of them. I may say with sincerity, my life has been a voluntary sacrifice for the benefit of all. Persuade our friends who are with you to become very moderate. If the Lord's day approaches, as many maintain, our moderation ought so much the more to manifest itself. In my heaviness, I am ready to exclaim, 'Why have I not the wings of a dove, that I might flee away?' But I fear me, this is a most culpable impatience. I bless the Lord that I possess in my wife and children ties which attach me to life! Pardon me, if I have discovered to you my inmost thoughts. Give my love to your dear wife, and my blessing, if it is worth anything, to your infant child."

In the midst of these heavenly aspirations, he was anxious to leave independent fortunes to his sons and daughters. The large income allotted by parliament to maintain the splendor of his rank, his hereditary estate, and the austere economy of his habits, had enabled him to acquire some private property. The list of his possessions is contained in his letters to his son Richard. They comprise twelve domains, producing an annual rent of about 300*l*. "Of what consequence is this," he said sometimes; "I leave to my family the favor of God, who has elevated me from nothing to the height on which I am placed." It would seem as if he anticipated his approaching end.

Those who came in contact with him were sensible of it themselves. The Quaker Fox, one of the founders of that pious and philosophic sect, who comprise all theology in charity, was in the habit of familiar intercourse with Cromwell. About this time he wrote to one of his friends as follows: "Yesterday I met Cromwell in the park of Hampton Court; he was on horseback, attended by his guards. Before I approached him I perceived that there came from him an odor of death. When we drew near to each other, I noticed the paleness of the grave upon his face. He stopped, and I spoke to

him of the persecutions of the *Friends* (Quakers), using the words which the Lord suggested to my lips. He replied, 'Come and see me to-morrow.' On the following day I went to Hampton Court, and was informed that he was ill. From that day I never saw him more."

Hampton Court, the magnificent feudal residence of Henry the Eighth, was an abode which by its melancholy and monastic grandeur was well suited to the temperament of Cromwell. The chateau, flanked by large towers resembling the bastions of a fortress, was crowned with battlements, blackened incessantly by broods of rooks. It stood on the border of vast forests, luxurious produce of the soil, so dear to the Saxon race. The aged oaks of the extensive park appeared to assume the majesty of a royal vegetation, to accord with the Gothic architecture of the castle. Long avenues, veiled in shadow and mist, terminated in a perspective of green meadow, silently traversed by herds of tame deer. Narrow, low portals with pointed arches, resembling the apertures of a cavern in the solid rock, gave admission to subterraneous apartments, guard-rooms and vaulted fencing-schools, decorated with devices of ancient armor, escutcheons, and knightly banners. Everything breathed that mistrustful superiority which creates a void round monarchs, either through respect or terror. Hampton Court was the favorite residence of Cromwell, but at the period of which we are writing he was detained there as much by pain as relaxation.

Providence, as often happens to exalted individuals, had determined to inflict the expiation of his prosperous fortunes, through the medium of his own family. Several daughters had embellished his domestic hearth. The eldest was married to Lord Falconbridge, the second to Fleetwood, the third to Claypole, while the fourth and youngest was already, at seventeen, the widow of Lord Rich, grandson of the Earl of Warwick, an old companion-in-arms of the protector. The grief of this young woman, the favorite of her mother, saddened the internal happiness of the circle at Hampton Court. Fleetwood, a moody republican, ever divided between the ascendancy of Cromwell, to which he submitted with a pang of conscience, and the pure democratical opinions which saw individual tyranny in the protectorate, continually reproached his father-in-law with having absorbed the republic which he appeared to save. Between fanaticism and affection he had drawn over his young wife to join in his discontented murmurs. Lady Fleetwood, like the second Brutus, experienced at the same time an invincible attachment and repugnance to her father, who had become the tyrant of his country. The ties of blood and the spirit of sectarianism divided her heart. She embittered the life of the protector by incessant reproaches. Cromwell, surrounded by the cares of government, was at the same time beset by the invectives of his republican daughter against his absolute measures, and trembled to discover the hand of Fleetwood and his

wife in some hostile machinations. The deprecatory tone of his letters to Lady Fleetwood describes the anguish endured by this father, compelled to justify his actions to his own family, when England and all Europe trembled at his nod. But this child of Cromwell, perpetually agitated by remorse for ruined liberty, never remained long silent under his urgent remonstrances. It was necessary to convince her, for fear of being compelled to punish. She was, in truth, the Nemesis of her father.

His daughter Elizabeth, Lady Claypole, became his consoling spirit. This young and amiable female, in grace, in mind, in sentiment, was endowed with every quality which justifies the preference, or, we should rather say, the admiration by which Cromwell distinguished her. The royalist historian, Hume, who can scarcely be suspected of flattery, or even of justice, when speaking of the family of the murderer of his king, acknowledges that Lady Claypole possessed charms and virtue sufficient to excuse the admiration of the whole world. One of those cruel fatalities which resemble chance, but are in fact ordained chastisements of tyranny, had recently pierced the heart of this accomplished woman almost to death, and excited between her and her father a tragical family dissension, in which nature, torn by two conflicting feelings (like Camille,* divided between her country and her lover), is unable to renounce one without betraying the other. Death is the only issue of such an awful predicament. In one of the recent royalist conspiracies against the authority of the protector, a young *Cavalier* (the name commonly applied to the partisans of Charles the Second) had been condemned to death. Cromwell had the power of mercy, which he would have exercised if the guilty prisoner, for whom he was aware his daughter felt the warmest interest, would have afforded him the least pretext for clemency, by even a qualified submission. But the intrepid Hewett (such was the name of the criminal) had defied the protector on his trial, as he had braved the danger in the conspiracy. Cromwell, deaf for the first time to the supplications, the sobs, and despair of his daughter prostrated at his feet, imploring the life of a man who was dear to her, ordered the execution to proceed. Lady Claypole felt herself stricken mortally by the same blow. Cromwell had slain his daughter through the heart of one of his enemies. Elizabeth, sinking under a deadly weakness, returned to Hampton Court to receive the tender cares of her mother and sisters, and only roused herself from her stupor to reproach her father with the blood of his victim. Her lamentable imprecations, interrupted by the remorse and returning tenderness of her father, filled the palace with trouble, mystery, and consternation. The life of Lady Claypole rapidly consumed itself in these sad alternations of tears and maledictions. Cromwell was consumed by an-

* In the "*Horace*" of Corneille.—Tr.

guish, fruitless supplication, and unavailing repentance. He felt that his cruelty had made him hated by the being whom he loved most on earth ; and, to complete his agony, he himself had launched the bolt against his child. Thus the republic that he had deceived on the one hand and the royalty he had martyred on the other seized on the fanaticism and feelings of his two daughters, to revenge on his own heart and under his domestic roof the ambition and inhumanity with which he had trampled on both. He presented a modern Atrides, apparently at the summit of prosperity, but in fact an object of compassion to his most implacable enemies. Lady Claypole died in his arms at Hampton Court, toward the end of 1658. With her last words she forgave her father, but nature refused to ratify the pardon. From the day when he buried his beloved daughter he languished toward his end, and his own hours were numbered.

Although he was robust in appearance, and his green maturity of fifty-nine, maintained by warlike exercises, sobriety, and chastity, had enabled him to preserve the activity and vigor of his youth, disgust of life, that paralysis of the soul, inclosed a decayed heart in a healthy body. He seemed no longer to take any interest in the affairs of government or in the divisions of his own family. His confidential friends endeavored to direct his thoughts from the grave of his daughter, by inducing him to change the scene and vary his occupations so as to dissipate the depressing moral atmosphere which surrounded him. His secretary, Thurloe, and others of his most trusted adherents, in concert with his wife, contrived, without his knowledge, reviews, hunting-parties, races, and avocations of duty or amusement to distract or occupy his attention. They took him back to London, but he found the city even more distasteful than the country. They thought to reanimate his languor by repasts in the open air, brought by his servants from the house, and prepared on the grass under the shadow of the finest trees, and in his favorite spots. His earliest taste, the love of rural nature and of the animals of the field, was the last that remained in his closing hours. The gentleman farmer and trainer of cattle again broke forth under the master of an empire. The Bible and the patriarchal life, to which he constantly alluded, associated themselves in his mind with the remembrances of rural occupations, which he regretted even in the splendors of a palace : he often exclaimed, as Danton did long afterward, " Happy is he who lives under a thatched roof and cultivates his own field !"

One morning, when Thurloe and the attendants of Cromwell had spread his meal on the ground, under the shadow of a clump of magnificent oaks, more distant from the neighboring city and thicker than at present, he felt his spirits lighter and more serene than usual, and expressed a wish to pass the remainder of the day in that delightful solitude. He ordered his grooms to bring out six fine bay horses,

which the States of Holland had lately sent him as a present, to try them in harness in one of the avenues of the park. Two postilions mounted the leaders. Cromwell desired Thurloe to seat himself in the carriage, while he ascended the box and took the reins in his own hands. The fiery and unbroken animals began to rear, threw their riders, and ran away with the light vehicle, which they dashed against a tree, and Cromwell was violently precipitated to the ground. In his fall a loaded pistol went off, which he always carried concealed under his clothes. For a moment he was dragged along on the gravel, entangled with the broken carriage. Although he escaped without a wound, his fall, the explosion of the pistol, revealing to those about him his precautionary terrors, the sarcastic remarks to which this mishap gave rise, all appeared to him ominous of evil, and caused a sudden shock which he concealed with difficulty. He affected, notwithstanding, to laugh at the accident, and said to Thurloe, "It is easier to conduct a government than to drive a team of horses!"

He returned to Hampton Court, and the constant image of his cherished daughter appeared to people those halls, which her presence no longer animated, with remembrances less painful than oblivion. He was prayed for throughout the three kingdoms: by the puritans, for their prophet; by the republicans, for their champion; by the patriots, for the bulwark of their country. The antechambers resounded with the murmured applications of preachers, chaplains, fanatics, personal friends, and members of his own family—all beseeching God to spare the life of their *saint*. Whitehall resembled more a sanctuary than a palace. The same spirit of mystical inspiration which had conducted him there governed him in the last moments of his residence. He discoursed only of religion, and never alluded to politics, so much more was he occupied by the thoughts of eternal salvation than of prolonging his earthly power.

He had designated his son Richard as his successor (in a sealed paper which had since gone astray), on the same day when he had been named protector. Those who now surrounded him wished him to renew this act, but he appeared either indifferent or unwilling to do so. At last, when he was asked, in the presence of witnesses, if it was not his will that his son Richard should succeed him, "Yes," he muttered, with a single affirmative motion of his head, and immediately changed the subject of conversation. It was evident that this man, impressed with the vicissitudes of government and the fickleness of the people, attached but little importance to the will of a dictator, and left in the hands of Providence the fate of his authority after his death. "God will govern by the instrument that he may please to select," said he; "it is he alone who has given me power over his people." He believed that he had left this document at Hampton Court, where messengers were dispatched to seek it but without success, and the topic was never again adverted to.

Richard, who resided usually in the country, in the paternal mansion of his wife, hastened to London, with his sisters and brothers-in-law, to attend the death-bed of the chief of the family. He seemed as indifferent as his father as to the hereditary succession of his office, for which he had neither the desire nor the ambition. The whole generation, left by the protector in the mediocrity of private life, appeared ready to return to it, as actors quit the stage when the drama is over. They had neither acquired hatred nor envy by insolence or pride. Like the children of Sylla, who mixed unnoticed with the crowd, the tender affection of his united family and their unfeigned tears constituted the only funeral pomp which waited round the couch of the protector.

A slow intermittent fever seized him. He struggled with the first attack so successfully that no one about him suspected he was seriously ill. The fever became tertian and more acute; his strength was rapidly giving way. The physicians summoned from London attributed the disease to the bad air engendered by the marshy and ill-drained banks of the Thames, which joined the gardens of Hampton Court. He was brought back to Whitehall, as if Providence had decreed that he should die before the same window of the same palace, in front of which he had ordered to be constructed, ten years before, the scaffold of his royal victim.

Cromwell never rose again from the bed on which he was placed when he returned to London. His acts and words, during his long agony, have been wildly misrepresented, according to the feelings of the different parties who sought revenge for his life or who gloried in his death. A new document, equally authentic and invaluable, notes taken without his knowledge, calculating every hour and every sigh, and preserved by the comptroller of his household, who watched him day and night, have verified beyond dispute his thoughts and expressions. The sentiments expressed in these last moments speak the true secrets of the soul. Death unmasks every face, and hypocrisy disappears before the raised finger of God.

During the periods between the paroxysms of the fever, he occupied the time with listening to passages from the sacred volume, or by a resigned or despairing reference to the death of his daughter. "Read to me," he said to his wife in one of those intervals, "the Epistle of St. Paul to the Philippians." She read these words: "I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." The reader paused. "That verse," said Cromwell, "once saved my life when the death of my eldest born, the infant Oliver, pierced my heart like the sharp blade of a poniard. Ah! St. Paul," he continued, "you are entitled to speak thus, for you answered to the call of grace! But I—" he broke off, but after a short silence, resuming a tone of confidence,

continued, "but he who was the Saviour of Paul, is he not also mine?"

"Do not weep thus," said he to his wife and children, who were sobbing loudly in the chamber; "love not this vain world; I tell you from the brink of the grave, love not the things of earth!" There was a moment of weakness when he seemed anxious for life. "Is there no one here," he demanded, "who can deliver me from this danger?" All hesitated to answer. "Man is helpless," he continued, "God can do whatever he pleases. Are there none, then, who will pray with me?"

The silent motion of his lips was interrupted from time to time by indistinct and mystical murmurings which indicated inward supplication. "Lord, thou art my witness, that if I still desire to live it is to glorify thy name and to complete thy work!" "It is terrible, yea, it is very terrible," he muttered three times in succession, "to fall into the hands of the living God!" "Do you think," said he to his chaplain, "that a man who has once been in a state of grace can ever perish eternally?" "No," replied the chaplain, "there is no possibility of such a relapse." "Then I am safe," replied Cromwell; "for at one time I am confident that I was chosen." All his inquiries tended toward futurity, none bore reference to the present life. "I am the most insignificant of mortals," continued he after a momentary pause; "but I have loved God, praised be his name, or rather I am beloved by him!"

There was a moment when the dangerous symptoms of his malady were supposed to have subsided; he even adopted this notion himself. Whitehall and the churches resounded with thanksgivings. The respite was short, for the fever speedily redoubled. Several days and nights were passed in calm exhaustion or incoherent delirium. On the morning of the 30th of August, one of his officers, looking from the window, recognized the republican Ludlow, banished from London, who happened to be crossing the square. Cromwell, informed of his presence, became anxious to know what motive could have induced Ludlow to have the audacity to show himself in the capital, and to pass under the very windows of his palace. He sent his son Richard to him, to endeavor if possible to fathom the secret views of his party. Ludlow assured Richard Cromwell that he came exclusively on private affairs, and was ignorant when he arrived of the illness of the protector. He promised to depart from the capital on that same day. This is the Ludlow who, being proscribed among the regicides after the death of Cromwell, retired to grow old and die impenitently at Vevay, on the borders of Lake Leman, where his tomb is still exhibited.

Cromwell, satisfied as to the intentions of the republicans, thought no longer but of making a religious end. The intendant of his chamber, who watched by him, heard him offer up his last prayers in detached sentences, and in an audible tone. For his own satisfaction

he noted down the words as they escaped from the lips of the dying potentate, and long afterward transmitted them to history.

"Lord, I am a miserable creature ! But by thy grace I am in the truth, and I hope to appear before thee in behalf of this people. Thou hast selected me, although unworthy, to be the instrument of good here below, and to have rendered service to my brethren. Many of them have thought too favorably of my strength, while many others will rejoice that I am cut off. Continue, O Lord, to give thy help to all ; endow them with constancy and a right understanding ; render through them the name of our Saviour Jesus Christ more and more honored upon earth ; teach them who trust too much to thy instrument to rely on thee alone. Pardon those who are impatient to trample under their feet this worm of earth, and grant me a night of peace, if it be thy good pleasure."

On the following day, the anniversary of the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, his two greatest victories, the sound of the military music by which they were celebrated penetrated to his dying chamber. "I could wish," he exclaimed, "to recall my life, to repeat once more those services for the nation ; but my day is over. May God continue ever present with his children."

After a last restless night, he was asked if he wished to drink or sleep. "Neither," he replied, "but to pass quickly to my Father." By sunrise his voice failed, but he was still observed to pray in an inarticulate tone.

The equinoctial gale, which had commenced on the preceding day, now swelled into a storm which swept over England with the effect of an earthquake. The carriages which conveyed to London the friends of the protector, apprised of his extreme danger, were unable to stem the violence of the wind and took refuge in the inns on the road. The lofty houses of London undulated like vessels tossed upon the ocean. Roofs were carried off, trees that had stood for centuries in Hyde Park were torn up by the roots and prostrated on the ground like bundles of straw. Cromwell expired at two o'clock in the afternoon, in the midst of this convulsion of nature. He departed as he was born, in a tempest. Popular superstition recognized a miracle in this coincidence, which seemed like the expiring efforts of the elements to tear from life and empire the single man who was capable of enduring the might of England's destiny, and whose decease created a void which none but himself could fill. Obedience had become so habitual and fear so universally survived his power that no opposing faction dared to raise its head in presence of his remains ; his enemies, like those of Cæsar, were compelled to simulate mourning at his funeral. Several months elapsed before England felt thoroughly convinced that her master no longer existed, and ventured to exhibit a few faint throbs of liberty after such a memorable servitude. If at that time there had been found an Antony to place himself at the head of the army in London, and if a

new Octavius had appeared in Richard Cromwell, the Lower Empire might have commenced in the British Islands. But Richard abdicated after a very short exercise of power. He had formerly, with tears, embraced his father's knees, imploring him to spare the head of Charles the First. His resignation cost him nothing, for he had examined too closely the price of supreme power. He became once more a simple and unostentatious citizen, enjoying, in the tranquillity of a country life, his obscurity and his innocence.

We have sought to describe the true character of Cromwell, rescued from romance and restored to history. This supposed actor of sixty becomes a veritable man. Formerly he was misapprehended, now he is correctly understood.

A great man is ever the personification of the spirit which breathes from time to time upon his age and country. The inspiration of Scripture predominated, in 1600, over the three kingdoms. Cromwell, more imbued than any other with this sentiment, was neither a politician nor an ambitious conqueror, nor an Octavius, nor a Cæsar. He was a JUDGE of the Old Testament; a sectarian of the greater power in proportion as he was more superstitious, more strict and narrow in his doctrines, and more fanatical. If his genius had surpassed his epoch he would have exercised less influence over the existing generation. His nature was less elevated than the part assigned to him; his religious bias constituted the half of his fortune. A true military Calvin, holding the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, he aimed rather at salvation than temporal empire. Historians, hitherto ill-informed, have mistaken the principle of his ambition. It was the feature of the times. All the factions of that age were religious, as all those of the present day are political. In Switzerland, in Germany, in the North, in France, in Scotland, in Ireland, in England, all parties borrowed their convictions; their divided opinions, their opposing fierceness from the Bible, which had become the universal oracle. Interpreted differently by the different sects, this oracle imparted to each exposition the bitterness of a schism, to each destiny the holiness of a revelation, to each leader the authority of a prophet, to each victim the heroism of a martyr, and to each conqueror the ferocity of an executioner offering up a sacrifice to the Deity. A paroxysm of mystical frenzy had seized upon the whole Christian world, and the most impassioned trampled upon the rest. Danton has said that in a revolution the greatest scoundrel must gain the victory. With equal justice it may be observed that in religious wars the most superstitious leader will win the day. When that leader is at the same time a soldier, and inspires his followers with his own enthusiasm, there is no longer a limit to his career of fortune. He subjects the people by the army, and the army by the superstitions of the people. If endowed with genius, he becomes a Mahomet; a Cromwell, if gifted only with policy and fanaticism.

It becomes, therefore, impossible to deny that Cromwell was sincere. Sincerity was the inciting motive of his elevation, and, without excusing, completely explains his crimes. This quality, which constituted his virtue, impressed on his actions, faith, devotedness, enthusiasm, consistency, patriotism, toleration, austerity of manners, application to war and business, coolness, modesty, piety, denial of personal ambition for his family, and all those patriarchal and romantic features of the first republic which characterized his life and the period of his reign. It also imparted to his nature the implacability of a religionist who believed that in striking his own enemies he was smiting the enemies of God. The massacres of the vanquished rebels in Ireland and the cold-blooded murder of Charles the First exhibit the contrasted extravagance of this false conscience. In Cromwell it was untempered by the natural element which palliates in the first Cæsar the barbarities of ambition. We recognize the *res victis* of the sectarian, the demagogue, and the soldier united in the same individual.

Thus, as it always happens, these two leading crimes, perpetuated without pity, rebounded back upon his cause and his memory. What did Cromwell desire? Assuredly not the throne, for we have seen that it was frequently within his grasp, and he rejected it that Providence alone might reign. He wished to secure for his own party, the Independents, full religious liberty in matters of faith, guaranteed by a powerful representation of the people and the parliament, and presided over by a monarchical form of government at the head of this republic of saints. This is the direct conclusion to be drawn from his entire life, his actions, and his words.

Now, in sparing the life of the vanquished sovereign, and in concluding, either with him or his sons, a national compact, a new Magna Charta, establishing religious and representative freedom throughout England, Cromwell would have left a head to the republic, a king to the royalists, an all-powerful parliament to the people, and a victorious independence to the conscience of the nation. By putting Charles to death and Ireland to the sword he furnished a never-dying grievance to the supporters of the throne, martyrs to the persecuted faiths, with a long and certain reaction to absolute power, the established Protestantism of the State, and the followers of the Roman Catholic Church. He prepared the inevitable return of the last Stuarts, for dynasties are never extinguished in blood; they expire rather by absence. His severity, sooner or later, recoiled upon his cause and tarnished his memory. This biblical Marius can never be absolved from his proscriptions. After much slaughter, that he governed well and wisely cannot be disputed. He laid the foundations of the great power of England, both by land and sea. But nations, who are often ungrateful for the virtue sacrificed in their cause, are doubly so for the crimes committed to promote their grandeur. Whatever the disciples of Machiavelli, and the con-

vention may say to the contrary, there are such things as national repentance and remorse, which perpetuate themselves with national history. Cromwell deeply wounded the conscience and humanity of England by his systematic cruelties. The stains of the royal and plebeian blood, which he shed without compunction, have indelibly imprinted themselves on his name. He has left a lofty but an unpopular memory. His glory belongs to England, but England inclines to suppress it. Her historians, her orators, her patriots seldom refer to his name, and evince no desire to have it paraded before them. They blush to be so deeply indebted to such a man. British patriotism, which cannot historically ignore the reality of his services, profits by the basis of national power which Cromwell has established in Europe, but at the same time denies his personal claims; it acknowledges the work but repudiates the workman. The name of Cromwell, in the acceptance of the English people, resembles one of those massive druidical altars upon which their barbarous ancestors offered up sacrifices to their gods; and which, while they have been thrown in to assist in the foundations of later edifices, can never be disinterred or restored to light without disclosing the traces of the blood so profusely scattered by savage superstition.

THE END.





FREDERICK THE GREAT.

THE Prussian monarchy, the youngest of the great European States, but in population and in revenue the fifth amongst them, and in art, science, and civilization entitled to the third, if not the second place, sprang from an humble origin. About the beginning of the fifteenth century, the marquisate of Brandenburg was bestowed by the Emperor Sigismund on the noble family of Hohenzollern. In the sixteenth century that family embraced the Lutheran doctrines. Early in the seventeenth century it obtained from the King of Poland the investiture of the duchy of Prussia. Even after this accession of territory, the chiefs of the house of Hohenzollern hardly ranked with the Electors of Saxony and Bavaria. The soil of Brandenburg was, for the most part, sterile. Even around Berlin, the capital of the province, and around Potsdam, the favorite residence of the Margraves, the country was a desert. In some tracts the deep sand could with difficulty be forced by assiduous tillage to yield thin crops of rye and oats. In other places, the ancient forests, from which the conquerors of the Roman empire had descended on the Danube, remained untouched by the hand of man. Where the soil was rich it was generally marshy, and its insalubrity repelled the cultivators whom its fertility attracted. Frederick William, called the Great Elector, was the prince to whose policy his successors have agreed to ascribe their greatness. He acquired by the peace of Westphalia several valuable possessions, and among them the rich city and district of Magdeburg; and he left to his son Frederick a principality as considerable as any which was not called a kingdom.

Frederick aspired to the style of royalty. Ostentatious and profuse, negligent of his true interests and of his high duties, insatiably eager for frivolous distinctions, he added nothing to the real weight of the State which he governed; but he gained the great object of his life, the title of king. In the year 1700 he assumed this new dignity. He had on that occasion to undergo all the mortifications which fall to the lot of ambitious upstarts. Compared with the other crowned heads of Europe, he made a figure resembling that which a Nabob or a Commissary, who had bought a title, would make in the company of Peers whose ancestors had been attainted for treason against the Plantagenets.

The envy of the class which he quitted, and the civil scorn of the class into which he intruded himself, were marked in very significant ways. The elector of Saxony at first refused to acknowledge the new majesty. Louis the Fourteenth looked down on his brother king with an air not unlike that with which the count in Molière's play regards Monsieur Jourdain, just fresh from the mummery of being made a gentleman. Austria exacted large sacrifice in return for her recognition, and at last gave it ungraciously.

Frederick was succeeded by his son, Frederick William, a prince who must be allowed to have possessed some talents for administration, but whose character was disfigured by the most odious vices, and whose eccentricities were such as had never been seen out of a mad-house. He was exact and diligent in the transaction of business, and he was the first who formed the design of obtaining for Prussia a place among the European powers, altogether out of proportion to her extent and population, by means of a strong military organization. Strict economy enabled him to keep up a peace establishment of sixty thousand troops. These troops were disciplined in such a manner, that, placed beside them, the household regiments of Versailles and St. James would have appeared an awkward squad. The master of such a force could not but be regarded by all his neighbors as a formidable enemy and a valuable ally.

But the mind of Frederick William was so ill-regulated that all his inclinations became passions, and all his passions partook of the character of moral and intellectual disease. His parsimony degenerated into sordid avarice. His taste for military pomp and order became a mania, like that of a Dutch burgomaster for tulips. While the envoys of the court of Berlin were in a state of such squalid poverty as moved the laughter of foreign capitals—while the food of the royal family was so bad that even hunger loathed it—no price was thought too extravagant for tall recruits. The ambition of the king was to form a brigade of giants, and every country was ransacked by his agents for men above the ordinary stature. These researches were not confined to Europe. No head that towered above the crowd in the bazaars of Aleppo, of Cairo, or of Surat, could escape the crimps of Frederick William. (One Irishman more than seven feet high, who was picked up in London by the Prussian ambassador, received a bounty of nearly £1,300 sterling—very much more than the ambassador's salary.) This extravagance was the more absurd because a stout youth of five feet eight, who might have been procured for a few dollars, would in all probability have been a much more valuable soldier. But to Frederick William this huge Irishman was what a brass Otho or a Vinegar Bible is to a collector of a different kind.*

* Carlyle thus describes the Potsdam Regiment :—" A Potsdam Giant Regiment, such as the world never saw before or since. Three Battalions of them—two always here at Potsdam doing formal life-guard duty, the third at Brandenburg on drill, 800 to the Battalion—2,400 sons of Anak in all. Sublime enough, hugely per

is remarkable that, though the main end of Frederick William's administration was to have a military force, though his reign forms an important epoch in the history of military discipline, and though his dominant passion was the love of military display, he was yet one of the most pacific of princes. We are afraid that his aversion to war was not the effect of humanity, but was merely one of his thousand whims. His feeling about his troops seems to have resembled a miser's feeling about his money. He loved to collect them, to count them, to see them increase, but he could not find it in his heart to break in upon the precious hoard. He looked forward to some future time when his Patagonian battalions were to drive hostile infantry before them like sheep. But this future time was always receding, and it is probable that if his life had been prolonged thirty years his superb army would never have seen any harder service than a sham fight in the fields near Berlin. But the great military means which he had collected were destined to be employed by a spirit far more daring and inventive than his own.

Frederick, surnamed the Great, son of Frederick William, was born in January, 1712. It may safely be pronounced that he had received from nature a strong and sharp understanding, and a rare firmness of temper and intensity of will. As to the other parts of his character, it is difficult to say whether they are to be ascribed to nature or to the strange training which he underwent. The history of his boyhood is painfully interesting. Oliver Twist in the parish workhouse, Smike at Dotheboys Hall, were petted children when compared with this wretched heir-apparent of a crown. The nature of Frederick William was hard and bad, and the habit of exercising arbitrary power had made him frightfully savage. His rage constantly vented

fect to the royal eye, such a mass of shining giants, in their long-drawn regularities and mathematical manœuvres, like some streak of Promethean lightning realized here at last in the vulgar dusk of things.

"Truly they are men supreme in discipline, in beauty of equipment, and the shortest man of them rises, I think, toward seven feet; some are nearly nine feet high. Men from all countries; a hundred and odd come annually, as we saw, from Russia—a very precious windfall; the rest have been collected, crimped, purchased out of every European country at enormous expense, not to speak of other trouble to His Majesty. James Kirkman, an Irish recruit of good inches, cost him £1,200 before he could be got inveigled, shipped, and brought safe to hand. The documents are yet in existence; and the portrait of this Irish fellow-citizen himself, who is by no means a beautiful man. Indeed, they are all portrayed—all the privates of this distinguished Regiment are, if anybody cared to look at them. 'Redivivoff from Moscow' seems of far better bone than Kirkman, though still more stolid of aspect. One Hohmann, a born Prussian, was so tall you could not, though you yourself tall, touch his bare crown with your hand; August the Strong of Poland tried on one occasion and could not. Before Hohmann turned up, there had been 'Jonas, the Norwegian Blacksmith,' also a dreadfully tall monster. Giant 'Mac-dell'—who was to be married, no consent asked on either side, to the tall young woman, which latter turned out to be a decrepit old woman (all Jest-Books know the myth)—he also was an Irish giant, his name probably M'Dow l. This Hohmann was now *Flügelmann* ('fugleman' as we have named it, leader of the file), the Tallest of the Regiment, a very mountain of pipe-clayed flesh and bone."

FREDERICK THE GREAT

itself to right and left in curses and blows. When his majesty took a walk, every human being fled before him as if a tiger had broken loose from a menagerie. If he met a lady in the street he gave her a kick and told her to go home and mind her brats. If he saw a clergyman staring at the soldiers, he admonished the reverend gentleman to betake himself to study and prayer, and enforced this pious advice by a sound caning, administered on the spot. But it was in his own house that he was most unreasonable and ferocious. His palace was hell, and he the most execrable of fiends—a cross between Moloch and Puck. His son Frederick* and his daughter Wilhelmina, afterwards Margravine of Bareuth, were in an especial manner objects of his aversion. His own mind was uncultivated. He despised literature. He hated infidels, Papists, and metaphysicians, and did not very well understand in what they differed from each other. The business of life, according to him, was to drill and to be drilled. The recreations suited to a prince were to sit in a cloud of tobacco smoke, to sip Swedish beer between the puffs of the pipe, to play backgammon for three-halfpence a rubber, to kill wild hogs, and to shoot partridges by the thousand. The Prince-Royal showed little inclination either for the serious employments or for the amusements of his father. He shirked the duties of the parade—he detested the fume of tobacco—he had no taste either for backgammon or for field-sports. He had received from nature an exquisite ear, and performed skilfully on the flute. His earliest instructors had been French refugees, and they had awakened in him a strong passion for French literature and French society. Frederick William regarded these tastes as effeminate and contemptible, and by abuse and persecution made them still stronger. Things became worse when the Prince-Royal attained that time of life at which the great revolution in the human mind and body takes place. He was guilty of some youthful indiscretions, which no good and wise parent would regard with severity. At a later period he was accused, truly or falsely, of vices from which history averts her eyes, and which even Satire blushes to name—vices

*The following is his answer to an humble supplication of Friedrich's for forgiveness:—

"Thy [in German the contemptuous third person singular is used] obstinate, perverse disposition (*Kopf*, head), which does not love thy Father—for when one does every thing, and really loves one's Father, one does what the Father requires, not while he is there to see it, but when his back is turned too. For the rest, thou know'st very well that I can endure : o effeminate fellow (*effeminirten Kerl*), who has no human inclination in him; who puts himself to shame, cannot ride nor shoot, and withal is dirty in his person; frizzles his hair like a fool, and does not cut it off. And all this I have a thousand times reprimanded; but all in vain, and no improvement in nothing (*keine Besserung in nichts ist*). For the rest, haughty, proud as a churl; speaks to nobody but some few, and is not popular and affable; and cuts grimaces with his face, as if he were a fool; and does my will in nothing unless held to it by force: nothing out of love;—and has pleasure in nothing but following his own whims (own *Kopf*)—no use to him in any thing else. This is the answer.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM."

Carlyle (vol. ii., pp. 47, 48.)

such that, to borrow the energetic language of Lord-Keeper Coventry, "the depraved nature of man, which of itself carrieth man to all other sin, abhorreth them." But the offences of his youth were not characterized by any peculiar turpitude. They excited, however, transports of rage in the king, who hated all faults except those to which he was himself inclined, and who conceived that he made ample atonement to Heaven for his brutality, by holding the softer passions in detestation. The Prince-Royal, too, was not one of those who are content to take their religion on trust. He asked puzzling questions, and brought forward arguments which seemed to savor of something different from pure Lutheranism. The king suspected that his son was inclined to be a heretic of some sort or other, whether Calvinist or Atheist, his majesty did not very well know. The ordinary malignity of Frederick William was bad enough. He now thought malignity a part of his duty as a Christian man, and all the conscience that he had stimulated his hatred. (The flute was broken—the French books were sent out of the palace—the prince was kicked and cudgelled and pulled by the hair. At dinner the plates were hurled at his head—sometimes he was restricted to bread and water—sometimes he was forced to swallow food so nauseous that he could not keep it on his stomach. Once his father knocked him down, dragged him along the floor to a window, and was with difficulty prevented from strangling him with the cord of the curtain.) The queen, for the crime of not wishing to see her son murdered, was subjected to the grossest indignities. The Princess Wilhelmina, who took her brother's part, was treated almost as ill as Mrs. Brownrigg's apprentices. (Driven to despair, the unhappy youth tried to run away; then the fury of the old tyrant rose to madness. The prince was an officer in the army; his flight was therefore desertion, and, in the moral code of Frederick William, desertion was the highest of all crimes. "Desertion," says this royal theologian in one of his half-crazy letters, "is from hell. It is a work of the children of the devil. No child of God could possibly be guilty of it." An accomplice of the prince, in spite of the recommendation of a court-martial, was mercilessly put to death. It seemed probable that the prince himself would suffer the same fate. It was with difficulty that the intercession of the States of Holland, of the Kings of Sweden and Poland, and of the Emperor of Germany, saved the house of Brandenburg from the stain of an unnatural murder. After months of cruel suspense, Frederick learned that his life would be spared. He remained, however, long a prisoner;) but he was not on that account to be pitied. He found in his jailors a tenderness which he had never found in his father; his table was not sumptuous, but he had wholesome food in sufficient quantity to appease hunger; he could read the *Henriade* without being kicked, and play on his flute without having it broken over his head.

When his confinement terminated, he was a man. He had nearly

completed his twenty-first year, and could scarcely, even by such a parent as Frederick William, be kept much longer under the restraints which had made his boyhood miserable. Suffering had matured his understanding, while it had hardened his heart and soured his temper. He had learnt self-command and dissimulation; he affected to conform to some of his father's views, and submissively accepted a wife, who was a wife only in name, from his father's hand. He also served with credit, though without any opportunity of acquiring brilliant distinction, under the command of Prince Eugene, during a campaign marked by no extraordinary events. He was now permitted to keep a separate establishment, and was therefore able to indulge with caution his own tastes. Partly in order to conciliate the king, and partly, no doubt, from inclination, he gave up a portion of his time to military and political business, and thus gradually acquired such an aptitude for affairs as his most intimate associates were not aware that he possessed.

His favorite abode was at Rheiusberg, near the frontier which separates the Prussian dominions from the duchy of Mecklenburg. Rheinsberg is a fertile and smiling spot, in the midst of the sandy waste of the Marquisate. The mansion, surrounded by woods of oak and beech, looks out upon a spacious lake. There Frederick amused himself by laying out gardens in regular alleys and intricate mazes, by building obelisks, temples, and conservatories, and by collecting rare fruits and flowers. His retirement was enlivened by a few companions, among whom he seems to have preferred those who, by birth or extraction, were French. With these inmates he dined and supped well, drank freely, and amused himself sometimes with concerts, sometimes with holding chapters of a fraternity which he called the Order of Bayard; but literature was his chief resource.

His education had been entirely French. The long ascendancy which Louis XIV. had enjoyed, and the eminent merit of the tragic and comic dramatists, of the satirists, and of the preachers who had flourished under that magnificent prince, had made the French language predominant in Europe. Even in countries which had a national literature, and which could boast of names greater than those of Racine, of Molière, and of Massillon—in the country of Dante, in the country of Cervantes, in the country of Shakspeare and Milton—the intellectual fashions of Paris had been to a great extent adopted. Germany had not yet produced a single masterpiece of poetry or eloquence. In Germany, therefore, the French taste reigned without rival and without limit. Every youth of rank was taught to speak and write French. That he should speak and write his own tongue with politeness, or even with accuracy and facility, was regarded as comparatively an unimportant object. Even Frederick William, with all his rugged Saxon prejudices, thought it necessary that his children should know French, and quite unnecessary that they should be well versed in German. The Latin was positively interdicted. "My

son," His Majesty wrote, "shall not learn Latin; and, more than that, I will not suffer anybody even to mention such a thing to me." One of the preceptors ventured to read the Golden Bull in the original with the Prince-Royal. Frederick William entered the room, and broke out in his usual kingly style,

"Rascal, what are you at there?"

"Please Your Majesty," answered the preceptor, "I was explaining the Golden Bull to His Royal Highness."

"I'll Golden Bull you, you rascal," roared the majesty of Prussia. Up went the king's cane, away ran the terrified instructor, and Frederick's classical studies ended forever. He now and then affected to quote Latin sentences, and produced such exquisite Ciceronian phrases as these: "Stante pede morire"—"De gustibus non est disputandum"—"Tot verbas tot spondera." Of Italian, he had not enough to read a page of Metastasio with ease, and of Spanish and English, he did not, as far as we are aware, understand a single word.

As the highest human compositions to which he had access were those of the French writers, it is not strange that his admiration for those writers should have been unbounded. His ambitious and eager temper early prompted him to imitate what he admired. The wish, perhaps, dearest to his heart was, that he might rank among the masters of French rhetoric and poetry. (He wrote prose and verse as indefatigably as if he had been a starving hack of Cave or Osborn,) but Nature, which had bestowed on him in a large measure the talents of a captain and of an administrator, had withheld from him those higher and rarer gifts, without which industry labors in vain to produce immortal eloquence or song. And, indeed, had he been blessed with more imagination, wit, and fertility of thought than he appears to have had, he would still have been subject to one great disadvantage which would, in all probability, have forever prevented him from taking a high place among men of letters. He had not the full command of any language. There was no machine of thought which he could employ with perfect ease, confidence, and freedom. He had German enough to scold his servants or to give the word of command to his grenadiers; but his grammar and pronunciation were extremely bad. He found it difficult to make out the meaning even of the simplest German poetry. On one occasion a version of Racine's *Iphigénie* was read to him. He held the French original in his hand; but was forced to own that, even with such help, he could not understand the translation. Yet though he had neglected his mother tongue in order to bestow all his attention on French, his French was, after all, the French of a foreigner. It was necessary for him to have always at his beck some men of letters from Paris to point out the solecisms and false rhymes, of which, to the last, he was frequently guilty. Even had he possessed the poetic faculty—of which, as far as we can judge, he was utterly destitute—the want of a language would have prevented him from

being a great poet. No noble work of imagination, as far as we can recollect, was ever composed by any man, except in a dialect which he had learned without remembering how or when, and which he had spoken with perfect ease before he had ever analyzed its structure. Romans of great talents wrote Greek verses; but how many of those verses have deserved to live? Many men of eminent genius have, in modern times, written Latin poems; but, as far as we are aware, none of those poems, not even Milton's, can be ranked in the first class of art, or even very high in the second. It is not strange, therefore, that in the French verses of Frederick, we can find nothing beyond the reach of any man of good parts and industry—nothing above the level of Newdigate and Seatonian poetry. His best pieces may perhaps rank with the worst in Dodsley's collection. In history he succeeded better. We do not, indeed, find in any part of his voluminous Memoirs either deep reflection or vivid painting. But the narrative is distinguished by clearness, conciseness, good sense, and a certain air of truth and simplicity, which is singularly graceful in a man who, having done great things, sits down to relate them. On the whole, however, none of his writings are so agreeable to us as his Letters; particularly those which are written with earnestness, and are not embroidered with verses.

It is not strange that a young man devoted to literature, and acquainted only with the literature of France, should have looked with profound veneration on the genius of Voltaire. Nor is it just to condemn him for this feeling. "A man who has never seen the sun," says Calderon in one of his charming comedies, "cannot be blamed for thinking that no glory can exceed that of the moon. A man who has seen neither moon nor sun cannot be blamed for talking of the unrivalled brightness of the morning star." Had Frederick been able to read Homer and Milton, or even Virgil and Tasso, his admiration of the *Henriade* would prove that he was uttering the language of the power of discerning what is excellent in art. Had he been familiar with Sophocles or Shakspeare, we should have expected him to appreciate *Zaire* more justly. Had he been able to study Thucydides and Tacitus in the original Greek and Latin, he would have known that there were heights in the eloquence of history far beyond the reach of the author of the *Life of Charles the Twelfth*. But the finest heroic poem, several of the most powerful tragedies, and the most brilliant and picturesque historical work that Frederick had ever read, were Voltaire's. Such high and various excellence moved the young prince almost to adoration. The opinions of Voltaire on religious and philosophical questions had not yet been fully exhibited to the public. At a later period, when an exile from his country, and it open war with the Church, he spoke out. But when Frederick was at Rheinsberg, Voltaire was still a courtier; and, though he could not always curb his petulant wit, he had, as yet, published nothing that could exclude him from Versailles, and little that a

divine of the mild and generous school of Grotius and Tillotson might not read with pleasure. In the *Henriade*, in *Zaire*, and in *Alzire*, Christian piety is exhibited in the most amiable form; and, some years after the period of which we are writing, a Pope condescended to accept the dedication of *Mahomet*. The real sentiments of the poet, however, might be clearly perceived by a keen eye through the decent disguise with which he veiled them, and could not escape the sagacity of Frederick, who held similar opinions, and had been accustomed to practise similar dissimulations.

The prince wrote to his idol in the style of a worshipper, and Voltaire replied with exquisite grace and address. A correspondence followed, which may be studied with advantage by those who wish to become proficient in the ignoble art of flattery. No man ever paid compliments better than Voltaire. His sweetened confectionery had always a delicate, yet stimulating flavor, which was delightful to palates wearied by the coarse preparations of inferior artists. It was only from his hand that so much sugar could be swallowed without making the swallower sick. Copies of verses, writing-desks, trinkets of amber, were exchanged between the friends. Frederick confided his writings to Voltaire, and Voltaire applauded as if Frederick had been Racine and Bossuet in one. One of his Royal Highness's performances was a refutation of the *Principe* of Machiavelli. Voltaire undertook to convey it to the press. It was entitled the *Anti-Machiavel*, and was an edifying homily against rapacity, perfidy, arbitrary government, unjust war—in short, against almost every thing for which its author is now remembered among men.

The old king uttered now and then a ferocious growl at the diversions of Rheinsberg. But his health was broken, his end was approaching, and his vigor was impaired. He had only one pleasure left—that of seeing tall soldiers. He could always be propitiated by a present of a grenadier of six feet eight or six feet nine; and such presents were from time to time judiciously offered by his son.

Early in the year 1740, Frederick William* met death with a firm-

*Macaulay is a little too harsh with the old king. The following extract from Carlyle's recent *Life of Frederick the Great*, describing the last hours of Friedrich Wilhelm, will show something better in his character: "For the rest, he is struggling between death and life, in general persuade that the end is fast hastening on. He sends for Chief-Precacher Roloff out to Potsdam; has some notable dialogues with Roloff and with two other Potsdam clergymen, of which there is record still left us. In these, as in all his demeanor at this supreme time, we see the big, rugged block of manhood come out very vividly; strong in his simplicity, in his veracity. Friedrich Wilhelm's wish is to know from Roloff what the chances are for him in the other world—which is not less certain than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers to Friedrich Wilhelm; and where, he perceives, never half so clearly before, he shall actually peel off his Kinghood and stand before God Almighty no better than a naked beggar. Roloff's prognostics are not so encouraging as the King had hoped. Surely this King 'never took or coveted what was not his; kept true to his marriage-vow, in spite of horrible examples everywhere; believed the Bible, honored the Preachers, went diligently to Church, and tried to do what he understood God's commandments were?' To all which Roloff, a courageous, pious man, an-

ness and dignity worthy of a better and wiser man ; and Frederick, who had just completed his twenty-eighth year, became King of Prussia. His character was little understood. That he had good abilities, indeed, no person who had talked with him or corresponded with him could doubt. But the easy, Epicurean life which he had led, his love of good cookery and good wine, of music, of conversation, of light literature, led many to regard him as a sensual and intellectual voluptuary. His habit of canting about moderation, peace, liberty, and the happiness which a good mind derives from the happiness of others, had imposed on some who should have known better. Those who thought best of him expected a Telemachus after Fénelon's pattern. Others predicted the approach of a Medicean age—an age propitious to learning and art, and not unpropitious to pleasure. Nobody had the least suspicion that a tyrant of extraordinary military and political talents, of industry more extraordinary still, without fear, without faith, and without mercy, had ascended the throne.

The disappointment of Falstaff at his old boon companion's coronation was not more bitter than that which awaited some of the inmates of Rheinsberg. They had long looked forward to the accession of their patron, as to the day from which their own prosperity and greatness was to date. They had at last reached the promised land, the land which they had figured to themselves as flowing with milk and honey, and they found it a desert. "No more of these fooleries," was the short, sharp admonition given by Frederick to one of them. It soon became plain that, in the most important points, the new sovereign bore a strong family likeness to his predecessor. There was a wide difference between the father and the son as respected extent and vigor of intellect, speculative opinions, amusements, studies, outward demeanor. But the groundwork of the character was the same in both. To both were common the love of order, the love of business, the military taste, the parsimony, the imperious spirit, the

swers with discreet words and shakings of the head. 'Did I behave ill then, did I ever do injustice?' Roloff mentions Baron Schlubhnt, the defalcating Amtmann, hanged at Königsberg without even a trial. 'He had no trial; but was there any doubt *he* had justice? A public thief, confessing he had stolen the taxes he was set to gather; insolently offering, as if that were all, to repay the money, and saying, It was not *Manier* (good manners) to hang a nobleman!' Roloff shakes his head, 'Too violent, Your Majesty, and savoring of the tyrannons. The poor King must repent.'

"Well—is there any thing more? Out with it, then; better now than too late!" [And certain building operations of an oppressive character come under review.] . . . 'And then there is forgiveness of enemies; Your Majesty is bound to forgive all men, or how can you ask to be forgiven?'—'Well I will; I do. You Feekin [his wife, Queen Sophie], write to your brother (unforgiveablest of beings), after I am dead, that I forgave him, died in peace with him.'—'Better Her Majesty should write at once,' suggests Roloff.—'No, after I am dead,' persists the son of nature—'that will be safer!' An unwedgeable and gnarled big block of manhood and simplicity and sincerity; such as we rarely get sight of among the modern sons of Adam, among the crowned sons nearly never. At parting he said to Roloff, 'you (Er, He) do not spare me: it is right. You do your duty like an honest Christian man.' " (vol. ii., pp. 681-683).

temper in table even to ferocity, the pleasure in the pain and humiliation of others. But these propensities had in Frederick William partaken of the general unsoundness of his mind, and wore a very different aspect when found in company with the strong and cultivated understanding of his successor. Thus, for example, Frederick was as anxious as any prince could be about the efficacy of his army. But this anxiety never degenerated into a monomania, like that which led his father to pay fancy prices for giants. Frederick was as thrifty about money as any prince or any private man ought to be. But he did not conceive, like his father, that it was worth while to eat unwholesome cabbages for the sake of saving four or five rix dollars in the year. Frederick was, we fear, as malevolent as his father; but Frederick's wit enabled him often to show his malevolence in ways more decent than those to which his father resorted, and to inflict misery and degradation by a taunt instead of a blow. Frederick, it is true, by no means relinquished his hereditary privilege of kicking and cudgelling. His practice, however, as to that matter differed in some important respects from his father's. To Frederick William, the mere circumstance that any persons whatever, men, women, or children, Prussians or foreigners, were within reach of his toes and of his cane, appeared to be a sufficient reason for proceeding to belabor them. Frederick required provocation as well as vicinity; nor was he ever known to inflict this paternal species of correction on any but his born subjects; though on one occasion M. Thiébault had reason during a few seconds to anticipate the high honor of being an exception to this general rule.

The character of Frederick was still very imperfectly understood either by his subjects or by his neighbors, when events occurred which exhibited it in a strong light. A few months after his accession died Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, the last descendant in the male line of the house of Austria.

Charles left no son, and had long before his death relinquished all hopes of male issue. During the latter part of his life his principal object had been to secure to his descendants in the female line the many crowns of the house of Hapsburg. With this view, he had promulgated a new law of succession widely celebrated throughout Europe under the name of the "Pragmatic Sanction." By virtue of this decree, his daughter, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, wife of Francis of Lorraine, succeeded to the dominions of her ancestors.

No sovereign has ever taken possession of a throne by a clearer title. All the politics of the Austrian cabinet had during twenty years been directed to one single end—the settlement of the succession. From every person whose rights could be considered as injuriously affected, renunciations in the most solemn form had been obtained. The new law had been ratified by the Estates of all the kingdoms and principalities which made up the great Austrian monarchy. England, France, Spain, Russia, Poland, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark,

the Germanic body, had bound themselves by treaty to maintain the "Pragmatic Sanction." That instrument was placed under the protection of the public faith of the whole civilized world.

Even if no positive stipulations on this subject had existed, the arrangement was one which no good man would have been willing to disturb. It was a peaceable arrangement. It was an arrangement acceptable to the great population whose happiness was chiefly concerned. It was an arrangement which made no change in the distribution of power among the states of Christendom. It was an arrangement which could be set aside only by means of a general war; and, if it were set aside, the effect would be that the equilibrium of Europe would be deranged, that the loyal and patriotic feelings of millions would be cruelly outraged, and that great provinces which had been united for centuries would be torn from each other by main force.

The sovereigns of Europe were therefore bound by every obligation which those who are intrusted with power over their fellow-creatures ought to hold most sacred, to respect and defend the right of the Archduchess. Her situation and her personal qualities were such as might be expected to move the mind of any generous man to pity, admiration, and chivalrous tenderness. She was in her twenty-fourth year. Her form was majestic, her features beautiful, her countenance sweet and animated, her voice musical, her deportment gracious and dignified. In all domestic relations she was without reproach. She was married to a husband whom she loved, and was on the point of giving birth to a child when death deprived her of her father. The loss of a parent and the new cares of the empire were too much for her in the delicate state of her health. Her spirits were depressed and her cheek lost its bloom.

Yet it seemed that she had little cause for anxiety. It seemed that justice, humanity, and the faith of treaties would have their due weight, and that the settlement so solemnly guaranteed would be quietly carried into effect. England, Russia, Poland, and Holland declared in form their intentions to adhere to their engagements. The French ministers made a verbal declaration to the same effect. But from no quarter did the young Queen of Hungary receive stronger assurances of friendship and support than from the King of Prussia.

Yet the King of Prussia, the "Anti-Machiavel," had already fully determined to commit the great crime of violating his plighted faith, of robbing the ally whom he was bound to defend, and of plunging all Europe into a long, bloody, and desolating war, and all this for no end whatever except that he might extend his dominions and see his name in the gazettes. He determined to assemble a great army with speed and secrecy to invade Silesia before Maria Theresa should be apprized of his design, and to add that rich province to his kingdom.

We will not condescend to refute at length the pleas . . . [put

forth by] Doctor Preuss. They amount to this—that the house of Brandenburg had some ancient pretensions to Silesia, and had in the previous century been compelled by hard usage on the part of the court of Vienna, to waive those pretensions. It is certain that whoever might originally have been in the right Prussia had submitted. Prince after prince of the house of Brandenburg had acquiesced in the existing arrangement. Nay, the court of Berlin had recently been allied with that of Vienna, and had guaranteed the integrity of the Austrian States. Is it not perfectly clear that if antiquated claims are to be set up against recent treaties and long possession, the world can never be at peace for a day? The laws of all nations have wisely established a time of limitation, after which titles, however illegitimate in their origin, cannot be questioned. It is felt by everybody that to eject a person from his estate on the ground of some injustice committed in the time of the Tndors, would produce all the evils which result from arbitrary confiscation, would make all property insecure. It concerns the commonwealth—so runs the legal maxim—that there be an end of litigation. And surely this maxim is at least equally applicable to the great commonwealth of States, for in that commonwealth litigation means the devastation of provinces, the suspension of trade and industry, sieges like those of Badajoz and St. Sebastian, pitched fields like those of Eylau and Borodino. We hold that the transfer of Norway from Denmark to Sweden was an unjustifiable proceeding; but would the King of Denmark be therefore justified in landing without any new provocation in Norway, and commencing military operations there? The King of Holland thinks, no doubt, that he was unjustly deprived of the Belgian provinces. Grant that it were so. Would he, therefore, be justified in marching with an army on Brussels? The case against Frederick was still stronger, inasmuch as the injustice of which he complained had been committed more than a century before. Nor must it be forgotten that he owed the highest personal obligations to the house of Austria. It may be doubted whether his life had not been preserved by the intercession of the prince whose daughter he was about to plunder.

To do the king justice, he pretended to no more virtue than he had. In manifestoes he might, for form's sake, insert some idle stories about his antiquated claim on Silesia; but in his conversations and Memoirs he took a very different tone. To quote his own words—'Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day, and I decided for war.'

Having resolved on his course, he acted with ability and vigor. It was impossible wholly to conceal his preparations, for throughout the Prussian territories regiments, guns, and baggage were in motion. The Austrian envoy at Berlin apprized his court of these facts, and expressed a suspicion of Frederick's designs; but the ministers of Maria Theresa refused to give credit to so black an imputation on a

young prince who was known chiefly by his high professions of integrity and philanthropy. "We will not," they wrote, "we cannot believe it."

In the meantime the Prussian forces had been assembled. Without any declaration of war, without any demand for reparation, in the very act of pouring forth compliments and assurances of goodwill, Frederick commenced hostilities. Many thousands of his troops were actually in Silesia before the Queen of Hungary knew that he had set up any claim to any part of her territories. At length he sent her a message which could be regarded only as an insult. If she would but let him have Silesia, he would, he said, stand by her, against any power which should try to deprive her of her other dominions: as if he was not already bound to stand by her, or as if his new promise could be of more value than the old one!

It was the depth of winter. The cold was severe, and the roads deep in mire. But the Prussians passed on. Resistance was impossible. The Austrian army was then neither numerous nor efficient. The small portion of that army which lay in Silesia was unprepared for hostilities. Glogau was blockaded; Breslau opened its gates; Ohlau was evacuated. A few scattered garrisons still held out; but the whole open country was subjugated; no enemy ventured to encounter the king in the field; and before the end of January, 1741, he returned to receive the congratulations of his subjects at Berlin.

Had the Silesian question been merely a question between Frederick and Maria Theresa, it would be impossible to acquit the Prussian king of gross perfidy. But when we consider the effects which his policy produced, and could not fail to produce, on the whole community of civilized nations, we are compelled to pronounce a condemnation still more severe. Till he began the war it seemed possible, even probable, that the peace of the world would be preserved. The plunder of the great Austrian heritage was indeed a strong temptation; and in more than one cabinet ambitious schemes were already meditated. But the treaties by which the "Pragmatic Sanction" had been guaranteed were express and recent. To throw all Europe into confusion for a purpose clearly unjust was no light matter. England was true to her engagements. The voice of Fleury had always been for peace. He had a conscience. He was now in extreme old age, and was unwilling, after a life which, when his situation was considered, must be pronounced singularly pure, to carry the fresh stain of a great crime before the tribunal of his God. Even the vain and unprincipled Belle-Isle, whose whole life was one wild day-dream of conquest and spoliation, felt that France, bound as she was by solemn stipulations, could not without disgrace make a direct attack on the Austrian dominions. Charles, Elector of Bavaria, pretended that he had a right to a large part of the inheritance which the "Pragmatic Sanction" gave to the Queen of Hungary, but he was not sufficiently powerful to move without support. It might, therefore, not un-

reasonably be expected that after a short period of restlessness, all the potentates of Christendom would acquiesce in the arrangements made by the late emperor. But the selfish rapacity of the King of Prussia gave the signal to his neighbors. His example quieted their sense of shame. His success led them to underrate the difficulty of dismembering the Austrian monarchy. The whole world sprang to arms. On the head of Frederick is a l the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe—the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the brave mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by this wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America.

Silesia had been occupied without a battle; but the Austrian troops were advancing to the relief of the fortresses which still held out. In the spring Frederick rejoined his army. He had seen little of war, and had never commanded any great body of men in the field. It is not, therefore, strange that his first military operations showed little of that skill which, at a later period, was the admiration of Europe. What connoisseurs say of some pictures painted by Raphael in his youth, may be said of this campaign. It was in Frederick's early bad manner. Fortunately for him, the generals to whom he was opposed were men of small capacity. The discipline of his own troops, particularly of the infantry, was unequalled in that age; and some able and experienced officers were at hand to assist him with their advice. Of these, the most distinguished was Field-Marshal Schwerin—a brave adventurer of Pomeranian extraction, who had served half the governments in Europe, had borne the commissions of the States-General of Holland and of the Duke of Mecklenburg, and fought under Marlborough at Blenheim, and had been with Charles the Twelfth at Bender.

Frederick's first battle was fought at Molwicz and never did the career of a great commander open in a more inauspicious manner. His army was victorious. Not only, however, did he not establish his title to the character of an able general, but he was so unfortunate as to make it doubtful whether he possessed the vulgar courage of a soldier. The cavalry which he commanded in person was put to flight. Unaccustomed to the tumult and carnage of a field of battle, he lost his self-possession, and listened too readily to those who urged him to save himself. His English gray carried him many miles from the field, while Schwerin, though wounded in two places, manfully upheld the day. The skill of the old Field-Marshal and the steadiness of the Prussian battalions prevailed; and the Austrian army was driven from the field with the loss of eight thousand men.

The news was carried late at night to a mill in which the king had taken shelter. It gave him a bitter pang. He was successful: but

he owed his success to dispositions which others had made, and to the valor of men who had fought while he was flying. So unpromising was the first appearance of the greatest warrior of that age !

The battle of Molwitz was the signal for a general explosion throughout Europe. Bavaria took up arms. France, not yet declaring herself a principal in the war, took part in it as an ally of Bavaria. The two great statesmen to whom mankind had owed many years of tranquillity disappeared about this time from the scene ; but not till they had both been guilty of the weakness of sacrificing their sense of justice and their love of peace in the vain hope of preserving their power. Fleury, sinking under age and infirmity, was borne down by the impetuosity of Belle-Isle. Walpole retired from the service of his ungrateful country to his woods and paintings at Houghton, and his power devolved on the daring and eccentric Carteret. As were the ministers, so were the nations. Thirty years during which Europe had, with few interruptions, enjoyed repose, had prepared the public mind for great military efforts. A new generation had grown up, which could not remember the siege of Turin or the slaughter of Malplaquet ; which knew war by nothing but its trophies ; and which, while it looked with pride on the tapestries at Blenheim, or the statue in the " Place of Victories," little thought by what privations, by what waste of private fortunes, by how many bitter tears, conquests must be purchased.

For a time fortune seemed adverse to the Queen of Hungary. Frederick invaded Moravia. The French and Bavarians penetrated into Bohemia, and were there joined by the Saxons. Prague was taken. The Elector of Bavaria was raised by the suffrages of his colleagues to the Imperial throne—a throne which the practice of centuries had almost entitled the house of Austria to regard as an hereditary possession.

Yet was the spirit of the haughty daughter of the Cæsars unbroken. Hungary was still hers by an unquestionable title ; and although her ancestors had found Hungary the most mutinous of all their kingdoms, she resolved to trust herself to the fidelity of a people, rude indeed, turbulent, and impatient of oppression, but brave, generous, and simple-hearted. In the midst of distress and peril she had given birth to a son, afterwards the Emperor Joseph the Second. Scarcely had she risen from her couch, when she hastened to Pressburg. There, in the sight of an innumerable multitude, she was crowned with the crown and robed with the robe of St. Stephen. No spectator could restrain his tears when the beautiful young mother, still weak from child-bearing, rode, after the fashion of her fathers, up the Mount of Defiance, unsheathed the ancient sword of state, shook it towards north and south, east and west, and, with a glow on her pale face, challenged the four corners of the world to dispute her rights and those of her boy. At the first sitting of the Diet she appeared clad in deep mourning for her father, and in pathetic and dig-

nified words implored her people to support her just cause. Magistrates and deputies sprang up, half drew their sabres, and with eager voices vowed to stand by her with their lives and fortunes. Till then her firmness had never once forsaken her before the public eye, but at that shout she sank down upon her throne, and wept aloud. Still more touching was the sight when, a few days later, she came before the Estates of her realm, and held up before them the little Archduke in her arms. Then it was that the enthusiasm of Hungary broke forth into that war-cry which soon resounded throughout Europe, "Let us die for our King, Maria Theresa!"

In the mean time, Frederick was meditating a change of policy. He had no wish to raise France to supreme power on the continent, at the expense of the house of Hapsburg. His first object was to rob the Queen of Hungary. His second was that, if possible, nobody should rob her but himself. He had entered into engagements with the powers leagued against Austria; but these engagements were in his estimation of no more force than the guarantee formerly given to the "Pragmatic Sanction." His game was now to secure his share of the plunder by betraying his accomplices. Maria Theresa was little inclined to listen to any such compromise; but the English government represented to her so strongly the necessity of buying off so formidable an enemy as Frederick, that she agreed to negotiate. The negotiation would not, however, have ended in a treaty, had not the arms of Frederick been crowned with a second victory. Prince Charles of Lorraine, brother-in-law to Maria Theresa, a bold and active though unfortunate general, gave battle to the Prussians at Chotusitz, and was defeated. The king was still only a learner of the military art. He acknowledged, at a later period, that his success on this occasion was to be attributed, not at all to his own generalship, but solely to the valor and steadiness of his troops. He completely effaced, however, by his courage and energy, the stain which Molwitz had left on his reputation.

A peace, concluded under the English mediation, was the fruit of this battle. Maria Theresa ceded Silesia; Frederick abandoned his allies; Saxony followed his example; and the queen was left at liberty to turn her whole force against France and Bavaria. She was everywhere triumphant. The French were compelled to evacuate Bohemia, and with difficulty effected their escape. The whole line of their retreat might be tracked by the corpses of thousands who died of cold, fatigue, and hunger. Many of those who reached their country carried with them seeds of death. Bavaria was overrun by bands of ferocious warriors from that bloody "debatable land" which lies on the frontier between Christendom and Islam. The terrible names of the Pandour, the Croat, and the Hussar then first became familiar to western Europe. The unfortunate Charles of Bavaria, vanquished by Austria, betrayed by Prussia, driven from his hereditary states, and neglected by his allies, was hurried by shame and

remorse to an untimely end. An English army appeared in the heart of Germany, and defeated the French at Dettingen. The Austrian captains already began to talk of completing the work of Marlborough and Eugene, and of compelling France to relinquish Alsace and the Three Bishoprics.

The court of Versailles, in this peril, looked to Frederick for help. He had been guilty of two great treasons, perhaps he might be induced to commit a third. The Duchess of Chateauroux then held the chief influence over the feeble Louis. She determined to send an agent to Berlin, and Voltaire was selected for the mission. He eagerly undertook the task; for, while his literary fame filled all Europe, he was troubled with a childish craving for political distinction. He was vain, and not without reason, of his address, and of his insinuating eloquence; and he flattered himself that he possessed boundless influence over the King of Prussia. The truth was that he knew, as yet, only one corner of Frederick's character. He was well acquainted with all the petty vanities and affectations of the poetaster; but was not aware that these foibles were united with all the talents and vices which lead to success in active life; and that the unlucky versifier who bored him with reams of middling Alexandrians, was the most vigilant, suspicious, and severe of politicians.

Voltaire was received with every mark of respect and friendship, was lodged in the palace, and had a seat daily at the royal table. The negotiation was of an extraordinary description. Nothing can be conceived more whimsical than the conferences which took place between the first literary man and the first practical man of the age, whom a strange weakness had induced to exchange their parts. The great poet would talk of nothing but treaties and guarantees, and the great king of nothing but metaphors and rhymes. On one occasion Voltaire put into his Majesty's hand a paper on the state of Europe, and received it back with verses scrawled on the margin. In secret they both laughed at each other. Voltaire did not spare the king's poems; and the king has left on record his opinion of Voltaire's diplomacy. "He had no credentials," says Frederick, "and the whole mission was a joke, a mere farce."

But what the influence of Voltaire could not effect, the rapid progress of the Austrian arms effected. If it should be in the power of Maria Theresa and George the Second to dictate terms of peace to France, what chance was there that Prussia would long retain Silesia? Frederick's conscience told him that he had acted perfidiously and inhumanly towards the Queen of Hungary. That her resentment was strong she had given ample proof, and of her respect for treaties he judged by his own. Guarantees, he said, were filigree, pretty to look at, but too brittle to bear the slightest pressure. He thought it his safest course to ally himself closely to France, and again to attack the Empress Queen. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1744, without notice, without any decent pretext, he recommenced hostilities,

marched through the electorate of Saxony without troubling himself about the permission of the Elector, invaded Bohemia, took Prague, and even menaced Vienna.

It was now that, for the first time, he experienced the inconsistency of fortune. An Austrian army under Charles of Lorraine threatened his communications with Silesia. Saxony was all in arms behind him. He found it necessary to save himself by a retreat. He afterwards owned that his failure was the natural effect of his own blunders. No general, he said, had ever committed greater faults. It must be added, that to the reverses of this campaign he always ascribed his subsequent successes.

It was in the midst of difficulty and disgrace that he caught the first clear glimpse of the principles of the military art.

The memorable year of 1745 followed. The war raged by sea and land in Italy, in Germany, and in Flanders; and even England, after many years of profound internal quiet, saw, for the last time, hostile armies set in battle array against each other. This year is memorable in the life of Frederick, as the date at which his noviciate in the art of war may be said to have terminated. There have been great captains whose precocious and self-taught military skill resembled intuition. Condé, Clive, and Napoleon are examples. But Frederick was not one of these brilliant portents. His proficiency in military science was simply the proficiency which a man of vigorous faculties makes in any science to which he applies his mind with earnestness and industry. It was at Hohenfreidberg that he first proved how much he had profited by his errors and by their consequences. His victory on that day was chiefly due to his skilful dispositions, and convinced Europe that the prince who, a few years before, had stood aghast in the rout at Molwitz, had attained in the military art a mastery equalled by none of his contemporaries, or equalled by Saxe alone. The victory of Hohenfriedberg was speedily followed by that of Sorr.

In the mean time, the arms of France had been victorious in the Low Countries. Frederick had no longer reason to fear that Maria Theresa would be able to give law to Europe, and he began to meditate a fourth breach of his engagements. The court of Versailles was alarmed and mortified. A letter of earnest expostulation, in the handwriting of Louis, was sent to Berlin; but in vain. In the autumn of 1745, Frederick made peace with England, and, before the close of the year, with Austria also. The pretensions of Charles of Bavaria could present no obstacle to an accommodation. That unhappy prince was no more; and Francis of Lorraine, the husband of Maria Theresa, was raised, with the general consent of the Germanic body, to the Imperial throne.

Prussia was again at peace; but the European war lasted till, in the year 1748, it was terminated by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Of all the powers that had taken part in it, the only gainer was Fred

erick. Not only had he added to his patrimony the fine province of Silesia; he had, by his unprincipled dexterity, succeeded so well in alternately depressing the scale of Austria and that of France, that he was generally regarded as holding the balance of Europe—a high dignity for one who ranked lowest among kings, and whose great-grandfather had been no more than a margrave. By the public the King of Prussia was considered as a politician destitute alike of morality and decency, insatiably rapacious, and shamelessly false; nor was the public much in the wrong. He was at the same time allowed to be a man of parts—a rising general, a shrewd negotiator and administrator. Those qualities, wherein he surpassed all mankind, were as yet unknown to others or to himself; for they were qualities which shine out only on a dark ground. His career had hitherto, with little interruption, been prosperous; and it was only in adversity, in adversity which seemed without hope or resource, in adversity that would have overwhelmed even men celebrated for strength of mind, that his real greatness could be shown.

He had from the commencement of his reign applied himself to public business after a fashion unknown among kings. Louis the XIV., indeed, had been his own prime minister, and had exercised a general superintendence over all the departments of the government; but this was not sufficient for Frederick. He was not content with being his own prime minister—he would be his own sole minister. Under him there was no room, not merely for a Richelieu or a Mazarin, but for a Colbert, a Louvois, or a Torcy. A love of labor for its own sake, a restless and insatiable longing to dictate, to intermeddle, to make his power felt, a profound scorn and distrust of his fellow-creatures, indisposed him to ask counsel, to confide important secrets, to delegate ample powers. (The highest functionaries under his government were mere clerks, and were not so much trusted by him as valuable clerks are often trusted by the heads of departments. He was his own treasurer, his own commander-in-chief, his own intendant of public works; his own minister for trade and justice, for home affairs and foreign affairs; his own master of the horse, steward and chamberlain.) Matters of which no chief of an office in any other government would ever hear, were, in this singular monarchy, decided by the king in person. (If a traveller wished for a good place to see a review, he had to write to Frederick, and received next day, from a royal messenger, Frederick's answer signed by Frederick's own hand.) This was an extravagant, a morbid activity. The public business would assuredly have been better done if each department had been put under a man of talents and integrity, and if the king had contented himself with a general control. In this manner the advantages which belong to unity of design, and the advantages which belong to the division of labor, would have been to a great extent combined. But such a system would not have suited the peculiar temper of Frederick. He could tolerate no will, no reason in the

state save his own. He wished for no abler assistance than that of penmen who had just understanding enough to translate, to transcribe, to make out his scrawls, and to put his concise Yes and No into an official form. Of the higher intellectual faculties, there is as much in a copying machine or a lithographic press as he required from a secretary of the cabinet.

His own exertions were such as were hardly to be expected from a human body or a human mind. At Potsdam, his ordinary residence, he rose at three in summer and four in winter. A page soon appeared, with a large basketful of all the letters which had arrived for the king by the last courier—dispatches from ambassadors, reports from officers of revenue, plans of buildings, proposals for draining marshes, complaints from persons who thought themselves aggrieved, applications from persons who wanted titles, military commissions, and civil situations. He examined the seals with a keen eye; for he was never for a moment free from the suspicion that some fraud might be practised on him. Then he read the letters, divided them into several packets, and signified his pleasure, generally by a mark, often by two or three words, now and then by some cutting epigram. By eight he had generally finished this part of his task. The adjutant-general was then in attendance, and received instructions for the day as to all the military arrangements of the kingdom. Then the king went to review his guards, not as kings ordinarily review their guards, but with the minute attention and severity of an old drill-sergeant. In the mean time the four cabinet secretaries had been employed in answering the letters on which the king had that morning signified his will. These unhappy men were forced to work all the year round like negro slaves in the time of the sugar-crop. They never had a holiday. They never knew what it was to dine. It was necessary that, before they stirred, they should finish the whole of their work. The king, always on his guard against treachery, took from the heap a handful at random, and looked into them to see whether his instructions had been exactly followed. This was no bad security against foul play on the part of the secretaries; for if one of them were detected in a trick, he might think himself fortunate if he escaped with five years' imprisonment in a dungeon. Frederick then signed the replies, and all were sent off the same evening.

The general principles upon which this strange government was conducted deserve attention. The policy of Frederick was essentially the same as his father's; but Frederick, while he carried that policy to lengths to which his father never thought of carrying it, cleared it at the same time from the absurdities with which his father had encumbered it. The king's first object was to have a great, efficient, and well-trained army. He had a kingdom which in extent and population was hardly in the second rank of European powers; and yet he aspired to a place not inferior to that of the sovereigns of Eng

land, France, and Austria. For that end it was necessary that Prussia should be all sting. Louis XV., with five times as many subjects as Frederick, and more than five times as large a revenue, had not a more formidable army. The proportion which the soldiers in Prussia bore to the people seems hardly credible. Of the males in the vigor of life, a seventh part were probably under arms; and this great force had, by drilling, by reviewing, and by the unsparing use of cane and scourge, been taught to perform all evolutions with a rapidity and a precision which would have astonished Villars or Eugene. The elevated feelings which are necessary to the best kind of army were then wanting to the Prussian service. In those ranks were not found the religious and political enthusiasm which inspired the pikemen of Cromwell—the patriotic ardor, the thirst of glory, the devotion to a great leader, which inflamed the Old Guard of Napoleon. But in all the mechanical parts of the military calling, the Prussians were as superior to the English and French troops of that day as the English and French troops to a rustic militia.

Though the pay of the Prussian soldier was small, though every six dollar of extraordinary charge was scrutinized by Frederick with a vigilance and suspicion such as Mr. Joseph Hume never brought to the examination of an army-estimate, the expense of such an establishment was, for the means of the country, enormous. In order that it might not be utterly ruinous, it was necessary that every other expense should be cut down to the lowest possible point. Accordingly, Frederick, though his dominions bordered on the sea, had no navy. He neither had nor wished to have colonies. His judges, his fiscal officers, were meanly paid. His ministers at foreign courts walked on foot, or drove shabby old carriages till the axeltrees gave way. Even to his highest diplomatic agents, who resided at London and Paris, he allowed less than a thousand pounds sterling a year. The royal household was managed with a frugality unusual in the establishments of opulent subjects—unexampled in any other palace. The king loved good eating and drinking, and during great part of his life took pleasure in seeing his table surrounded by guests; yet the whole charge of his kitchen was brought within the sum of two thousand pounds sterling a year. He examined every extraordinary item with a care which might be thought to suit the mistress of a boarding-house better than a great prince. When more than four six dollars were asked of him for a hundred oysters, he stormed as if he had heard that one of his generals had sold a fortress to the Empress-Queen. Not a bottle of champagne was uncorked without his express order. The game of the royal parks and forests, a serious head of expenditure in most kingdoms, was to him a source of profit. The whole was farmed out; and though the farmers were almost ruined by their contract, the king would grant them no remission. His wardrobe consisted of one fine gala dress, which lasted him all his life; of two or three old coats fit for Monmouth street, of yellow

waistcoats soiled with snuff, and of huge boots embrowned by time. One taste alone sometimes allured him beyond the limits of parsimony, nay, even beyond the limits of prudence—the taste for building. In all other things his economy was such as we might call by a harsher name, if we did not reflect that his funds were drawn from a heavily taxed people, and that it was impossible for him without excessive tyranny to keep up at once a formidable army and a splendid court.

Considered as an administrator, Frederick had undoubtedly many titles to praise. Order was strictly maintained throughout his dominions. Property was secure. A great liberty of speaking and of writing was allowed. Confident in the irresistible strength derived from a great army, the king looked down on malcontents and libellers with a wise disdain, and gave little encouragement to spies and informers. When he was told of the disaffection of one of his subjects, he merely asked, "How many thousand men can he bring into the field?" (He once saw a crowd staring at something on a wall. He rode up, and found that the object of curiosity was a scurrilous placard against himself. The placard had been posted up so high that it was not easy to read it. Frederick ordered his attendants to take it down and put it lower. "My people and I," he said, "have come to an agreement which satisfies us both. They are to say what they please, and I am to do what I please.") No person would have dared to publish in London satires on George II. approaching to the atrocity of those satires on Frederick which the booksellers at Berlin sold with impunity. (One bookseller sent to the palace a copy of the most stinging lampoon that perhaps was ever written in the world, the "Memoirs of Voltaire," published by Beaumarchais, and asked for his Majesty's orders. "Do not advertise it in an offensive manner," said the king; "but sell it by all means. I hope it will pay you well.") Even among statesmen accustomed to the license of a free press such steadfastness of mind as this is not very common.

It is due also to the memory of Frederick to say that he earnestly labored to secure to his people the great blessing of cheap and speedy justice. He was one of the first rulers who abolished the cruel and absurd practice of torture. No sentence of death pronounced by the ordinary tribunals was executed without his sanction; and his sanction, except in cases of murder, was rarely given. Towards his troops he acted in a very different manner. Military offences were punished with such barbarous scourging that to be shot was considered by the Prussian soldier as a secondary punishment. Indeed, the principle which pervaded Frederick's whole policy was this—that the more severely the army is governed, the safer it is to treat the rest of the community with lenity.

Religious persecution was unknown under his government—unless some foolish and unjust restrictions which lay upon the Jews may be regarded as forming an exception. His policy with respect to the

Catholics of Silesia presented an honorable contrast to the policy which, under very similar circumstances, England long followed with respect to the Catholics of Ireland. Every form of religion and irreligion found an asylum in his states. The scoffer whom Parliaments of France had sentenced to a cruel death was consoled by a commission in the Prussian service. The Jesuit who could show his face nowhere else—who in Britain was still subject to penal laws, who was proscribed by France, Spain, Portugal, and Naples, who had been given up even by the Vatican—found safety and the means of subsistence in the Prussian dominions.

Most of the vices of Frederick's administration resolve themselves into one vice—the spirit of meddling. The indefatigable activity of his intellect, his dictatorial temper, his military habits, all inclined him to this great fault. (He drilled his people as he drilled his grenadiers. Capital and industry were diverted from their natural direction by a crowd of preposterous regulations. There was a monopoly of coffee, a monopoly of tobacco, a monopoly of refined sugar.) The public money, of which the king was generally so sparing, was lavishly spent in plowing bogs, in planting mulberry-trees amidst the sand, in bringing sheep from Spain to improve the Saxon wool, in bestowing prizes for fine yarn, in building manufactories of porcelain, manufactories of carpets, manufactories of hardware, manufactories of lace. Neither the experience of other rulers nor his own could ever teach him that something more than an edict and a grant of public money is required to create a Lyons, a Brussels, or a Birmingham.

For his commercial policy, however, there is some excuse. He had on his side illustrious examples and popular prejudice. Grievously as he erred, he erred in company with his age. In other departments his meddling was altogether without apology. He interfered with the course of justice as well as with the course of trade, and set up his own crude notions of equity against the law as expounded by the unanimous voice of the gravest magistrates. It never occurred to him that a body of men whose lives were passed in adjudicating on questions of civil right, were more likely to form correct opinions on such questions than a prince whose attention was divided between a thousand objects and who had probably never read a law-book through. The resistance opposed to him by the tribunals inflamed him to fury. He reviled his Chancellor. He kicked the shins of his Judges. He did not, it is true, intend to act unjustly. He firmly believed that he was doing right and defending the cause of the poor against the wealthy. Yet this well-meant meddling probably did far more harm than all the explosions of his evil passions during the whole of his long reign. We could make shift to live under a debauchee or a tyrant, but to be ruled by a busybody is more than human nature can bear.

The same passion for directing and regulating appeared in every part of the king's policy. Every lad of a certain station in life was

forced to go to certain schools within the Prussian dominions. If a young Prussian repaired, though but for a few weeks, to Leyden or Göttingen for the purpose of study, the offence was punished with civil disabilities, and sometimes with confiscation of property. Nobody was to travel without the royal permission. If the permission were granted, the pocket-money of the tourist was fixed by royal ordinances. A merchant might take with him two hundred and fifty rix dollars in gold, a noble was allowed to take four hundred; for it may be observed, in passing, that Frederick studiously kept up the old distinction between the nobles and the community. In speculation he was a French philosopher, but in action a German prince. He talked and wrote about the privileges of blood in the style of Siéyes; but in practice no chapter in the empire looked with a keener eye to genealogies and quarterings.

Such was Frederick the ruler. But there was another Frederick, the Frederick of Rheinsburg, the fiddler and the flute-player, the poetaster and metaphysician. Amidst the cares of the state the king had retained his passion for music, for reading, for writing, for literary society. To these amusements he devoted all the time he could snatch from the business of war and government; and perhaps more light is thrown on his character by what passed during his hours of relaxation than by his battles or his laws.

It was the just boast of Schiller, that in his country no Augustus, no Lorenzo, had watched over the infancy of art. The rich and energetic language of Luther, driven by the Latin from the schools of pedants, and by the French from the palaces of kings, had taken refuge among the people. Of the powers of that language Frederick had no notion. He generally spoke of it, and of those who used it, with the contempt of ignorance. His library consisted of French books; at his table nothing was heard but French conversation.

The associates of his hours of relaxation were, for the most part, foreigners. Britain furnished to the royal circle two distinguished men, born in the highest rank, and driven by the civil dissensions from the land to which, under happier circumstances, their talents and virtues might have been a source of strength and glory. George Keith, Earl Marischal of Scotland, had taken arms for the house of Stuart in 1715, and his younger brother James, then only seventeen years old, had fought gallantly by his side. When all was lost they retired to the Continent, roved from country to country, served under many standards, and so bore themselves as to win the respect and good-will of many who had no love for the Jacobite cause. Their long wanderings terminated at Porsdam; nor had Frederick any associates who deserved or obtained so large a share of his esteem. They were not only accomplished men, but nobles and warriors, capable of serving him in war and diplomacy, as well as of amusing him at supper. Alone of all his companions, they appear never to have had reason to complain of his demeanor towards them. Some

of those who knew the palace best pronounced that the Lord Marischal was the only human being whom Frederick ever really loved.

Italy sent to the parties at Potsdam the ingenious and amiable Algarotti and Bastiani, the most crafty, cautious, and servile of Abbés. But the greater part of the society which Frederick had assembled round him was drawn from France. Maupertuis had acquired some celebrity by the journey which he made to Lapland, for the purpose of ascertaining by actual measurement the shape of our planet. He was placed in the chair of the Academy of Berlin, a humble imitation of the renowned Academy of Paris. Baculard D'Arnaud, a young poet, who was thought to have given promise of great things, had been induced to quit the country and to reside at the Prussian court. The Marquess D'Argens was among the king's favorite companions, on account, it would seem, of the strong opposition between their characters. The parts of D'Argens were good and his manners those of a finished French gentleman ; but his whole soul was dissolved in sloth, timidity, and self-indulgence. His was one of that abject class of minds which are superstitious without being religious. Hating Christianity with a rancour which made him incapable of rational inquiry, unable to see in the harmony and beauty of the universe the traces of divine power and wisdom, he was the slave of dreams and omens—would not sit down to the table with thirteen in company, turned pale if the salt fell towards him, begged his guests not to cross their knives and forks on their plates, and would not for the world commence a journey on Friday. His health was a subject of constant anxiety to him. Whenever his head ached or his pulse beat quick, his dastardly fears and effeminate precautions were the jest of all Berlin. All this suited the king's purpose admirably. He wanted somebody by whom he might be amused, and whom he might despise. When he wished to pass half an hour in easy, polished conversation, D'Argens was an excellent companion ; when he wanted to vent his spleen and contempt, D'Argens was an excellent butt. With these associates and others of the same class, Frederick loved to spend the time which he could steal from public cares. He wished his supper-parties to be gay and easy ; and invited his guests to lay aside all restraint, and to forget that he was at the head of a hundred and sixty thousand soldiers, and was absolute master of the life and liberty of all who sat at meat with him. There was therefore at these meetings the outward show of ease. The wit and learning of the company were ostentatiously displayed. The discussions on history and literature were often highly interesting. But the absurdity of all the religions known among men was the chief topic of conversation ; and the audacity with which doctrines and names venerated throughout Christendom were treated on these occasions, startled even persons accustomed to the society of French and English free-thinkers. But real liberty or real affection was in this brilliant society not to be found. Absolute kings seldom have friends: and

Frederick's faults were such as, even where perfect equality exists, make friendship exceedingly precarious. He had, indeed, many qualities which on the first acquaintance were captivating. His conversation was lively, his manners to those whom he desired to please were even caressing. No man could chatter with more delicacy. No man succeeded more completely in inspiring those who approached him with vague hopes of some great advantage from his kindness. But under this fair exterior he was a tyrant—suspicious, dislainful, and malevolent. He had one taste which may be pardoned in a boy, but which, when habitually and deliberately indulged in a man of mature age and strong understanding, is almost invariably the sign of a bad heart—a taste for severe practical jokes. If a friend of the king was fond of dress, oil was flung over his richest suit. If he was fond of money, some prank was invented to make him disburse more than he could spare. If he was hypochondriacal, he was made to believe that he had the dropsy. If he particularly set his heart on visiting a place, a letter was forged to frighten him from going thither. These things, it may be said, are trifles. They are so; but they are indications not to be mistaken of a nature to which the sight of human suffering and human degradation is an agreeable excitement.

Frederick had a keen eye for the foibles of others, and loved to communicate his discoveries. He had some talent for sarcasm, and considerable skill in detecting the sore places where sarcasm would be most actually felt. His vanity, as well as his malignity, found gratification in the vexation and confusion of those who smarted under his caustic jests. Yet in truth his success on these occasions belonged quite as much to the king as to the wit. We read that Commodus descended, sword in hand, into the arena against a wretched gladiator, armed only with a foil of lead, and, after shedding the blood of the helpless victim, struck medals to commemorate the inglorious victory. The triumphs of Frederick in the war of rapartee were much of the same kind. How to deal with him was the most puzzling of questions. To appear constrained in his presence was to disobey his commands and to spoil his amusement. Yet if his associates were enticed by his graciousness to indulge in the familiarity of a cordial intimacy, he was certain to make them repent of their presumption by some cruel humiliation. To resent his affronts was perilous; yet not to resent them was to deserve and to invite them. In his view, those who mutinied were insolent and ungrateful; those who submitted were curs made to receive bones and kickings with the same fawning patience. It is, indeed, difficult to conceive how any thing short of the rage of hunger should have induced men to bear the misery of being the associates of the Great King. It was no lucrative post. His Majesty was as severe and economical in his friendships as in the other charges of his establishment, and as unlikely to give a rix dollar too much for his guests as for his dinners. The sum

which he allowed to a poet or a philosopher was the very smallest sum for which such poet or philosopher could be induced to sell himself into slavery ; and the bondsman might think himself fortunate if what had been so grudgingly given was not, after years of suffering, rudely and arbitrarily withdrawn.

Potsdam was, in truth, what it was called by one of its most illustrious inmates, the Palace of Alcina. At the first glance it seemed to be a delightful spot, where every intellectual and physical enjoyment awaited the happy adventurer. Every new comer was received with eager hospitality, intoxicated with flattery, encouraged to expect prosperity and greatness. It was in vain that a long succession of favorites who had entered that abode with delight and hope, and who, after a short term of delusive happiness, had been doomed to expiate their folly by years of wretchedness and degradation, raise their voices to warn the aspirant who approached the charmed threshold. Some had wisdom enough to discover the truth early and spirit enough to fly without looking back ; others lingered on to a cheerless and unhonored old age. We have no hesitation in saying that the poorest author of that time in London, sleeping on a bulk, dining in a cellar, with a cravat of paper, and a skewer for a shirt-pin, was a happier man than any of the literary inmates of Frederick's court.

But of all who entered the enchanted garden in the inebriation of delight, and quitted it in agonies of rage and shame, the most remarkable was Voltaire. Many circumstances had made him desirous of finding a home at a distance from his country. His fame had raised him up enemies. His sensibility gave them a formidable advantage over him. They were, indeed, contemptible assailants. Of all that they wrote against him, nothing has survived except what he has himself preserved. But the constitution of his mind resembled the constitution of those bodies in which the slightest scratch of a bramble or the bite of a gnat never fails to fester. Though his reputation was rather raised than lowered by the abuse of such writers as Fréron and Desfontaines—though the vengeance which he took on Fréron and Desfontaines was such that scourging, branding, pillorying, would have been a trifle to it—there is reason to believe that they gave him far more pain than he ever gave them. Though he enjoyed during his own lifetime the reputation of a classic—though he was extolled by his contemporaries above all poets, philosophers, and historians—though his works were read with much delight and admiration at Moscow and Westminster, at Florence and Stockholm, as at Paris itself, he was yet tormented by that restless jealousy which should seem to belong only to minds burning with the desire of fame, and yet conscious of impotence. To men of letters who could by no possibility be his rivals, he was, if they behaved well to him, not merely just, not merely courteous, but often a hearty friend and a munificent benefactor. But to every writer who rose to a celebrity approaching his own, he became either a disguised or an avowed ene-

my. He slyly depreciated Montesquieu and Buffon. He publicly and with violent outrage made war on Jean Jacques. Nor had he the art of hiding his feelings under the semblance of good-humor or of contempt. With all his great talents and all his long experience of the world, he had no more self-command than a petted child or an hysterical woman. Whenever he was mortified, he exhausted the whole rhetoric of anger and sorrow to express his mortification. His torrents of bitter words—his stamping and cursing—his grimaces and his tears of rage—were a rich feast to those abject natures whose delight is in the agonies of powerful spirits and in the abasement of immortal names. These creatures had now found out a way of galling him to the very quick. In one walk, at least, it had been admitted by envy itself that he was without a living competitor. Since Racine had been laid among the great men whose dust made the holy precinct of Port-Royal holier, no tragic poet had appeared who could contest the palm with the author of *Zaire*, of *Alzire*, and of *Merope*. At length a rival was announced. Old Crébillon, who many years before had obtained some theatrical success, and who had long been forgotten, came forth from his garret in one of the meanest lanes near the Rue St. Antoine, and was welcomed by the acclamations of envious men of letters and of a capricious populace. A thing called *Catiline*, which he had written in his retirement, was acted with boundless applause. Of this execrable piece it is sufficient to say that the plot turns on a love affair, carried on in all the forms of Scudery, between Catiline, whose confidant is the Prætor Lentulus, and Tullia, the daughter of Cicero. The theatre resounded with acclamations. The king pensioned the successful poet; and the coffee-houses pronounced that Voltaire was a clever man, but that the real tragic inspiration, the celestial fire which glowed in Corneille and Racine, was to be found in Crébillon alone.

The blow went to Voltaire's heart. Had his wisdom and fortitude been in proportion to the fertility of his intellect, and to the brilliancy of his wit, he would have seen that it was out of the power of all the puffers and detractors in Europe to put *Catiline* above *Zaire*; but he had none of the magnanimous patience with which Milton and Bentley left their claims to the unerring judgment of time. He eagerly engaged in an undignified competition with Crébillon, and produced a series of plays on the same subjects which his rival had treated. These pieces were coolly received. Angry with the court, angry with the capital, Voltaire began to find pleasure in the prospect of exile. His attachment for Madame de Châtelet long prevented him from executing his purpose. Her death set him at liberty; and he determined to take refuge at Berlin.

To Berlin he was invited by a series of letters, couched in terms of the most enthusiastic friendship and admiration. For once the rigid parsimony of Frederick seemed to have relaxed. Orders, honorable offices, a liberal pension, a well-served table, stately apartments under

a royal roof, were offered in return for the pleasure and honor which were expected from the society of the first wit of the age. A thousand louis were remitted for the charges of the journey. No ambassador setting out from Berlin for a court of the first rank had ever been more amply supplied. But Voltaire was not satisfied. At a later period, when he possessed an ample fortune, he was one of the most liberal of men; but till his means had become equal to his wishes, his greediness for lucre was unrestrained either by justice or by shame. He had the effrontery to ask for a thousand louis more, in order to enable him to bring his niece, Madame Denis, the ugliest of coquettes, in his company. The indelicate rapacity of the poet produced its natural effect on the severe and frugal king. The answer was a dry refusal. "I did not," said His Majesty, "solicit the honor of the lady's society." On this Voltaire went off into a paroxysm of childish rage. "Was there ever such avarice? He has a hundred of tubs full of dollars in his vaults, and haggles with me about a poor thousand louis." It seemed that the negotiation would be broken off; but Frederick, with great dexterity, affected indifference, and seemed inclined to transfer his idolatry to Baculard d'Arnaud. His Majesty even wrote some bad verses, of which the sense was, that Voltaire was a setting sun, and that Arnaud was rising. Good-natured friends soon carried the lines to Voltaire. He was in bed. He jumped out in his shirt, danced about the room with rage, and sent for his passport and his post-horses. It was not difficult to foresee the end of a connection which had such a beginning.

It was in the year 1750 that Voltaire left the great capital, which he was not to see again till, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, he returned, bowed down by extreme old age, to die in the midst of a splendid and ghastly triumph. His reception in Prussia was such as might well have elated a less vain and excitable mind. He wrote to his friends at Paris, that the kindness and the attention with which he had been welcomed surpassed description—that the king was the most amiable of men—that Potsdam was the Paradise of philosophers. He was created chamberlain, and received, together with his gold key, the cross of an order and a patent ensuring to him a pension of eight hundred pounds sterling a year for life. A hundred and sixty pounds a year were promised to his niece if she survived him. The royal cooks and coachmen were put at his disposal. He was lodged in the same apartments in which Saxe had lived when at the height of power and glory he visited Prussia. Frederick, indeed, stooped for a time even to use the language of adulation. He pressed to his lips the meagre hand of the little grinning skeleton, whom he regarded as the dispenser of immortal renown. He would add, he said, to the titles which he owed to his ancestors and his sword, another title derived from his last and proudest acquisition. His style should run thus: Frederick, King of Prussia, Margrave of Brandenburg, Sovereign Duke of Silesia, Possessor of Voltaire. But

even amidst the delights of the honeymoon, Voltaire's sensitive vanity began to take alarm. A few days after his arrival, he could not help telling his niece that the amiable king had a trick of giving a sly scratch with one hand while patting and stroking with the other. Soon came hints not the less alarming because mysterious. "The supper parties are delicious. The king is the life of the company. But—I have operas and comedies, reviews and concerts, my studies and books. But—but—Berlin is fine, the princess charming, the maids of honor handsome. But——"

This eccentric friendship was fast cooling. Never had there met two persons so exquisitely fitted to plague each other. Each of them had exactly the fault of which the other was most impatient; and they were, in different ways, the most impatient of mankind. Frederick was frugal, almost niggardly. When he had secured his plaything he began to think that he had bought it too dear. Voltaire, on the other hand, was greedy, even to the extent of impudence and knavery; and conceived that the favorite of a monarch who had barrels full of gold and silver laid up in cellars, ought to make a fortune which a receiver-general might envy. They soon discovered each other's feelings. Both were angry, and a war began, in which Frederick stooped to the part of Harpagon, and Voltaire to that of Scapin. It is humiliating to relate that the great warrior and statesman gave orders that his guest's allowance of sugar and chocolate should be curtailed. It is, if possible, a still more humiliating fact, that Voltaire indemnified himself by pocketing the wax candles in the royal antechamber. Disputes about money, however, were not the most serious disputes of these extraordinary associates. The sarcasm soon galled the sensitive temper of the poet. D'Arnaud and D'Argens, Guichard and La Métrie, might, for the sake of a morsel of bread, be willing to bear the insolence of a master; but Voltaire was of another order. He knew that he was a potentate as well as Frederick; that his European reputation, and his incomparable power of covering whatever he hated with ridicule, made him an object of dread even to the leaders of armies and the rulers of nations. In truth, of all the intellectual weapons which have ever been wielded by man, the most terrible was the mockery of Voltaire. Bigots and tyrants, who had never been moved by the wailing and cursing of millions, turned pale at his name. Principles unassailable by reason—principles which had withstood the fiercest attacks of power, the most valuable truths, the most generous sentiments, the noblest and most graceful images, the purest reputations, the most august institutions—began to look mean and loathsome as soon as that withering smile was turned upon them. To every opponent, however strong in his cause and his talents, in his station and his character, who ventured to encounter the great scoffer, might be addressed the caution which was given of old to the Archangel:—

"I forewarn thee, shun
 His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
 Though temper'd heavenly ; for that fatal dint,
 Save Him who reigns above, none can resist."

We cannot pause to recount how often that rare talent was exercised against rivals worthy of esteem—how often it was used to crush and torture enemies worthy only of silent disdain—how often it was perverted to the more noxious purpose of destroying the last solace of earthly misery and the last restraint on earthly power. Neither can we pause to tell how often it was used to vindicate justice, humanity, and toleration—the principles of sound philosophy, the principles of free government. This is not the place for a full character of Voltaire.

Causes of quarrel multiplied fast. Voltaire, who, partly from love of money and partly from love of excitement, was always fond of stockjobbing, became implicated in transactions of at least a dubious character. The king was delighted at having such an opportunity to humble his guest ; and bitter reproaches and complaints were exchanged. Voltaire, too, was soon at war with the other men of letters who surrounded the king ; and this irritated Frederick, who, however, had himself chiefly to blame : for, from that love of tormenting which was in him a ruling passion, he perpetually lavished extravagant praises on small men and bad books, merely in order that he might enjoy the mortification and rage which on such occasions Voltaire took no pains to conceal. His Majesty, however, soon had reason to regret the pains which he had taken to kindle jealousy among the members of his household. The whole palace was in a ferment with literary intrigues and cabals. It was to no purpose that the imperial voice, which kept a hundred and sixty thousand soldiers in order, was raised to quiet the contention of the exasperated wits. It was far easier to stir up such a storm than to lull it. Nor was Frederick, in his capacity of wit, by any means without his own share of vexations. He had sent a large quantity of verses to Voltaire, and requested that they might be returned with remarks and correction. "See," exclaimed Voltaire, "what a quantity of his dirty linen the king has sent me to wash!" Talebearers were not wanting to carry the sarcasm to the royal ear, and Frederick was as much incensed as a Grub Street writer who had found his name in the "Dunciad."

This could not last. A circumstance which, when the mutual regard of the friends was in its first glow, would merely have been matter for laughter, produced a violent explosion. Maupertuis enjoyed as much of Frederick's good-will as any man of letters. He was President of the Academy of Berlin, and stood second to Voltaire, though at an immense distance, in the literary society which had been assembled at the Prussian court. Frederick had, by playing for

his own amusement on the feelings of the two jealous and vainglorious Frenchmen, succeeded in producing a bitter enmity between them. Voltaire resolved to set his mark, a mark never to be effaced, on the forehead of Maupertuis; and wrote the exquisitely ludicrous diatribe of *Doctor Akakia*. He showed this little piece to Frederick, who had too much taste and too much malice not to relish such delicious pleasantry. In truth, even at this time of day, it is not easy for any person who has the least perception of the ridiculous to read the jokes on the Latin city, the Patagonians, and the hole to the center of the earth, without laughing till he cries. But though Frederick was diverted by this charming pasquinade, he was unwilling that it should get abroad. His self-love was interested. He had selected Maupertuis to fill the Chair of his Academy. If all Europe were taught to laugh at Maupertuis, would not the reputation of the Academy, would not even the dignity of its royal patron be in some degree compromised? The king, therefore, begged Voltaire to suppress his performance. Voltaire promised to do so, and broke his word. The diatribe was published, and received with shouts of merriment and applause by all who could read the French language. The king stormed, Voltaire, with his usual disregard of truth, protested his innocence, and made up some lie about a printer or an amanuensis. The king was not to be so imposed upon. He ordered the pamphlet to be burned by the common hangman, and insisted upon having an apology from Voltaire, couched in the most abject terms. Voltaire sent back to the king his cross, his key, and the patent of his pension. After this burst of rage, the strange pair began to be ashamed of their violence, and went through the forms of reconciliation. But the breach was irreparable; and Voltaire took his leave of Frederick forever. They parted with cold civility; but their hearts were big with resentment. Voltaire had in his keeping a volume of the king's poetry and forgot to return it. This was, we believe, merely one of the oversights which men setting out upon a journey often commit. That Voltaire could have meditated plagiarism is quite incredible. He would not, we are confident, for the half of Frederick's kingdom, have consented to father Frederick's verses. The king, however, who rated his own writings much above their value, and who was inclined to see all Voltaire's actions in the worst light, was enraged to think that his favorite compositions were in the hands of an enemy, as thievish as a daw and as mischievous as a monkey. In the anger excited by this thought, he lost sight of reason and decency, and determined on committing an outrage at once odious and ridiculous.

Voltaire had reached Frankfort. His niece, Madame Denis, came thither to meet him. He conceived himself secure from the power of his late master, when he was arrested by order of the Prussian resident. The precious volume was delivered up. But the Prussian agents had no doubt been instructed not to let Voltaire escape without

some gross indignity. He was confined twelve days in a wretched hovel. Sentinels with fixed bayonets kept guard over him. His niece was dragged through the mire by the soldiers. Sixteen hundred dollars were extorted from him by his insolent jailers. It is absurd to say that this outrage is not to be attributed to the king. Was anybody punished for it? Was anybody called in question for it? Was it not consistent with Frederick's character? Was it not of a piece with his conduct on other similar occasions? Is it not notorious that he repeatedly gave private directions to his officers to pillage and demolish the houses of persons against whom he had a grudge—charging them at the same time to take their measure in such a way that his name might not be compromised? He acted thus towards Count Buhl in the Seven Years' War. Why should we believe that he would have been more scrupulous with regard to Voltaire?

When at length the illustrious prisoner regained his liberty, the prospect before him was but dreary. He was an exile both from the country of his birth and from the country of his adoption. The French government had taken offence at his journey to Prussia, and would not permit him to return to Paris; and in the vicinity of Prussia it was not safe for him to remain.

He took refuge on the beautiful shores of Lake Lemán. There, loosed from every tie which had hitherto restrained him, and having little to hope or to fear from courts and churches, he began his long war against all that, whether for good or evil, had authority over man; for what Burke said of the Constituent Assembly was eminently true of this its great forerunner. He could not build—he could only pull down; he was the very Vitruvius of ruin. He has bequeathed to us not a single doctrine to be called by his name, not a single addition to the stock of our positive knowledge. But no human teacher ever left behind him so vast and terrible a wreck of truths and falsehoods—of things noble and things base—of things useful and things pernicious. From the time when his sojourn beneath the Alps commenced, the dramatist, the wit, the historian, was merged in a more important character. He was now the patriarch, the founder of a sect, the chief of a conspiracy, the prince of a wide intellectual commonwealth. He often enjoyed a pleasure dear to the better part of his nature—the pleasure of vindicating innocence which had no other helper, of repairing cruel wrongs, of punishing tyranny in high places. He had also the satisfaction, not less acceptable to his ravenous vanity, of hearing terrified Capuchins call him the Antichrist. But whether employed in works of benevolence or in works of mischief, he never forgot Potsdam and Frankfort; and he listened anxiously to every murmur which indicated that a tempest was gathering in Europe, and that his vengeance was at hand.

He soon had his wish. Maria Theresa had never for a moment forgotten the great wrong which she had received at the hand of Frederick. Young and delicate, just left an orphan, just about to be

a mother, she had been compelled to fly from the ancient capital of her race ; she had seen her fair inheritance dismembered by robbers, and of those robbers he had been the foremost. Without a pretext, without a provocation, in defiance of the most sacred engagements, he had attacked the helpless ally whom he was bound to defend. The Empress-Queen had the faults as well as the virtues which are connected with quick sensibility and a high spirit. There was no peril which she was not ready to brave, no calamity which she was not ready to bring on her subjects, or on the whole human race, if only she might once taste the sweetness of a complete revenge. Revenge, too, presented itself to her narrow and superstitious mind in the guise of duty. Silesia had been wrested not only from the house of Austria, but from the Church of Rome.

The conqueror had, indeed, permitted his new subjects to worship God after their own fashion ; but this was not enough. To bigotry it seemed an intolerable hardship that the Catholic Church, having long enjoyed ascendancy, should be compelled to content itself with equality. Nor was this the only circumstance which led Maria Theresa to regard her enemy as the enemy of God. The profaneness of Frederick's writings and conversation, and the frightful rumors which were circulated respecting the immoralities of his private life, naturally shocked a woman who believed with the firmest faith all that her confessor told her, and who, though surrounded by temptations, though young and beautiful, though ardent in all her passions, though possessed of absolute power, had preserved her fame unsullied even by the breath of slander.

To recover Silesia, to humble the dynasty of Hohenzollern to the dust, was the great object of her life. She toiled during many years for this end, with zeal as indefatigable as that which the poet ascribes to the stately goddess who tired out her immortal horses in the work of raising the nations against Troy, and who offered to give up to destruction her darling Sparta and Mycenæ, if only she might once see the smoke going up from the palace of Priam. With even such a spirit did the proud Austrian Juno strive to array against her foe a coalition such as Europe had never seen. Nothing would content her but that the whole civilized world, from the White Sea to the Adriatic, from the Bay of Biscay to the pastures of the wild horses of Tanais, should be combined in arms against one petty state.

She early succeeded by various arts in obtaining the adhesion of Russia. An ample share of spoils was promised to the King of Poland ; and that prince, governed by his favorite, Count Buhl, readily promised the assistance of the Saxon forces. The great difficulty was with France. That the houses of Bourbon and of Hapsburg should ever cordially co-operate in any great scheme of European policy had long been thought, to use the strong expression of Frederick, just as impossible as that fire and water should amalgamate. The whole history of the Continent, during two centuries and a half, had been the

history of the mutual jealousies and enmities of France and Austria. Since the administration of Richelieu, above all, it had been considered as the plain policy of the most Christian king to thwart on all occasions the court of Vienna, and to protect every member of the Germanic body who stood up against the dictation of the Cæsars. Common sentiments of religion had been unable to mitigate this strong antipathy. The rulers of France, even while clothed in the Roman purple, even while persecuting the heretics of Rochelle and Auvergne, had still looked with favor on the Lutheran and Calvinistic princes who were struggling against the chief of the empire. If the French ministers paid any respect to the traditional rules handed down to them through many generations, they would have acted towards Frederick as the greatest of their predecessors acted towards Gustavus Adolphus. That there was deadly enmity between Prussia and Austria, was of itself a sufficient reason for close friendship between Prussia and France. With France, Frederick could never have any serious controversy. His territories were so situated, that his ambition, greedy and unscrupulous as it was, could never impel him to attack her of his own accord. He was more than half a Frenchman. He wrote, spoke, read nothing but French; he delighted in French society. The admiration of the French he proposed to himself as the best reward of all his exploits. It seemed incredible that any French government, however notorious for levity or stupidity, could spurn away such an ally.

The court of Vienna, however, did not despair. The Austrian diplomatists propounded a new scheme of politics, which, it must be owned, was not altogether without plausibility. The great powers, according to this theory, had long been under a delusion. They had looked on each other as natural enemies, while in truth they were natural allies. A succession of cruel wars had devastated Europe, had thinned the population, had exhausted the public resources, had loaded governments with an immense burden of debt; and when, after two hundred years of murderous hostility or of hollow truce, the illustrious houses whose enmity had distracted the world sat down to count their gains, to what did the real advantage on either side amount? Simply to this, that they kept each other from thriving. It was not the King of France, it was not the Emperor, who had reaped the fruits of the Thirty Years' War, of the War of the Grand Alliance, of the War of the Pragmatic Sanction. Those fruits have been pilfered by States of the second and third rank, which, secured against jealousy by their insignificance, had dexterously aggrandized themselves while pretending to serve the animosity of the great chiefs of Christendom. While the lion and tiger were tearing each other, the jackal had run off into the jungle with the prey. The real gainer by the Thirty Years' War had been neither France nor Austria, but Sweden. The real gainer by the War of the Grand Alliance had been neither France nor Austria, but Savoy. The real gainer by the

War of the Pragmatic Sanction had been neither France nor Austria, but the upstart of Brandenburg. Of all these instances, the last was the most striking. France had made great efforts, had added largely to her military glory and largely to her public burdens; and for what end? Merely that Frederick might rule Silesia. For this, and this alone, one French army, wasted by sword and famine, had perished in Bohemia; and another had purchased, with floods of the noblest blood, the barren glory of Fontenoy. And this prince, for whom France had suffered so much, was he a grateful, was he even an honest ally? Had he not been as false to the court of Versailles as to the court of Vienna? Had he not played on a large scale the same part which, in private life, is played by the vile agent of chicane who sets his neighbors quarrelling, involves them in costly and interminable litigation, and betrays them to each other all round, certain that, whoever may be ruined, he shall be enriched? Surely the true wisdom of the great powers was to attack, not each other, but this common barrator, who, by inflaming the passions of both, by pretending to serve both, and by deserting both, had raised himself above the station to which he was born. The great object of Austria was to regain Silesia; the great object of France was to obtain an accession of territory on the side of Flanders. If they took opposite sides, the result would probably be that, after a war of many years, after the slaughter of many thousands of brave men, after the waste of many millions of crowns, they would lay down their arms without having achieved either object; but if they came to an understanding, there would be no risk and no difficulty. Austria would willingly make in Belgium such cessions as France could not expect to obtain by ten pitched battles. Silesia would easily be annexed to the monarchy of which it had long been a part. The union of two such powerful governments would at once overawe the King of Prussia. If he resisted, one short campaign would settle his fate. France and Austria, long accustomed to rise from the game of war both losers, would, for the first time, both be gainers. There could be no room for jealousy between them. The power of both would be increased at once; the equilibrium between them would be preserved; and the only sufferer would be a mischievous and unprincipled buccaneer, who deserved no tenderness from either.

These doctrines, attractive for their novelty and ingenuity, soon became fashionable at the supper-parties and in the coffee-houses of Paris, and were espoused by every gay marquis and every facetious abbé who was admitted to see Madame de Pompadour's hair curled and powdered. It was not, however, to any political theory that the strange coalition between France and Austria owed its origin. The real motive which induced the great continental powers to forget their old animosities and their old state maxims, was personal aversion to the King of Prussia. This feeling was strongest in Maria Theresa; but it was by no means confined to her. Frederick, in some

respects a good master, was emphatically a bad neighbor. That he was hard in all his dealings and quick to take all advantages was not his most odious fault. His bitter and scoffing speech had inflicted keener wounds than his ambition. In his character of wit he was under less restraint than even in his character of ruler. Satirical verses against all the princes and ministers of Europe were ascribed to his pen. In his letters and conversation he alluded to the greatest potentates of the age in terms which would have better suited Collé in a war of repartee with young Crébillon at Pelletier's table, than a great sovereign speaking of great sovereigns. About women he was in the habit of expressing himself in a manner which it was impossible for the meekest of women to forgive ; and, unfortunately for him, almost the whole continent was then governed by women who were by no means conspicuous for meekness. Maria Theresa herself had not escaped his scurrulous jests ; the Empress Elizabeth of Russia knew that her gallantries afforded him a favorite theme for ribaldry and invective ; Madame de Pompadour, who was really the head of the French government, had been even more keenly galled. She had attempted, by the most delicate flattery, to propitiate the King of Prussia, but her messages had drawn from him only dry and sarcastic replies. The Empress-Queen took a very different course. Though the haughtiest of princesses, though the most austere of matrons, she forgot in her thirst for revenge both the dignity of her race and the purity of her character, and condescended to flatter the low-born and low-minded concubine, who, having acquired influence by prostituting herself, retained it by prostituting others. Maria Theresa actually wrote with her own hand a note full of expressions of esteem and friendship to her dear cousin, the daughter of the butcher Poisson, the wife of the publican D'Etioles, the kidnapper of young girls for the *Parc-aux-cerfs*—a strange cousin for the descendant of so many Emperors of the West ! The mistress was completely gained over and easily carried her point with Louis, who had, indeed, wrongs of his own to resent. His feelings were not quick ; but contempt, says the eastern proverb, pierces even through the shell of the tortoise ; and neither prudence nor decorum had ever restrained Frederick from expressing his measureless contempt for the sloth, the imbecility, and the baseness of Louis. France was thus induced to join the coalition ; and the example of France determined the conduct of Sweden, then completely subject to French influence.

The enemies of Frederick were surely strong enough to attack him openly, but they were desirous to add to all their other advantages the advantage of a surprise. He was not, however, a man to be taken off his guard. He had tools in every court ; and he now received from Vienna, from Dresden, and from Paris, accounts so circumstantial and so consistent, that he could not doubt of his danger. He learnt that he was to be assailed at once by France, Austria, Russia, Saxony, Sweden, and the Germanic body ; that the greater part of

his dominions was to be portioned out among his enemies; that France, which from her geographical position could not directly share in his spoils, was to receive an equivalent in the Netherlands; that Austria was to have Silesia, and the czarina East Prussia; that Augustus of Saxony expected Madgeburg; and that Sweden would be rewarded with part of Pomerania. If these designs succeeded, the house of Bradenburg would at once sink in the European system to a place lower than that of the Duke of Wurtemberg or the Margrave of Baden.

And what hope was there that these designs would fail? No such union of the continental powers had been seen for ages. A less formidable confederacy had in a week conquered all the provinces of Venice, when Venice was at the height of power, wealth, and glory. A less formidable confederacy had compelled Louis the Fourteenth to bow down his haughty head to the very earth. A less formidable confederacy has, within our own memory, subjugated a still mightier empire and abased a still prouder name. Such odds had never been heard of in war. The people who Frederick ruled were not five millions. The population of the countries which were leagued against him amounted to a hundred millions. The disproportion in wealth was at least equally great. Small communities, actuated by strong sentiments of patriotism or loyalty, have sometimes made head against great monarchies weakened by factions and discontents. But small as was Frederick's kingdom, it probably contained a greater number of disaffected subjects than were to be found in all the States of his enemies. Silesia formed a fourth part of his dominions; and from the Silesians, born under the Austrian princes, the utmost that he could expect was apathy. From the Silesian Catholics he could hardly expect anything but resistance.

Some States have been enabled, by their geographical position, to defend themselves with advantage against immense force. The sea has repeatedly protected England against the fury of the whole Continent. The Venetian government, driven from its possessions on the land, could still bid defiance to the confederates of Cambray from the arsenal amidst the lagoons. More than one great and well-appointed army, which regarded the shepherds of Switzerland as an easy prey, has perished in the passes of the Alps. Frederick had no such advantage. The form of his States, their situation, the nature of the ground, all were against him. His long, scattered, straggling territory seemed to have been shaped with an express view to the convenience of invaders, and was protected by no sea, by no chain of hills. Scarcely any corner of it was a week's march from the territory of the enemy. The capital itself, in the event of war, would be constantly exposed to insult. In truth, there was hardly a politician or a soldier in Europe who doubted that the conflict would be terminated in a very few days by the prostration of the house of Brandenburg.

Nor was Frederick's own opinion very different. He anticipated nothing short of his own ruin, and of the ruin of his family. Yet there was still a chance, a slender chance of escape. His States had at least the advantage of a central position; his enemies were widely separated from each other, and could not conveniently unite their overwhelming forces on one point. They inhabited different climates, and it was probable that the season of the year which would be best suited to the military operations of one portion of the league, would be unfavorable to those of another portion. The Prussian monarchy, too, was free from some infirmities which were found in empires far more extensive and magnificent. Its effective strength for a desperate struggle was not to be measured merely by the number of square miles or the number of people. In that square but well-knit and well-exercised body, there was nothing but sinew and muscle and bone. No public creditors looked for dividends. No distant colonies required defence. No court, filled with flatterers and mistresses, devoured the pay of fifty battalions. The Prussian army, though far inferior in number to the troops which were about to be opposed to it, was yet strong out of all proportion to the extent of the Prussian dominions. It was also admirably trained and admirably officered, accustomed to obey and accustomed to conquer. The revenue was not only unencumbered by debt, but exceeded the ordinary outlay in time of peace. Alone of all the European princes, Frederick had a treasure laid up for a day of difficulty. Above all, he was one and his enemies were many. In their camps would certainly be found the jealousy, the dissension, the slackness inseparable from coalition; on his side was the energy, the unity, the secrecy of a strong dictatorship. To a certain extent the deficiency of military means might be supplied by the resources of military art. Small as the king's army was, when compared with the six hundred thousand men whom the confederates could bring into the field, celerity of movement might in some degree compensate for deficiency of bulk. It is thus just possible that genius, judgment, resolution, and good luck united might protract the struggle during a campaign or two; and to gain even a month was of importance. It could not be long before the vices which are found in all extensive confederacies would begin to show themselves. Every member of the league would think his own share of the war too large, and his own share of the spoils too small. Complaints and recrimination would abound. The Turk might stir on the Danube; the statesmen of France might discover the error which they had committed in abandoning the fundamental principles of their national policy. Above all, death might rid Prussia of its most formidable enemies. The war was the effect of the personal aversion with which three or four sovereigns regarded Frederick; and the decease of any of those sovereigns might produce a complete revolution in the state of Europe.

In the midst of an horizon generally dark and stormy. Frederick

could discern one bright spot. The peace which had been concluded between England and France in 1748 had been in Europe no more than an armistice ; and not even been an armistice in the other quarters of the globe. In India the sovereignty of the Carnatic was disputed between two great Mussulman houses ; Fort Saint George had taken the one side, Pondicherry the other ; and in a series of battles and sieges the troops of Lawrence and Clive had been opposed to those of Dupleix. A struggle less important in its consequence, but not less likely to produce immediate irritation, was carried on between those French and English adventurers who kidnapped negroes and collected gold dust on the coast of Guinea. But it was in North America that the emulation and mutual aversion of the two nations were most conspicuous. The French attempted to hem in the English colonists by a chain of military posts, extending from the great Lakes to the mouth of the Mississippi. The English took arms. The wild aboriginal tribes appeared on each side mingled with the "Pale Faces." Battles were fought ; forts were stormed ; and hideous stories about stakes, scalpings, and death-songs reached Europe and inflamed that national animosity which the rivalry of ages had produced. The disputes between France and England came to a crisis at the very time when the tempest which had been gathering was about to burst on Prussia. The tastes and interests of Frederick would have led him, if he had been allowed an option, to side with the house of Bourbon. But the folly of the court of Versailles left him no choice. France became the tool of Austria, and Frederick was forced to become the ally of England. He could not, indeed, expect that a power which covered the sea with its fleets, and which had to make war at once on the Ohio and the Ganges, would be able to spare a large number of troops for operations in Germany. But England, though poor compared with the England of our time, was far richer than any country on the Continent. The amount of her revenue and the resources which she found in her credit, though they may be thought small by a generation which has seen her raise a hundred and thirty millions in a single year, appeared miraculous to the politicians of that age. A very moderate portion of her wealth, expended by an able and economical prince, in a country where prices were low, would be sufficient to equip and maintain a formidable army.

Such was the situation in which Frederick found himself. He saw the whole extent of his peril. He saw that there was still a faint possibility of escape ; and, with prudent temerity, he determined to strike the first blow. It was in the month of August, 1756, that the great war of the Seven Years commenced. The king demanded of the Empress-Queen a distinct explanation of her intentions, and plainly told her that he should consider a refusal as a declaration of war. "I want," he said, "no answer in the style of an oracle." He received an answer at once haughty and evasive. In an instant, the rich electorate of Saxony was overflowed by sixty thousand Prussian

troops. Augustus with his army occupied a strong position at Pirna. The Queen of Poland was at Dresden. In a few days Pirna was blockaded and Dresden was taken. The object of Frederick was to obtain possession of the Saxon State Papers; for those papers, he well knew, contained ample proofs that though apparently an aggressor, he was really acting in self-defence. The Queen of Poland, as well acquainted as Frederick with the importance of those documents, had packed them up, had concealed them in her bed-chamber, and was about to send them off to Warsaw, when a Prussian officer made his appearance. In the hope that no soldier would venture to outrage a lady, a queen, a daughter of an emperor, the mother-in-law of a dauphin, she placed herself before the trunk, and at length sat down on it. But all resistance was vain. The papers were carried to Frederick, who found in them, as he expected, abundant evidence of the designs of the coalition. The most important documents were instantly published, and the effect of the publication was great. It was clear that, of whatever sins the King of Prussia might formerly have been guilty, he was now the injured party, and had merely anticipated a blow intended to destroy him.

The Saxon camp at Pirna was in the mean time closely invested; but the besieged were not without hopes of succor. A great Austrian army under Marshal Brown was about to pour through the passes which separate Bohemia from Saxony. Frederick left at Pirna a force sufficient to deal with the Saxons, hastened into Bohemia, encountered Brown at Lowositz, and defeated him. This battle decided the fate of Saxony. Augustus and his favorite, Buhl, fled to Poland. The whole army of the electorate capitulated. From that time till the end of the war, Frederick treated Saxony as a part of his dominions, or, rather, he acted towards the Saxons in a manner which may serve to illustrate the whole meaning of that tremendous sentence—*subjectos tanquam suos, viles tanquam alienos*. Saxony was as much in his power as Brandenburg; and he had no such interest in the welfare of Saxony as he had in the welfare of Brandenburg. He accordingly levied troops and exacted contributions throughout the enslaved province, with far more rigor than in any part of his own dominions. Seventeen thousand men who had been in the camp at Pirna were half compelled, half persuaded, to enlist under their conqueror. Thus, within a few weeks from the commencement of hostilities, one of the confederates had been disarmed, and his weapons pointed against the rest.

The winter put a stop to military operations. All had hitherto gone well. But the real tug of war was still to come. It was easy to foresee that the year 1757 would be a memorable era in the history of Europe.

The scheme for the campaign was simple, bold, and judicious. The Duke of Cumberland with an English and Hanoverian army was in Western Germany, and might be able to prevent the French

troops from attacking Prussia. The Russians, confined by their snows, would probably not stir till the spring was far advanced. Saxony was prostrated. Sweden could do nothing very important. During a few months Frederick would have to deal with Austria alone. Even thus the odds were against him. But ability and courage have often triumphed against odds still more formidable.

Early in 1757 the Prussian army in Saxony began to move. Through four defiles in the mountains they came pouring into Bohemia. Prague was his first mark; but the ulterior object was probably Vienna. At Prague lay Marshal Brown with one great army. Daun, the most cautious and fortunate of the Austrian captains, was advancing with another. Frederick determined to overwhelm Brown before Daun should arrive. On the sixth of May was fought, under those walls which a hundred and thirty years before had witnessed the victory of the Catholic league and the flight of the unhappy Palatine, a battle more bloody than any which Europe saw during the long interval between Malplaquet and Eylau. The king and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick were distinguished on that day by their valor and exertions. But the chief glory was with Schwerin. When the Prussian infantry wavered, the stout old marshal snatched the colors from an ensign, and, waving them in the air, led back his regiment to the charge. Thus at seventy-two years of age he fell in the thickest of the battle, still grasping the standard which bears the black eagle on the field argent. The victory remained with the king. But it had been dearly purchased. Whole columns of his bravest warriors had fallen. He admitted that he had lost eighteen thousand men. Of the enemy, twenty-four thousand had been killed, wounded, or taken.

Part of the defeated army was shut up in Prague. Part fled to join the troops which, under the command of Daun, were now close at hand. Frederick determined to play over the same game which had succeeded at Lowositz. He left a large force to besiege Prague, and at the head of thirty thousand men he marched against Daun. The cautious marshal, though he had great superiority in numbers, would risk nothing. He occupied at Kollin a position almost impregnable, and awaited the attack of the king.

It was the 18th of June—a day which, if the Greek superstition still retained its influence, would be held sacred to Nemesis—a day on which the two greatest princes and soldiers of modern times were taught by terrible experience that neither skill nor valor can fix the inconstancy of fortune. The battle began before noon; and part of the Prussian army maintained the contest till after the midsummer sun had gone down. But at length the king found that his troops, having been repeatedly driven back with frightful carnage, could no longer be led to the charge. He was with difficulty persuaded to quit the field. The officers of his personal staff were under the necessity of expostulating with him, and one of them took the liberty to say,

“Does Your Majesty mean to storm the batteries alone?” Thirteen thousand of his bravest followers had perished. Nothing remained for him but to retreat in good order, to raise the siege of Prague, and to hurry his army by different routes out of Bohemia.

This stroke seemed to be final. Frederick's situation had at best been such, that only an uninterrupted run of good luck could save him, as it seemed, from ruin. And now, almost in the onset of the contest, he had met with a check which, even in a war between equal powers, would have been felt as serious. He had owed much to the opinion which all Europe entertained of his army. Since his accession, his soldiers had in many successive battles been victorious over the Austrians. But the glory had departed from his arms. All whom his malevolent sarcasms had wounded made haste to avenge themselves by scoffing at the scoffer. His soldiers had ceased to confide in his star. In every part of his camp his dispositions were severely criticised. Even in his own family he had detractors. His next brother William, heir-presumptive, or rather, in truth, heir-apparent to the throne, and great-grandfather of the present king, could not refrain from lamenting his own fate and that of the house of Hohenzollern, once so great and so prosperous, but now, by the rash ambition of its chief, made a by-word to all nations. These complaints, and some blunders which William committed during the retreat from Bohemia, called forth the bitter displeasure of the inexorable king. The prince's heart was broken by the cutting reproaches of his brother; he quitted the army, retired to a country seat, and in a short time died of shame and vexation.

It seemed that the king's distress could hardly be increased. Yet at this moment another blow not less terrible than that of Kolin fell upon him. The French under Marshal D'Estrées had invaded Germany. The Duke of Cumberland had given them battle at Hastenbeck, and had been defeated. In order to save the Electorate of Hanover from entire subjugation, he had made, at Closterneuburg, an arrangement with the French generals, which left them at liberty to turn their arms against the Prussian dominions.

That nothing might be wanting to Frederick's distress, he lost his mother just at this time; and he appears to have felt the loss more than was to be expected from the hardness and severity of his character. In truth, his misfortunes had now cut to the quick. The mocker, the tyrant, the most rigorous, the most imperious, the most cynical of men, was very unhappy. His face was so haggard and his form so thin, that when on his return from Bohemia he passed through Leipsic, the people hardly knew him again. His sleep was broken; the tears in spite of himself often started into his eyes; and the grave began to present itself to his agitated mind as the best refuge from misery and dishonor. His resolution was fixed never to be taken alive, and never to make peace on condition of descending from his place among the powers of Europe. He saw nothing left for him

except to die; and he deliberately chose his mode of death. He always carried about with him a sure and speedy poison in a small glass case; and to the few in whom he placed confidence he made no mystery of his resolution.

But we should very imperfectly describe the state of Frederick's mind, if we left out of view the laughable peculiarities which contrasted so singularly with the gravity, energy, and harshness of his character. It is difficult to say whether the tragic or the comic predominated in the strange scene which was then acted. In the midst of all the great king's calamities, his passion for writing indifferent poetry grew stronger and stronger. Enemies all around him, despair in his heart, pills of corrosive sublimate hidden in his clothes, he poured forth hundreds upon hundreds of lines, hateful to gods and men—the insipid dregs of Voltaire's Hippocrene—the faint echo of the lyre of Chaulieu. It is amusing to compare what he did during the last months of 1757 with what he wrote during the same time. It may be doubted whether any equal portion of the life of Hannibal, of Cæsar, or of Napoleon, will bear a comparison with that short period, the most brilliant in the history of Prussia and of Frederick. Yet at this very time the scanty leisure of the illustrious warrior was employed in producing odes and epistles, a little better than Cibber's, and a little worse than Hayley's. Here and there a manly sentiment, which deserves to be in prose, makes its appearance in company with Prometheus and Orpheus, Elysium and Acheron, the plaintive Philomel, the poppies of Morpheus, and all the other frippery which, like a robe tossed by a proud beauty to her waiting-women, has long been contemptuously abandoned by genius to mediocrity. We hardly know any instance of the strength and weakness of human nature so striking and so grotesque as the character of this haughty, vigilant, resolute, sagacious blue-stockings, half Mithridates and half Trissotin, bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other.

Frederick had some time before made advances towards a reconciliation with Voltaire, and some civil letters had passed between them. After the battle of Kolin their epistolary intercourse became, at least in seeming, friendly and confidential. We do not know any collection of letters which throw so much light on the darkest and most intricate parts of human nature as the correspondence of these strange beings after they had exchanged forgiveness. Both felt that the quarrel had lowered them in the public estimation. They admired each other. They stood in need of each other. The great king wished to be handed down to posterity by the great writer. The great writer felt himself exalted by the homage of the great king. Yet the wounds which they had inflicted on each other were too deep to be effaced, or even perfectly healed. Not only did the scars remain; the sore places often festered and bled afresh.

The letters consisted for the most part of compliments, thanks,

offers of service, assurances of attachment. But if anything brought back to Frederick's recollection the cunning and mischievous pranks by which Voltaire had provoked him, some expression of contempt and displeasure broke forth in the midst of his eulogy. It was much worse when anything recalled to the mind of Voltaire the outrages which he and his kinswoman had suffered at Frankfort. All at once his flowing panegyric is turned into invective. "Remember how you behaved to me. For your sake I have lost the favor of my king. For your sake I am an exile from my country. I loved you. I trusted myself to you. I had no wish but to end my life in your service. And what was my reward? Stripped of all you had bestowed on me, the key, the order, the pension, I was forced to fly from your territories. I was hunted as if I had been a deserter from your grenadiers. I was arrested, insulted, plundered. My niece was dragged in the mud of Frankfort by your soldiers as if she had been some wretched follower of your camp. You have great talents. You have good qualities. But you have one odious vice. You delight in the abasement of your fellow-creatures. You have brought disgrace on the name of philosopher. You have given some color to the slanders of the bigots who say that no confidence can be placed in the justice or humanity of those who reject the Christian faith." Then the king answers with less heat, but with equal severity: "You know that you behaved shamefully in Prussia. It is well for you that you had to deal with a man so indulgent to the infirmities of genius as I am. You richly deserved to see the inside of a dungeon. Your talents are not more widely known than your faithlessness and your malevolence. The grave itself is no asylum from your spite. Maupertuis is dead; but you still go on calumniating and deriding him, as if you had not made him miserable enough while he was living. Let us have no more of this. And, above all, let me hear no more of your niece. I am sick to death of her name. I can bear with your faults for the sake of your merits; but she has not written *Mahomet* or *Merope*."

An explosion of this kind, it might be supposed, would necessarily put an end to all amicable communication. But it was not so. After every outbreak of ill-humor this extraordinary pair became more loving than before, and exchanged compliments and assurances of mutual regard with a wonderful air of sincerity.

It may well be supposed that men who wrote thus to each other were not very guarded in what they said of each other. The English ambassador, Mitchell, who knew that the King of Prussia was constantly writing to Voltaire with the greatest freedom on the most important subjects, was amazed to hear His Majesty designate this highly-favored correspondent as a bad-hearted fellow, the greatest rascal on the face of the earth. And the language which the poet held about the king was not much more respectful.

It would probably have puzzled Voltaire himself to say what was

His real feeling towards Frederick. It was compounded of all sentiments, from enmity to friendship, and from scorn to admiration ; and the proportions in which these elements were mixed changed every moment. The old patriarch resembled the spoilt child who screams, stamps, cuffs, laughs, kisses, and cuddles within one-quarter of an hour. His resentment was not extinguished ; yet he was not without sympathy for his old friend. As a Frenchman, he wished success to the arms of his country. As a philosopher, he was anxious for the stability of a throne on which a philosopher sat. He longed both to save and to humble Frederick. There was one way, and only one, in which all his conflicting feelings could at once be gratified. If Frederick were preserved by the interference of France, if it were known that for that interference he was indebted to the mediation of Voltaire, this would indeed be delicious revenge ; this would indeed be to heap coals of fire on that haughty head. Nor did the vain and restless poet think it impossible that he might, from his hermitage near the Alps, dictate peace to Europe. D'Estrées had quitted Hanover, and the command of the French army had been entrusted to the Duke of Richelieu, a man whose chief distinction was derived from his success in gallantry. Richelieu was, in truth, the most eminent of that race of seducers by profession who furnished Crébillon the younger and La Clos with models for their heroes. In his earlier days the royal house itself had not been secure from his presumptuous love. He was believed to have carried his conquests into the family of Orleans ; and some suspected that he was not unconcerned in the mysterious remorse which imbibited the last hours of the charming mother of Louis the Fifteenth. But the duke was now fifty years old. With a heart deeply corrupted by vice, a head long accustomed to think only on trifles, an impaired constitution, an impaired fortune, and, worst of all, a very red nose, he was entering on a dull, frivolous, and unrespected old age. Without one qualification for military command except that personal courage which was common to him and the whole nobility of France, he had been placed at the head of the army of Hanover ; and in that situation he did his best to repair, by extortion and corruption, the injury which he had done to his property by a life of dissolute profusion.

The Duke of Richelieu to the end of his life hated the philosophers as a sect—not for those parts of their system which a good and wise man would have condemned, but for their virtues, for their spirit of free inquiry, and for their hatred of those social abuses of which he was himself the personification. But he, like many of those who thought with him, excepted Voltaire from the list of proscribed writers. He frequently sent flattering letters to Ferney. He did the patriarch the honor to borrow money of him, and even carried his condescending friendship so far as to forget to pay interest. Voltaire thought that it might be in his power to bring the duke and the King of Prussia into communication with each other. He wrote earnestly

to both ; and he so far succeeded that a correspondence between them was commenced

But it was to very different means that Frederick was to owe his deliverance. At the beginning of November, the net seemed to have closed completely round him. The Russians were in the field, and were spreading devastation through his eastern provinces. Silesia was overrun by the Austrians. A great French army was advancing from the west under the command of Marshal Soubise, a prince of the great Armorican house of Rohan. Berlin itself had been taken and plundered by the Croats. Such was the situation from which Frederick extricated himself, with dazzling glory, in the short space of thirty days.

He marched first against Soubise. On the 5th of November the armies met at Rosbach. The French were two to one ; but they were ill-disciplined, and their general was a dunce. The tactics of Frederick and the well-regulated valor of the Prussian troops obtained a complete victory. Seven thousand of the invaders were made prisoners. Their guns, their colors, their baggage, fell into the hands of the conquerors. Those who escaped fled as confusedly as a mob scattered by cavalry. Victorious in the west, the king turned his arms towards Silesia. In that quarter everything seemed to be lost. Breslau had fallen ; and Charles of Lorraine, with a mighty power, held the whole province. On the 5th of December, exactly one month after the battle of Rosbach, Frederick, with forty thousand men, and Prince Charles, at the head of not less than sixty thousand, met at Leuthen hard by Breslau. The king, who was, in general, perhaps too much inclined to consider the common soldier as a mere machine, resorted, on this great day, to means resembling those which Bonaparte afterwards employed with such signal success for the purpose of stimulating military enthusiasm. The principal officers were convoked. Frederick addressed them with great force and pathos, and directed them to speak to their men as he had spoken to them. When the armies were set in battle array, the Prussian troops were in a state of fierce excitement ; but their excitement showed itself after the fashion of a grave people. The column advanced to the attack chanting, to the sound of drums and fifes, the rude hymns of the old Saxon Herzholds. They had never fought so well ; nor had the genius of their chief ever been so conspicuous. "That battle," said Napoleon, "was a masterpiece. Of itself it is sufficient to entitle Frederick to a place in the first rank among generals." The victory was complete. Twenty-seven thousand Austrians were killed, wounded or taken ; fifty stand of colors, a hundred guns, four thousand wagons, fell into the hands of the Prussians. Breslau opened its gates ; Silesia was reconquered ; Charles of Lorraine retired to hide his shame and sorrow at Brussels ; and Frederick allowed his troops to take some repose in winter quarters, after a campaign to the vicissitudes of which it will be difficult to find any parallel in ancient or modern history.

The king's fame filled all the world. He had, during the last year, maintained a contest, on terms of advantage, against three powers, the weakest of which had more than three times his resources. He had fought four great pitched battles against superior forces. Three of these battles he had gained; and the defeat of Kolin, repaired as it had been, rather raised than lowered his military renown. The victory of Leuthen is, to this day, the proudest on the roll of Prussian fame. Leipsic, indeed, and Waterloo, produced more important consequences to mankind. But the glory of Leipsic must be shared by the Prussians with the Austrians and Russians; and at Waterloo the British infantry bore the burden and heat of the day. The victory of Rosbach was, in a military point of view, less honorable than that of Leuthen, for it was gained over an incapable general and a disorganized army. But the moral effect which it produced was immense. All the preceding triumphs of Frederick had been triumphs over Germans, and could excite no emotions of natural pride among the German people. It was impossible that a Hessian or a Hanoverian could feel any patriotic exultation at hearing that Pomeranians slaughtered Moravians, or that Saxon banners had been hung in the churches of Berlin. Indeed, though the military character of the Germans justly stood high throughout the world, they could boast of no great day which belonged to them as a people;—of no Agincourt, of no Bannockburn. Most of their victories had been gained over each other; and their most splendid exploits against foreigners had been achieved under the command of Eugene, who was himself a foreigner.

The news of the battle of Rosbach stirred the blood of the whole of the mighty population from the Alps to the Baltic, and from the borders of Courland to those of Lorraine. Westphalia and Lower Saxony had been deluged by a great host of strangers, whose speech was unintelligible, and whose petulant and licentious manners had excited the strongest feelings of disgust and hatred. That great host had been put to flight by a small band of German warriors, led by a prince of German blood on the side of father and mother, and marked by the fair hair and the clear blue eye of Germany. Never since the dissolution of the empire of Charlemagne had the Teutonic race won such a field against the French. The tidings called forth a general burst of delight and pride from the whole of the great family which spoke the various dialects of the ancient language of Arminius. The fame of Frederick began to supply, in some degree, the place of a common government and of a common capital. It became a rallying point for all true Germans—a subject of mutual congratulations to the Bavarian and the Westphalian, to the citizen of Frankfort and the citizen of Nuremberg. Then first it was manifest that the Germans were truly a nation. Then first was discernible that patriotic spirit which, in 1813, achieved the great deliverance of central Europe, and which still guards, and long will guard against foreign ambition, the old freedom of the Rhine.

Nor were the effects produced by that celebrated day merely political. The greatest masters of German poetry and eloquence have admitted that, though the great king neither valued nor understood his native language, though he looked on France as the only seat of taste and philosophy, yet, in his own despite, he did much to emancipate the genius of his countrymen from the foreign yoke; and that, in the act of vanquishing Soubise, he was unintentionally rousing the spirit which soon began to question the literary precedence of Boileau and Voltaire. So strangely do events confound all the plans of man! A prince who read only French, who wrote only French, who ranked as a French classic, became, quite unconsciously, the means of liberating half the Continent from the dominion of that French criticism of which he was himself to the end of his life a slave. Yet even the enthusiasm of Germany in favor of Frederick hardly equalled the enthusiasm of England. The birthday of our ally was celebrated with as much enthusiasm as that of our own sovereign, and at night the streets of London were in a blaze with illuminations. Portraits of the Hero of Rosbach, with his cocked hat and long pigtail, were in every house. An attentive observer will, at this day, find in the parlors of old-fashioned inns, and in the portfolios of printsellers, twenty portraits of Frederick for one of George II. The sign-painters were everywhere employed in touching up Admiral Vernon into the King of Prussia. Some young Englishmen of rank proposed to visit Germany as volunteers, for the purpose of learning the art of war under the greatest of commanders. This last proof of British attachment and admiration Frederick politely but firmly declined. His camp was no place for amateur students of military science. The Prussian discipline was rigorous even to cruelty. The officers, while in the field, were expected to practice an abstemiousness and self-denial such as was hardly surpassed by the most rigid monastic orders. However noble their birth, however high their rank in the service, they were not permitted to eat from anything better than pewter. It was a high crime even in a count and field-marshal to have a single silver spoon among his baggage. Gay young Englishmen of twenty thousand a year, accustomed to liberty and to luxury, would not easily submit to these Spartan restraints. The king could not venture to keep them in order as he kept his own subjects in order. Situated as he was with respect to England, he could not well imprison or shoot refractory Howards and Cavendishes. On the other hand, the example of a few fine gentlemen, attended by chariots and livery servants, eating in plate, and drinking champagne and toky, was enough to corrupt his whole army. He thought it best to make a stand at first, and civilly refused to admit such dangerous companions among his troops.

The help of England was bestowed in a manner far more useful and more acceptable. An annual subsidy of near seven hundred thousand pounds enabled the king to add probably more than fifty

thousand men to his army. Pitt, now at the height of power and popularity, undertook the task of defending Western Germany against France, and asked Frederick only for the loan of a general. The general selected was Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who had attained high distinction in the Prussian service. He was put at the head of an army, partly English, partly Hanoverian, partly composed of mercenaries hired from the petty princes of the empire. He soon vindicated the choice of the two allied courts, and proved himself the second general of the age.

Frederick passed the winter at Breslau, in reading, writing, and preparing for the next campaign. The havoc which the war had made among his troops was rapidly repaired, and in the spring of 1758 he was again ready for the conflict. Prince Ferdinand kept the French in check. The king, in the mean time, after attempting against the Austrians some operations which led to no very important result, marched to encounter the Russians, who, slaying, burning, and wasting whatever they turned, had penetrated into the heart of his realm. He gave them battle at Zorndorf, near Frankfort on the Oder. The fight was long and bloody. Quarter was neither given nor taken; for the Germans and Scythians regarded each other with bitter aversion, and the sight of the ravages committed by the half-savage invaders had incensed the king and his army. The Russians were overthrown with great slaughter, and for a few months no further danger was to be apprehended from the east.

A day of thanksgiving was proclaimed by the king, and was celebrated with pride and delight by his people. The rejoicings in England were not less enthusiastic or less sincere. This may be selected as the point of time at which the military glory of Frederick reached the zenith. In the short space of three-quarters of a year he had won three great battles over the armies of three mighty and warlike monarchies—France, Austria, and Russia.

But it was decreed that the temper of that strong mind should be tried by both extremes of fortune in rapid succession. Close upon this bright series of triumphs came a series of disasters, such as would have blighted the fame and broken the heart of almost any other commander. Yet Frederick, in the midst of his calamities, was still an object of admiration to his subjects, his allies, and his enemies. Overwhelmed by adversity, sick of life, he still maintained the contest, greater in defeat, in flight, and in what seemed hopeless ruin, than on the fields of his proudest victories.

Having vanquished the Russians, he hastened into Saxony to oppose the troops of the Empress-Queen, commanded by Daun, the most cautious, and Laudohn, the most inventive and enterprising of her generals. These two celebrated commanders agreed on a scheme, in which the prudence of the one and the vigor of the other seem to have happily combined. At dead of night they surprised the king in his camp at Hochkirchen. His presence of mind saved his troops

from destruction, but nothing could save them from defeat and severe loss. Marshal Keith was among the slain. The first roar of the guns roused the noble exile from his rest, and he was instantly in the front of the battle. He received a dangerous wound, but refused to quit the field, and was in the act of rallying his broken troops, when an Austrian bullet terminated his checkered and eventful life.

The misfortune was serious. But, of all generals, Frederick understood best how to repair defeat, and Daun understood least how to improve victory. In a few days the Prussian army was as formidable as before the battle. The prospect was, however, gloomy. An Austrian army under General Harsch had invaded Silesia, and invested the fortress of Neisse. Daun, after his success at Hochkirchen, had written to Harsch in very confident terms: "Go on with your operations against Neisse. Be quite at ease as to the king. I will give you a good account of him." In truth, the position of the Prussians was full of difficulties. Between them and Silesia lay the victorious army of Daun. It was not easy for them to reach Silesia at all. If they did reach it, they left Saxony exposed to the Austrians. But the vigor and activity of Frederick surmounted every obstacle. He made a circuitous march of extraordinary rapidity, passed Daun, hastened into Silesia, raised the siege of Neisse, and drove Harsch into Bohemia. Daun availed himself of the king's absence to attack Dresden. The Prussians defended it desperately. The inhabitants of that wealthy and polished capital begged in vain for mercy from the garrison within and from the besiegers without. The beautiful suburbs were burned to the ground. It was clear that the town, if won at all, would be won street by street by the bayonet. At this conjuncture came news that Frederick, having cleared Silesia of his enemies, was returning by forced marches into Saxony. Daun retired from before Dresden and fell back into the Austrian territories. The king, over heaps of ruins, made his triumphant entry into the unhappy metropolis, which had so cruelly expiated the weak and perfidious policy of its sovereign. It was now the 20th of November. The cold weather suspended military operations, and the king again took up his winter-quarters at Breslau.

The third of the seven terrible years was over, and Frederick still stood his ground. He had been recently tried by domestic as well as by military disasters. On the 14th of October, the day on which he was defeated at Hochkirchen, the day on the anniversary of which, forty eight years later, a defeat far more tremendous laid the Prussian monarchy in the dust, died Wilhelmina, Margravine of Bareuth. From the portraits which we have of her, by her own hand, and by the hands of the most discerning of her contemporaries, we should pronounce her to have been coarse, indelicate, and a good hater, but not destitute of kind and generous feelings. Her mind, naturally strong and observant, had been highly cultivated; and she was, and deserved to be, Frederick's favorite sister. He felt the loss as much

as it was in his iron nature to feel the loss of anything but a province or a battle.

At Breslau during the winter he was indefatigable in his poetical labors. The most spirited lines perhaps that he ever wrote are to be found in a bitter lampoon on Louis and Madame de Pampadour, which he composed at this time and sent to Voltaire. The verses were, indeed, so good, that Voltaire was afraid that he might himself be suspected of having written them, or at least of having corrected them; and partly from fright—partly, we fear, from love of mischief—sent them to the Duke of Choiseul, then prime minister of France. Choiseul very wisely determined to encounter Frederick at Frederick's own weapons, and applied for assistance to Palissot, who had some skill as a versifier, and who, though he had not yet made himself famous by bringing Rousseau and Helvetius on the stage, was known to possess some little talent for satire. Palissot produced some very stinging lines on the moral and literary character of Frederick, and these lines the duke sent to Voltaire. This war of couplets, following close on the carnage of Zorndorf and the conflagration of Dresden, illustrates well the strangely compounded character of the King of Prussia.

At this moment he was assailed by a new enemy. Benedict XIV., the best and wisest of the two hundred and fifty successors of St. Peter, was no more. During the short interval between his reign and that of his disciple Ganganelli, the chief seat in the Church of Rome was filled by Rezzonico, who took the name of Clement XIII. This absurd priest determined to try what the weight of his authority could effect in favor of the orthodox Maria Theresa against a heretic king. At the high mass on Christmas-day, a sword with a rich belt and scabbard, a hat of crimson velvet lined with ermine, and a dove of pearls, the mystic symbol of the Divine Comforter, were solemnly blessed by the supreme pontiff, and were sent with great ceremony to Marshal Daun, the conqueror of Kolin and Hochkirchen. This mark of favor had more than once been bestowed by the Popes on the great champions of the faith. Similar honors had been paid, more than six centuries earlier, by Urban II. to Godfrey of Bouillon. Similar honors had been conferred on Alba for destroying the liberties of the Low Countries, and on John Sobiesky after the deliverance of Vienna. But the presents which were received with profound reverence by the Baron of the Holy Sepulchre in the eleventh century, and which had not wholly lost their value even in the seventeenth century, appeared inexpressibly ridiculous to a generation which read Montesquien and Voltaire. Frederick wrote sarcastic verses on the gifts, the giver, and the receiver. But the public wanted no prompter; and a universal roar of laughter from Petersburg to Lisbon reminded the Vatican that the age of crusades was over.

The fourth campaign, the most disastrous of all the campaigns of this fearful war, had now opened. The Austrians filled Saxony, and

menaced Berlin. The Russians defeated the king's generals on the Oder, threatened Silesia, effected a junction with Laudohn, and intrenched themselves strongly at Kunersdorf. Frederick hastened to attack them. A great battle was fought. During the earlier part of the day everything yielded to the impetuosity of the Prussians, and to the skill of their chief. The lines were forced. Half the Russian guns were taken. The king sent off a courier to Berlin with two lines, announcing a complete victory. But, in the mean time, the stubborn Russians, defeated yet unbroken, had taken up their stand in an almost impregnable position, on an eminence where the Jews of Frankfort were wont to bury their dead. Here the battle recommenced. The Prussian infantry, exhausted by six hours of hard fighting, under a sun which equalled the tropical heat, were yet brought up repeatedly to the attack, but in vain. The king led three charges in person. Two horses were killed under him. The officers of his staff fell all around him. His coat was pierced by several bullets. All was in vain. His infantry was driven back with frightful slaughter. Terror began to spread fast from man to man. At that moment, the fiery cavalry of Laudohn, still fresh, rushed on the wavering ranks. Then followed a universal rout. Frederick himself was on the point of falling into the hands of the conquerors, and was with difficulty saved by a gallant officer, who, at the head of a handful of Hussars, made good a diversion of a few minutes. Shattered in body, shattered in mind, the king reached that night a village which the Cossacks had plundered; and there, in a ruined and deserted farm-house, flung himself on a heap of straw. He had sent to Berlin a second dispatch very different from his first: "Let the royal family leave Berlin. Send the archives to Potsdam. The town may make terms with the enemy."

The defeat was in truth overwhelming. Of fifty thousand men, who had that morning marched under the black eagles, not three thousand remained together. The king bethought him again of his corrosive sublimate, and wrote to bid adieu to his friends, and to give directions as to the measures to be taken in the event of his death. "I have no resource left"—such is the language of one of his letters—"all is lost. I will not survive the ruin of my country. Fare well, forever."

But the mutual jealousies of the confederates prevented them from following up their victory. They lost a few days in loitering and squabbling; and a few days improved by Frederick were worth more than the years of other men. On the morning after the battle, he had got together eighteen thousand of his troops. Very soon his force amounted to thirty thousand. Guns were procured from the neighboring fortresses; and there was again an army. Berlin was, for the present, safe; but calamities came pouring on the king in uninterrupted succession. One of his generals, with a large body of troops, was taken at Maxen; another was defeated at Meissen; and

when at length the campaign of 1759 closed, in the midst of a rigorous winter, the situation of Prussia appeared desperate. The only consoling circumstance was, that in the West Ferdinand of Brunswick had been more fortunate than his master; and by a series of exploits, of which the battle of Minden was the most glorious, had removed all apprehension of danger on the side of France.

The fifth year was now about to commence. It seemed impossible that the Prussian territories, repeatedly devastated by hundreds of thousands of invaders, could longer support the contest. But the king carried on war as no European power has ever carried on war, except the Committee of Public Safety during the great agony of the French Revolution. He governed his kingdom as he would have governed a besieged town, not caring to what extent property was destroyed, or the pursuits of civil life suspended, so that he did but make head against the enemy. As long as there was a man left in Prussia, that man might carry a musket—as long as there was a horse left, that horse might draw artillery. The coin was debased, the civil functionaries were left unpaid, in some provinces civil government altogether ceased to exist. But there were still rye-bread and potatoes; there were still lead and gunpowder; and, while the means of sustaining and destroying life remained, Frederick was determined to fight it out to the very last.

The earlier part of the campaign of 1760 was unfavorable to him. Berlin was again occupied by the enemy. Great contributions were levied on the inhabitants, and the royal palace was plundered. But at length, after two years of calamity, victory came back to his arms. At Lignitz he gained a great battle over Laudohn; at Torgau, after a day of horrible carnage, he triumphed over Daun. The fifth year closed and still the event was in suspense. In the countries where the war had raged, the misery and exhaustion were more appalling than ever; but still there were left men and beasts, arms and food, and still Frederick fought on. In truth he had now been baited into savageness. His heart was ulcerated with hatred. The implacable resentment with which his enemies persecuted him, though originally provoked by his own unprincipled ambition, excited in him a thirst for vengeance which he did not even attempt to conceal. "It is hard," he says in one of his letters, "for a man to bear what I bear. I begin to feel that, as the Italians say, revenge is a pleasure for the gods. My philosophy is worn out by suffering. I am no saint like those of whom we read in the legends; and I will own that I should die content if only I could first inflict a portion of the misery which I endure."

Borne up by such feelings, he struggled with various success, but constant glory, through the campaign of 1761. On the whole, the result of this campaign was disastrous to Prussia. No great battle was gained by the enemy; but, in spite of the desperate bounds of the hunted tiger, the circle of pursuers was fast closing round him.

Laudohn had surprised the important fortress of Schweidnitz. With that fortress, half of Silesia and the command of the most important defiles through the mountains, had been transferred to the Austrians. The Russians had overpowered the king's generals in Pomerania. The country was so completely desolated that he began, by his own confession, to look round him with blank despair, unable to imagine where recruits, horses, or provisions were to be found.

Just at this time two great events brought on a complete change in the relations of almost all the powers of Europe. One of those events was the retirement of Mr. Pitt from office, the other was the death of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia.

The retirement of Pitt seemed to be an omen of utter ruin to the House of Brandenburg. His proud and vehement nature was incapable of anything that looked like either fear or treachery. He had often declared that while he was in power, England should never make a peace of Utrecht—should never, for any selfish object, abandon an ally even in the last extremity of distress. The continental war was his own war. He had been bold enough—he who in former times had attacked, with irresistible powers of oratory, the Hanoverian policy of Carteret, and the German subsidies of Newcastle—to declare that Hanover ought to be as dear to us as Hampshire, and that he would conquer America in Germany. He had fallen; and the power which he had exercised, not always with discretion, but always with vigor and genius, had devolved on a favorite who was the representative of the Tory party—of the party which had thwarted William, which had persecuted Marlborough, and which had given up the Catalans to the vengeance of Philip of Anjou. To make peace with France—to shake off with all, or more than all, the speed compatible with decency, every Continental connection, these were among the chief objects of the new minister. The policy then followed inspired Frederick with an unjust, but deep and bitter aversion to the English name; and produced effects which are still felt throughout the civilized world. To that policy it was owing that, some years later, England could not find on the whole Continent a single ally to stand by her in her extreme need against the House of Bourbon. To that policy it was owing that Frederick, alienated from England, was compelled to connect himself closely during his later years with Russia; and was induced reluctantly to assist in that great crime, the fruitful parent of other great crimes—the first partition of Poland.

Scarcely had the retreat of Mr. Pitt deprived Prussia of her only friend, when the death of Elizabeth produced an entire revolution in the politics of the North. The Grand Duke Peter, her nephew, who now ascended the Russian throne, was not merely free from the prejudices which his aunt had entertained against Frederick, but was a worshipper, a servile imitator, a Boswell, of the great king. The days of the new czar's government were few and evil, but sufficient to produce a change in the whole state of Christendom. He set the

Prussian prisoners at liberty, fitted them out decently, and sent them back to their masters; he withdrew his troops from the provinces which Elizabeth had decided on incorporating with her dominions, and absolved all those Prussian subjects, who had been compelled to swear fealty to Russia, from their engagements.

Not content with concluding peace on terms favorable to Prussia, he solicited rank in the Prussian service, dressed himself in a Prussian uniform, wore the Black Eagle of Prussia on his breast, made preparations for visiting Prussia, in order to have an interview with the object of his idolatry, and actually sent fifteen thousand excellent troops to reinforce the shattered army of Frederick. Thus strengthened, the king speedily repaired the losses of the preceding year, reconquered Silesia, defeated Daun at Buckersdorf, invested and retook Schweidnitz, and, at the close of the year, presented to the forces of Maria Theresa a front as formidable as before the great reverses of 1759. Before the end of the campaign, his friend the Emperor Peter having, by a series of absurd insults to the institutions, manners, and feelings of his people, united them in hostility to his person and government, was deposed and murdered. The empress, who under the title of Catherine the Second, now assumed the supreme power, was at the commencement of her administration, by no means partial to Frederick, and refused to permit her troops to remain under his command. But she observed the peace made by her husband; and Prussia was no longer threatened by danger from the East.

England and France at the same time paired off together. They concluded a treaty by which they bound themselves to observe neutrality with respect to the German war. Thus the coalitions on both sides were dissolved; and the original enemies, Austria and Prussia, remained alone confronting each other.

Austria had undoubtedly by far greater means than Prussia, and was less exhausted by hostilities; yet it seemed hardly possible that Austria could effect alone what she had in vain attempted to effect when supported by France on the one side, and by Russia on the other. Danger also began to menace the imperial house from another quarter. The Ottoman Porte held threatening language, and a hundred thousand Turks were mustered on the frontiers of Hungary. The proud and revengeful spirit of the Empress-Queen at length gave way; and, in February, 1763, the peace of Hubertsburg put an end to the conflict which had, during seven years, devastated Germany. The king ceded nothing. The whole Continent in arms had proved unable to tear Silesia from that iron grasp.

The war was over. Frederick was safe. His glory was beyond the reach of envy. If he had not made conquests as vast as those of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Napoleon—if he had not, on field of battle, enjoyed the constant success of Marlborough and Wellington—he had yet given an example unrivalled in history of what capacity and res

olution can effect against the greatest superiority of power and the utmost spite of fortune. He entered Berlin in triumph, after an absence of more than six years. The streets were brilliantly lighted up, and as he passed along in an open carriage, with Ferdinand of Brunswick at his side, the multitude saluted him with loud praises and blessings. He was moved by those marks of attachment, and repeatedly exclaimed, "Long live my dear people! Long live my children!" Yet, even in the midst of that gay spectacle, he could not but perceive everywhere the traces of destruction and decay. The city had been more than once plundered. The population had considerably diminished. Berlin, however, had suffered little when compared with most parts of the kingdom. The ruin of private fortunes, the distress of all ranks, was such as might appal the firmest mind. Almost every province had been the seat of war, and of war conducted with merciless ferocity. Clouds of Croats had descended on Silesia. Tens of thousands of Cossacks had been let loose on Pomerania and Brandenburg. The mere contributions levied by the invaders amounted, it was said, to more than a hundred millions of dollars; and the value of what they extorted was probably much less than the value of what they destroyed. The fields lay uncultivated. The very seed-corn had been devoured in the madness of hunger. Famine and contagious maladies, the effect of famine, had swept away the herds and flocks; and there was a reason to fear that a great pestilence among the human race was likely to follow in the train of that tremendous war. Near fifteen thousand houses had been burned to the ground.

The population of the kingdom had in seven years decreased to the frightful extent of ten per cent. A sixth of the males capable of bearing arms had actually perished on the field of battle. In some districts no laborers except women were seen in the fields at harvest time. In others, the traveller passed shuddering through a succession of silent villages, in which not a single inhabitant remained. The currency had been debased; the authority of laws and magistrates had been suspended; the whole social system was deranged. For, during that convulsive struggle, everything that was not military violence was anarchy. Even the army was disorganized. Some great generals and a crowd of excellent officers had fallen, and it had been impossible to supply their places. The difficulty of finding recruits had, towards the close of the war, been so great, that selection and rejection were impossible. Whole battalions were composed of deserters or of prisoners. It was hardly to be hoped that thirty years of repose and industry would repair the ruin produced by seven years of havoc. One consolatory circumstance, indeed, there was. No debt had been incurred. The burdens of the war had been terrible, almost insupportable; but no arrear was left to embarrass the finances in the time of peace.*

* The reader will not need to be reminded that the narrative of Macaulay ends

It remains for us, in order to become thoroughly acquainted with the man, to contemplate Frederick's character in peace.

The first and most immediate object of Frederick's attention and anxiety was the re-establishment of his army, in order that no enemy might hope to reap advantage from a sudden renewal of hostilities. In order to bring the recently levied troops upon a par with his veteran, well-trained warriors—of whom, however, but a very small number still remained—military exercise and drilling were enforced with the most rigorous exactness. But the illustrious monarch himself, when he beheld the whole of Europe adopt his military tactics, was deceived in the over-estimation of their value. The system of maintaining standing armies was carried to the highest point, and became the principal object in the administration of every State; grave utility degenerated into mere display, until a grand convulsion of the world made its vanity and puerility but too apparent.

The care taken by Frederick to effect the restoration of his overwhelmed country was a much more beneficent employment of his energies, and was productive of incalculable good. It formed the most imperishable leaf in his wreath of glory. The corn which was already bought up for the next campaign he bestowed upon the most destitute of his people, as seed for sowing, together with all his superfluous horses. The taxes were remitted for six months in Silesia, and for two years in Pomerania and Neumark, which were completely devastated. Nay, the king, in order to encourage agriculture and industry, appropriated large sums of money for that purpose in proportion to the greatness of the exigency, and these various sums amounted altogether during the four-and-twenty years of his reign, after the peace of Hubertsburg, to no less than twenty-four millions of dollars. Such noble generosity redounds still more to the glory of Frederick, inasmuch as it was only practicable through the exercise of great economy, and to promote which he subjected himself to every personal sacrifice. His maxim was that his treasure belonged not to himself, but to the people who supplied it; and while many other princes—not bearing in mind the heavy drops of sweat which adhered to each of the numerous gold pieces wrung from their subjects—only thought of dissipating the entire mass in the most unlicensed prodigality and waste, he lived in a style so simple and frugal, that out of the sum appropriated to the maintenance of his court he saved annually nearly a million of dollars.

He explained on one occasion to M. de Lannay, the assessor of indirect taxes, the principles by which he was actuated in this respect, in clear and distinct terms: "Louis XV. and I," he said, "are born

here. The descent from the sunny uplands of his style is sudden and painful, but there is no help for it. Herr Kohlrausch goes on honestly enough, and we must let him finish the story or go without it altogether. Patience; it will soon be over, and as a sugar-plum for good children, we promise you near the close a gorgeous picture of the great king in his old age, by Carlyle.

more needy than the poorest of our subjects ; for there are but few among them who do not possess a small inheritance, or who cannot at least earn it by their labor and industry ; while he and I possess nothing, neither can we earn anything but what must belong to the State. We are merely the stewards appointed for the administration of the general fund ; and if, as such, we were to apply to our own personal expenditure more than is reasonably necessary, we should, by such proceeding, not only bring down upon ourselves severe condemnation in the first place for extravagance, but likewise for having fraudulently taken possession of that which was confided to our charge for the public weal."

The particular care and interest shown by the king in the cultivation of the soil, produced its speedy improvement. Large tracts of land were rendered arable, fresh supplies of laborers were procured from other countries, and where formerly marsh and moor were generally prevalent, fertile, flourishing cornfields were substituted instead. These happy results, which greeted the eye of Frederick whenever he took his regularly-appointed journeys throughout his dominions, were highly grateful to his feelings ; while during these tours of survey nothing escaped his acutely observing mind ; so much so, that few sovereigns could boast of such a thorough knowledge of their domains—even to the most trifling details—as the King of Prussia acquired of his own estates through continual and indefatigable application to this ~~on his subjects~~ Silesia, which had suffered so much, was especially dear to his feelings, and to that territory he devoted particular attention ; when, therefore, upon a general census in the year 1777, he found it contained 180,000 more inhabitants than in the year 1756, when the war commenced ; and when he perceived the losses sustained during that war thus amply repaired, and the glorious results produced by agricultural labor and commercial enterprise, he, in the gladness of his heart, expressed, in a letter to his friend Jordan, the sensations he felt at beholding the flourishing state of a province, the condition of which was but a short time before so sadly depressed and miserable.

Industry is indispensable in a people who depend on their energy and activity for their rank among nations ; but this rank is not the only attendant advantage : a benefit far greater is the fresh, healthy vigor it imparts to the people. And in this respect Frederick the Great was a striking example, truly worthy of imitation by all his subjects ; for even during the early period of his life he already wrote to his friend Jordan thus : " You are quite right in believing that I work hard ; I do so to enable me *to live*, for nothing so nearly approaches the likeness of death as the half-slumbering, listless state of idleness." And, subsequently, when he had become old and feeble, this feeling still retained its power, and operated with all its original influence upon his mind, for in another letter to the same friend he says : " I still feel as formerly the same anxiety for action ; as then,

I now still long to work and be busy, and my mind and body are in continual contention. It is no longer requisite that I should live, unless I can live and work."

And truly, in making a profitable use of his time, King Frederick displayed a perseverance which left him without a rival; and even in his old age he never swerved from the original plan he had laid down and followed from his earliest manhood, for even on the very day before his death he was to be seen occupied with the business of his government. Each hour had its occupation, and the one grand principle which is the soul of all industry—viz., *to leave over from to-day nothing for the morrow*—passed with Frederick as the inviolable law of his whole life. The entire day—commencing at the hour of four in the morning and continuing until midnight, accordingly five-sixths of the day—was devoted to some occupation of the mind or heart, for in order that even the hour of repast might not be wholly monopolized by the mere gratification of the stomach, Frederick assembled around him at midday and in the evening a circle of intellectual men, and these *conversazioni*—in which the king himself took an important share—were of such an animated and enlivening nature that they were not inaptly compared to the entertainments of Socrates himself. Unfortunately, however, according to the taste of that age, nothing but witticisms and humorous sallies were made the subject of due appreciation and applause. Vivacity of idea promptly expressed and strikingly *apropos* allusions were the order of the day, while profundity of thought and subjects of more grave and serious discussion were banished as ill-timed and uncalled-for—a necessary consequence arising from the exclusive adoption of the French language, which formed the medium of communication at these *réunions* of Frederick the Great. The rest of the day was passed in the perusal of official dispatches, private correspondence, and ministerial documents, to each of which he added his replies and observations in the margin. After having gone through this all-important business routine of the day, he directed his attention to the more recreative occupations of his pleasure-grounds and literary compositions, of which latter Frederick has left behind him a rich collection; and finally, as a last resource of amusement, he occasionally devoted a few stolen moments to his flute, upon which he was an accomplished performer. This, his favorite instrument, indeed, like an intimate and faithful friend, served often to allay the violent excitements of his spirit; and while he strolled with it through his suite of rooms, often for hours together, his thoughts, as he himself relates, became more and more collected, and his mind better prepared for calm and serious meditation. Nevertheless, he never permitted affairs of state to be neglected for the sake of the enjoyments he sought both in music and in poetry; and in this point of view Frederick's character must ever command respect and admiration.

The government of Frederick was despotic in the strictest sense of

the word; everything emanated from the king, and everything reverted to him again. He never accorded any share in the administration to an assembly of States, nor even to the State Council, which, composed of the most enlightened men, would have been able to have presented to their sovereign, in a clear and comprehensive light, the bearings of the intricate questions connected with government. He felt in himself the power to govern alone, seconded by the strongest desire of making his people happy and great. Thence it appeared to his mind that the predominant strength of a State was based upon the means which are the readiest and the most efficacious in the hands of one person, viz., in his army and in the treasury. His chief aim, therefore, was to manage that these two powerful implements of government should be placed in the most favorable condition possible; and thus we find that Frederick often sought the means to obtain this, his grand object, without sufficiently taking into consideration the effect they might subsequently produce upon the disposition and morality of the nation. In accordance with this principle, he, in the year 1764, invited a distinguished French General of France, Helvetius, to Berlin, in order to consult him upon the means of augmenting the revenues of the State; and in consequence of his suggestions, measures were adopted which were extremely obnoxious to the public, and caused many to defraud, instead of co-operating with, the government. At the same time, however, by these and other means resorted to by the king, the revenues of the kingdom were increased considerably. It must, however, be advanced in Frederick's vindication, firstly, that he adopted these measures, not for his own individual advantage, but for the benefit of all; and secondly—we must again repeat it—that the great errors of the age completely obscured his own view. With what eagerness would not his clear mind have caught at the enlightenment produced by reform, had he but lived in a time when freedom of thought was more appreciated—for to him this freedom of thought was so dear that he never attacked the public expression of opinion. His subjects enjoyed under his reign, among other privileges, that of the liberty of the press; and he himself gave free scope to the shafts of censure and ridicule aimed against his public and private character, for the consciousness of his own persevering endeavors in the service of his country, and of his sincere devotion to his duties, elevated him beyond all petty susceptibility. The chief object of the king's care was a search into truth and enlightenment, as it was then understood. But this enlightenment consisted in a desire to understand everything; to analyze, dissect, and—demolish. Whatever appeared inexplicable was at once rejected; faith, love, hope, and filial respect—all those feelings which have their seat in the inmost recesses of the soul—were destroyed in their germination.

But this annihilating agency was not confined to the State; it manifested itself also in science, in art, and even in religion. The French were the promoters of this phenomenon, and in this they were event-

ally imitated throughout the world, but more especially in Germany. Superficial ornament passed for profound wisdom, and witty, sarcastic phraseology assumed the place of soundness and sincerity of expression. Nevertheless, even at this time there were a few chosen men who were able to recognize that which was true and just, and raised their voices accordingly; and, in the world of intellect, the names of Lessing, Klopstock, Goethe, etc., need alone be mentioned, being, as they were, the founders of a more sterling age. They were joined by many others, and, thus united, they constituted an intellectual phalanx in opposition to the progress made by the sensual French school. These intellectual reformers were soon strengthened by such auxiliaries as Kant, Fichte, Jacobi, etc., who advanced firmly under the banner of science; and from such beginnings grew, by degrees, that powerful mental reaction which has already achieved such mighty things, and led the way to greater results still.

This awakening of the German mind was unnoticed by King Frederick; he lived in the world of French refinement, separate and solitary, as on an island. The waves of the new, rushing stream of life passed without approaching him, and struck against the barriers by which he was enclosed. His over-appreciation and patronage of foreigners, however, impelled the higher classes of society to share in his sentiments, equally as much as his system of administration had served as a model for other rulers to imitate. Several among his contemporaries resolved, like him, to reign independently, but without possessing the same commanding genius, whence, however well-intentioned, they were wrecked in their career—among whom may be more especially included Peter III. of Russia, Gustavus III. of Sweden, and Joseph II. of Germany.

In the year 1765 Joseph II. was acknowledged as successor to his father, Francis I., who died in the same year, but whose acts as emperor present little or nothing worthy of record. His son, however, was on this very account the more anxious to effect great changes—to transform ancient into modern institutions, and to devote the great and predominating power with which he was endowed towards remodelling the entire condition of his States. All his projects, however, were held in abeyance until the death of his mother, Maria Theresa, in 1780, who, ever wise and active, had, even to the last moments of her existence, exercised all her power and influence in the administration of affairs; and accordingly her maternal authority operated effectually upon his feelings as a son, and served for a time to suspend the accomplishment of his desires. Meantime, in the interval between the years 1765 and 1780, various events took place which exercised an important influence upon the last ten years of his reign. Among the rest may be more especially mentioned the *dis-memberment of Poland* in 1773, and the war of the *Bavarian succession* in 1778.

Augustus III., King of Poland, died in the year 1765, leaving be-

hind him a grandson, only as yet a minor ; consequently the house of Saxony, which had held possession of the throne of Poland during a space of sixty-six years, now lost it. Both Russia and Prussia stepped forward forthwith, and took upon themselves the arrangement of the affairs of Poland : an interference which that nation was now unable to resist, for, strong and redoubtable as it had been formerly, dissension had so much reduced its resources that it was at this moment wholly incapable of maintaining or even acting for itself. Both powers required that Poland should choose for her sovereign a native-born prince, and an army of ten thousand Russians which suddenly advanced upon Warsaw, and an equal number of Prussian troops assembled upon the frontiers, produced the election of Stanislaus Ponia-towski to the throne. Henceforth there was no longer an imperial diet held at which foreigners did not endeavor to bring into effect all their influence.

Shortly after this event, a war took place between Russia and Turkey, in which the former took possession of Moldavia and Wallachia, which that power was extremely desirous of retaining. This, however, Austria opposed most strenuously, lest Russia should become too powerful, and Frederick the Great found himself in a dilemma how to maintain the balance between the two parties. The most expedient means of adjustment appeared in the end to be the spoliation of a country which was the least able to oppose it ; viz., Poland ; and, accordingly, a portion of its territory was seized and shared between the three powers—Russia, Prussia, and Austria. With whom this idea first originated has not been clearly ascertained, but it is easy to see that it was quite in accordance with the character of the times. For as the wisdom of that age only based its calculations upon the standard of the senses, and estimated the power of States merely by their square miles, amount of population, soldiers, and revenue, the grand aim of the then State policy was to devote every effort towards aggrandizement ; nothing was held more desirable than some fresh conquest, which might advantageously round off a kingdom, while all consideration of equity and justice was forced to yield before this imperious principle. When one of the larger States affected such an acquisition, the others, alarmed, considered the balance of Europe compromised and endangered.

In this case, however, the three kingdoms bordering upon Poland, having shared between them the spoil, were each augmented in proportion, whence all fear of danger was removed. This system had become so superficial, so miserable and absurd, that they lost sight altogether of the principle that a just equilibrium and the permanent safety of all can only be secured by the inviolable preservation of the rights of nations. The partition of Poland was the formal renunciation itself of that system of equipoise, and served as the precursor of all those great revolutions, dismemberments, and transformations, together with all those ambitious attempts at universal monarchy,

which during a space of five-and-twenty years, were the means of convulsing Europe to her very foundations.

The people of Poland, menaced as they were in three quarters, were forced in the autumn of 1773 to submit to the dismemberment of their country, of which, accordingly, three thousand square miles were forthwith divided between Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

Maximilian Joseph, elector of Bavaria, having died in 1777 without issue, the inheritance of his estates and electoral dignity came into the hands of the elector palatine. The emperor Joseph, however, with his usual rashness, resolved to avail himself of this inheritance in favor of Austria; he accordingly raked up old claims and marched suddenly with his army into Bavaria, of which he took immediate possession. The pacific palatine, Charles Theodore, thus surprised and overawed, signed a treaty by which he ceded two-thirds of Bavaria to the house of Austria in order to secure to himself possession of at least the other third. The conduct of Austria on this occasion, together with the part she had previously taken in the dismemberment of ill-fated Poland, was the more unexpected inasmuch as she was the only one of all the superior States which had hitherto abstained from similar acts of aggression. But the mutability of the age had now destroyed likewise in Austria the uniform pacific bearing for which she had so long been distinguished.

These proceedings gave rise to serious commotions in various parts of the empire, and Frederick the Great more especially felt he could not and ought not to remain an inactive observer of what was passing. Accordingly he entered the lists against Austria at once, and commenced operations as protector of the heir of Charles Theodore, the Duke of Deux Pouts, who protested against the compact signed by the former with Austria, and claimed the assistance of the King of Prussia. The young and hot-headed emperor Joseph accepted the challenge forthwith, and taking up a position in Bohemia, he there awaited the king; the latter, who had already crossed the mountains, finding him, however, so strongly intrenched, was reluctant to hazard an attack under such difficult circumstances, and withdrew from Bohemia. After a few unimportant skirmishes between the light troops of both sides, peace was signed by the mediation of France and Russia, at Teschen, on the 13th of May, 1779, even before the end of the first year of the war. The empress Maria Theresa, now advanced in years, by no means shared in her son's taste for war, but, on the contrary, earnestly desired peace; while Frederick himself, who had nothing to gain personally by this campaign, was equally anxious for a reconciliation. Moreover, he was likewise far advanced in years, and possessed an eye sufficiently penetrating to perceive that the former original spirit and energy of the army, which had performed such prodigies of valor in the war of Seven Years, had now almost disappeared, although the discipline under which it was still placed was equally severe and tyrannical as in former times. Under these

and other circumstances, therefore, peace was preferable to war. By the treaty now concluded, Austria restored to the palatine house all the estates of Bavaria, except the circle of Burgau, and the succession was secured to the Duke of Deux-Ponts.

After the death of Maria Theresa, in 1780, Joseph II. strove with all the impetuosity of his fiery and enterprising nature, to bring into immediate execution the great and ambitious plans he had formed, and to give to the various nations spread over the boundless surface of his vast possessions, one unique and equal form of government, after a model such as he had himself formed within his own mind.

Joseph adopted as his model the absolute principles of Frederick in his system of government ; but Frederick occupied himself more with external arrangements, with the administration of the State, the promotion of industry, and the increase of the revenue, interfering very little with the progress of intellectual culture, which followed its particular course, often altogether without his knowledge; while in this respect Joseph, by his new measures, often encroached upon the dearest privileges of his subjects. He insisted certainly upon liberty of conscience and freedom of thought ; but he did not bear in mind, at the same time, that the acknowledgment of this principle depended upon that close conviction which cannot be forced, and can only exist in reality when the light of truth has gradually penetrated to the depth of the heart.

The greatest obstacles, however, thrown in the way of Joseph's innovations proceeded from the church ; for his grand object was to confiscate numerous monasteries and spiritual institutions, and to change at once the whole ecclesiastical constitution ; that is, he contemplated obtaining during the first year of his reign, what would of itself have occurred in the space of half a century.

By this confiscation of ecclesiastical possessions more than one neighboring prince of the empire, such as the bishop of Passau and the archbishop of Salzburg, found themselves attacked in their rights, and did not hesitate to complain loudly ; and in the same way in other matters, various other princes found too much reason to condemn the emperor for treating with contempt the constitution of the empire. Their apprehensions were more especially increased when the emperor, in the year 1785, negotiated a treaty of exchange of territory with the electoral prince-palatine of Bavaria, according to which the latter was to resign his country to Austria, for which he was to receive in return the Austrian Netherlands under the title of a new kingdom of Burgundy : an arrangement by which the entire south of Germany would have come into the exclusive possession of Austria. The prince-palatine was not at all indisposed to make the exchange, and France as well as Russia at first favored it in its principle ; but Frederick II. once more stepped forward and disconcerted their plans, in which he succeeded likewise in bringing Russia to co-operate with him.

The commotions, however, produced by these efforts made by Joseph to bring his rash projects into immediate operation, caused the old King of Prussia to form the idea of establishing an alliance of the German princes for the preservation of the imperial constitution, similar in character to the unions formed in previous times for mutual defence. Such at least was to be the unique object of this alliance according to the king's own words; and this league was accordingly effected in the year 1785, between Prussia, Saxony, Hanover, the Dukes of Saxony, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, and Deux-Ponts, the Landgrave of Hesse, and several other princes, who were soon joined by the Elector of Mentz. This alliance was based upon principles in their nature less inimical than strictly surveillant; nevertheless, it effected the object contemplated by acting as a check upon the house of Austria in the various innovations threatened by the emperor, while it operated as a lesson indicating to that house that its real distinction among the other nations of Europe was to preserve the present order of things, to protect all rights and privileges, to oppose the spirit of conquest, and thus to constitute itself the bulwark of universal liberty; but failing in all this, it must inevitably lose at once all public confidence. This alliance of princes, however, produced little or no important results for the advantage of Germany, owing partly to the death of Frederick II., which took place in the following year, and partly to the circumstances of the successors of Joseph II. happily returning to the ancient hereditary principles of the house, both in its moderation and circumspection; and finally, owing to the unheard of events which transpired in Europe during the last ten years of this century, and which soon produced too much cause for forgetting all previous minor grievances.

This alliance of the princes of the empire was the last public act of the great Frederick of any consequence; and he died in the following year. He continued active and full of enterprise to the last, in spite of his advanced age, but his condition became gradually more isolated, inasmuch as all the companions of his former days had in turns disappeared and sunk into their last resting-place before himself, the last among them being the brave old warrior, Ziethen, who died in the January previous to the same year as his royal master, at the age of eighty-seven; and, on the other hand, heaven had not blessed him with any family, and thus he was debarred from the endearing enjoyment experienced by a father, when he sees himself growing young again, and revived in his posterity. At the same time, he was wanting in all those feelings conducive to this state of life—a state against which his whole nature recoiled.*

* “About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid, business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate, amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting, lean, little old man, of alert though slightly stooping

His mind with scarcely any interruption, retained all its power during the long space of seventy-four years, although his body had latterly become much reduced and enfeebled. Through the extravagant use he had always made of strong spices and French dishes, he dried up the springs of life, and after suffering severely from dropsy, he departed this life on the 17th of August, 1786, and was buried in Potsdam, under the pulpit of the church belonging to the garrison.

In his last illness Frederick displayed great mildness and patience, and acknowledged with gratitude the trouble and pain he caused those around him. During one of his sleepless nights he called to the page who kept watch in the room, and asked him what o'clock it was. The man replied it had just struck two. "Ah, then it is still too soon!" exclaimed the king, "but I cannot sleep. See whether

figure; whose name among strangers was King *Frédérich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*—Father Fred—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture; no crown but an old military cocked-hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness* if new—no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors); and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dum, unobtrusive in color or cut, ending in high, over-knee, military boots, which may be huzhe! (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

"The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labor done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humor—are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat—like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. 'Those eyes,' says Mirabeau 'which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror (*portaient, au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la terreur*). Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray color; large enough, not of glaring size, the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy; clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of the ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation; a voice 'the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,' says witty Dr. Moore. 'He speaks a great deal,' continues the doctor, 'yet those who hear him regret that he does not speak a great deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.'

any of the other attendants are awake, but do not disturb them if they are still sleeping, for, poor fellows, they are tired enough. But if you find Neuman (his favorite jäger) stirring, say to him you believe the king wishes soon to rise. But mind, do not awaken any one !”

Although the news of Frederick's death at such an advanced age excited no very great astonishment, it nevertheless produced a considerable sensation throughout the whole of Europe. He left to his successor a well-regulated State, containing a population of six millions of inhabitants ; a powerful, strictly organized army, and a treasury well provided ; the greatest treasure, however, he left, was the recollection of his heroic and glorious acts, which in subsequent times has continued to operate upon his nation with all its awakening power and heart-stirring influence.

THE END.

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